UNE 15,
1940

Liberty

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VO GREAT REASONS WHY WE MUST KEEP OUT OF THE WAR

by EX-PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN HITLER'S HOUSE

ANOTHER FLAVOR TRIUMPH BY THE MAKERS OF SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

Prem

LOOK, DADDY, IT'S **Prem!** I BET YOU LOVE IT!

Mother's little helper can fix the main dish, too . . . when it's PREM. For this delicious new Swift creation is all cooked for you, ready to slice cold or just heat through. And how the family goes for it! Young and old, they love PREM's special goodness—of genuine sugar-cured pork, expertly seasoned.

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A delicious meat all ready to eat, made of *genuine sugar-cured pork!*

A SWIFT'S PREMIUM BRAND MEAT
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Do you see a Sturdy Youngster?
No! I see a Handsome Young Man of the Future.

What makes Him so Handsome?
His clean-cut Face and his Brilliant Smile!

Why is his Smile so Brilliant?
Probably because he started young to use Ipana and Massage.

Protect your smile! Help keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter ...with Ipana and Massage

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT. 2.4 OZ.

HE'S pretty young, this rollicking boy, but he's old in the wisdom of proper dental care. For he already knows the importance of gum massage to healthy gums and sparkling teeth.

For, like thousands of other lucky youngsters, he has been taught in his classroom this lesson...one that many adults learn too late. He has learned that the soft, creamy foods we eat deprive our gums of the exercise they should have for health. Without it, gums often become sensitive, tender...and flash that warning tinge of "pink."

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning!

The instant you see "pink" on your tooth brush...*see your dentist!* Perhaps you aren't headed for serious trouble, but let him decide that. He, very likely, will simply say your gums have become tender...are warning you they need more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed to do more than clean teeth. Used with massage, Ipana helps invigorate the gums, aids them to better health. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That delightful "tang" you notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that you are stimulating your gums, helping them become firmer, stronger.

Get a tube of Ipana today. Start now with Ipana and massage—for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

JUNE 15, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 2

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLE
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WHEN GOLD CEASES TO BE MONEY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are monopolizing the gold of the world. It is a dangerous policy.

We are worshipers at the shrine of the gold standard. The value of our dollar was formerly standardized on the basis of $20.67 an ounce for gold; it was then worth 100 cents.

With the view, doubtless, of increasing our export business throughout the world, our dollar was cheapened. It is now standardized on the basis of $35 an ounce of gold.

England discarded the gold standard and inaugurated what is called a managed currency in which her money was regulated in value by the prices of various commodities.

Now we have nearly eighteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold stored away in huge vaults in two separate locations in this country. Our new price for gold has naturally increased the volume of this metal offered to us from mining centers throughout the world. We are trading good American dollars for this metal in unlimited quantities, and as long as we continue this procedure a serious problem is presented to our Treasury Department.

Several years ago on this page I called attention to the danger of accumulating this metal in such large quantities that it will tempt other nations of the world to discontinue their recognition of this metal as international legal tender.

At the present time we own more than 64 per cent of the world's supply of gold, which is at least four times the amount needed for reserve, and we continue to buy it on an average of several million dollars daily.

In the last six years we have paid more than eleven billion dollars for gold and silver, and this vast storehouse of these metals has no particular value to this country. If we were to try to sell, the artificial prices which we maintain would probably shrink to disastrous levels.

Now, suppose the eleven billion dollars which we have paid for gold and silver had been used to ease the confiscatory taxes which are strangling business in every part of the country. That would have indeed been a surprise, and business would have undoubtedly moved forward in such a big way as to give jobs to millions of the unemployed.

Our Treasury officials will undoubtedly tell us that if we cease buying gold its value will decrease, but they will also have to admit that the more we buy of this metal the greater will be the slump in the price when we discontinue this foolish policy.

The officials of the various nations have in mind only their own selfish interests, and if at any time an advantage could be gained by discontinuing the recognition of the money value of gold, the nearly eighteen billion which we now have on hand might shrink to but a small part of its present value.

In fact, the price of gold at the present time is artificially maintained by this country. Think of what would happen if it were allowed to seek its own level. When we increased the price of gold to $35 an ounce we reduced our dollar value to fifty-nine cents in comparison with its previous status.

Our officials were then doubtless considering the advisability of regulating prices with a similar method to that which England adopted, but caustic criticism doubtless caused them to change their minds.

The more than eleven billion dollars which we have spent in buying gold and silver has undoubtedly placed billions of dollars in the hands of foreign countries, and a considerable part of that has probably been spent here. But why spend this huge amount of money for metals which are not of any use whatever to this country? They cannot even be called frozen securities, for, as already pointed out, should we discontinue as buyers, we cannot predict the decrease in value that would take place in the markets of the world. Just now gold is the medium used in international trading, but with Europe in the midst of a savage war, no one can foretell the future.

Perhaps this is not an appropriate time to face the financial difficulties that will be incurred if we discontinue our present governmental policy of purchasing gold and silver in unlimited quantities. Hardheaded financiers have naturally wondered why such a foolish policy was ever adopted.

But we must remember that we cannot buy all that is offered to us for an indefinite period, and the sooner we face the financial collapse that is certain to follow, the less disastrous it will be.

Bernarr Macfadden

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HOW WOULD YOU VOTE ON THIS QUESTION?

WHICH ARE WORSE BLOW-OUTS OR SKIDS?

I THINK BLOW-OUTS ARE WORSE ☐

I THINK SKIDS ARE WORSE ☐

SOME SAY SKIDS
OTHERS SAY BLOW-OUTS
but all agree
BOTH ARE DANGEROUS

THERE'S NO FEELING AS HELPLESS AS SKIDDING AND SPINNING ON A WET ROAD

A BLOW-OUT CAN JERK THE STEERING-WHEEL RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HANDS

New Goodrich Tire Protects You Against *Both* Skids and Blow-outs!

READING TIME: 59 SECONDS

Well, which *are* worse? Skids or blow-outs?

That's one argument that can go on till doomsday—with just one thing certain. When you look at the accident reports it's all too plain that BOTH are dangerous.

After all is said and done isn't it important to get the extra protection of this new Goodrich Silvertown right now? Because it gives you every great life-saving tire feature you can name.

★ ★ ★

The Life-Saver Tread with its "windshield wiper" action actually sweeps wet roads so dry you can light a match on its track—so dry, too, that you'll stop quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!

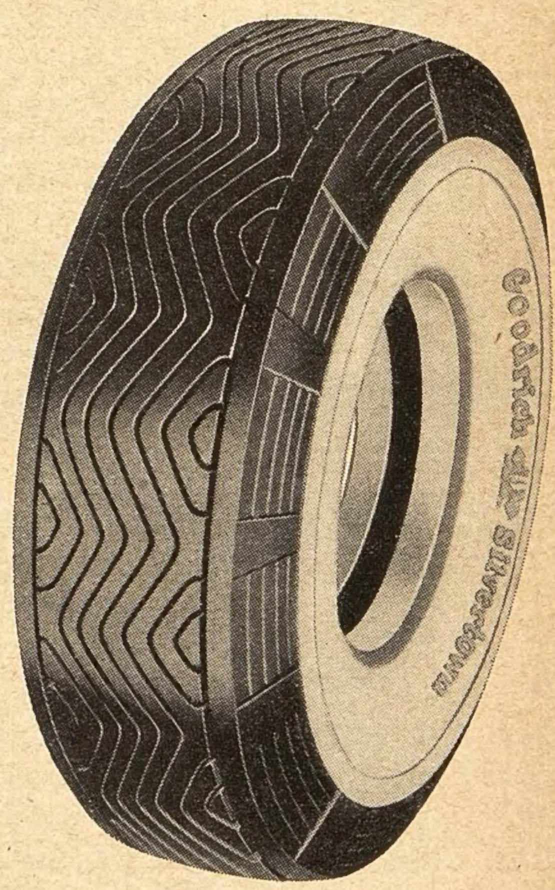
And Silvertowns give you that other great life-saving invention—the famous *heat-resisting* Golden Ply. By resisting internal, blowoutcausing heat, the Golden Ply provides you with maximum protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Remember, for greater protection against blow-outs and skids, get Silvertowns *today.* You can pay cash of course but, if you prefer, take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers. Which means that you, too, can be "safer on Silvertowns"—and pay as you ride.

And here's the newest note in motoring—the *Reversible* Silvertown! One sidewall is white—the other black. When the white sides become too curb-marked, this tire can be reversed to show fresh, gleaming black sidewalls. See this tire today.

★ ★ ★

ONLY 10¢ for a miniature reproduction of your own license plate on a key chain! Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.

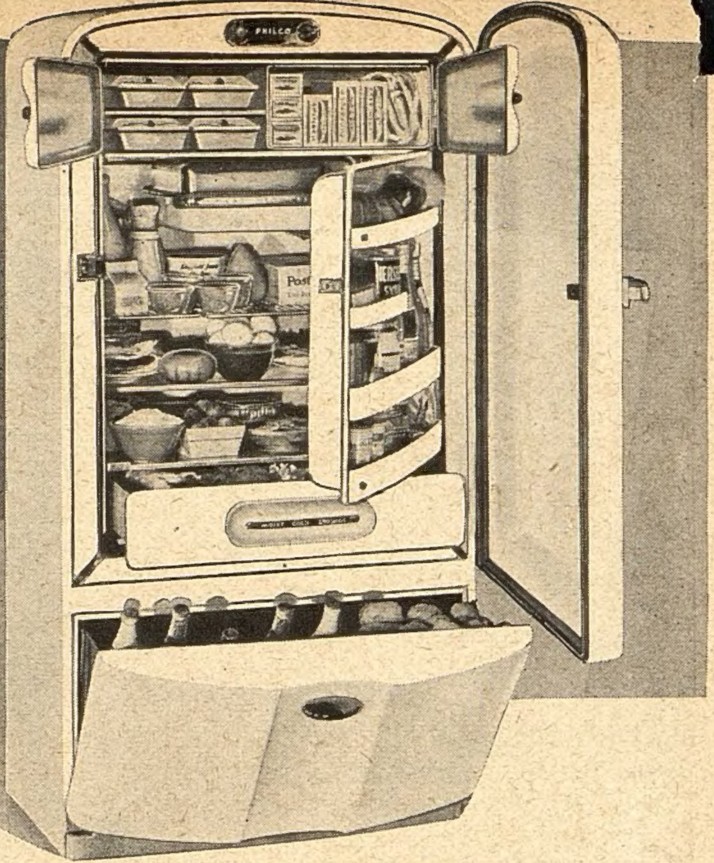


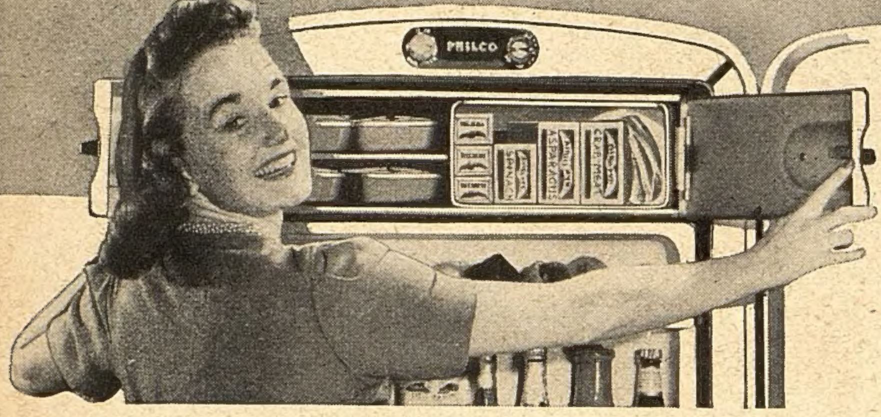
The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

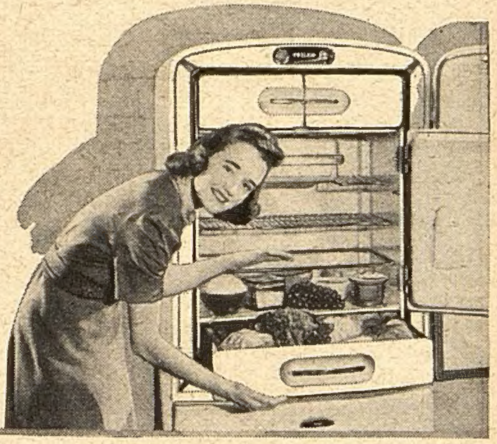
LOOK AT THIS AMAZING *NEW* KIND OF REFRIGERATOR

CREATED BY **PHILCO**

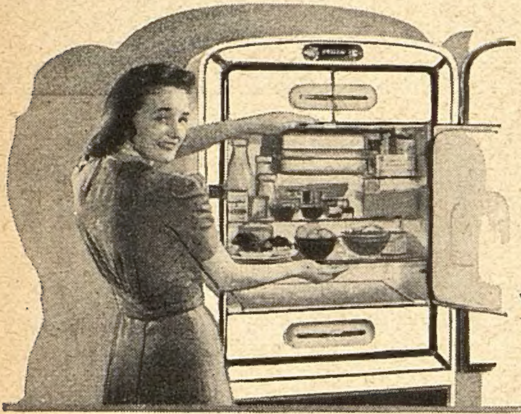




You have a separate space for frozen storage in this giant-size FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT



You don't have to fuss with covers to keep foods fresh in this MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT



Your perishable foods are safe in this DRY COLD COMPARTMENT

The foods you use most often are always at your finger-tips in this shelf-lined inner door...the famous CONSERVADOR...

Only the PHILCO *Refrigerator*

HAS THE CONSERVADOR . . . *plus* DRY, MOIST AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS

Philco stands for *progress!* The thrills it has brought to your home through constant advances in research and invention have made it the most famous name in radio.

Now Philco stands for progress again . . . *in refrigeration!* New ideas and new inventions have produced a *new kind of refrigerator*. It not only looks different but it serves you in new and better ways . . . more completely than any refrigerator has ever attempted before!

The new Philco Refrigerator is far more than "last year's" old ideas made over to look new. It is built from the ground up to meet the new demands of the modern kitchen. *Advanced Design* gives you, for the first time, every service you need today for the purity, freshness, flavor and healthful preservation of foods.

And besides, the new conveniences and new economies of the Philco Refrigerator have set a new standard of what your dollar should buy in refrigeration. Whatever you pay, you get full value for your money only if you enjoy the exclusive advantages of a Philco, the *new kind* of refrigerator. Remember . . . with all its new ideas and Advanced Design, a Philco Refrigerator costs you no more than one of ordinary design.

Investigate! See your nearest Philco dealer today. Among 14 gleaming models, you'll find just the one to suit your needs and purse.

From $119.95 to $257.50

F. O. B. FACTORIES, INCLUDING 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN
YOURS ON EASIEST MONTHLY PAYMENT TERMS

OPEN LETTER TO A POLITICAL CANDIDATE

BY MIGNON QUAW LOTT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DEAR SIR: Last night I heard you deliver a thirty-minute broadcast to the voters in your district. I took out my watch and jotted down what you had to say. Here is my outline of those remarks:

	Minutes
1. Conventional flattery of listeners	2
2. Telling of several stale jokes	3
3. Denunciation of present administration	7
4. Ridicule and criticism of other candidates	6
5. Eulogy of yourself and your ticket	4
6. Rebuttal of criticisms against yourself	4
7. Rash promises	2
8. Grand peroration—oratorical outburst	2
Total	30

You have a splendid voice, but, oh, what use you made of it! In the first and second parts of your speech you spent five good minutes in flattery and jocularity.

In parts two and three you ridiculed and slung mud at your opponents, taking thirteen minutes for this. Ridicule and mudslinging are the resort of cowards and bullies, although from what I know of you, you are neither.

Number five consumed four minutes in fulsome praise of your party ticket. This contrasted sharply with the denunciation you had just been engaged in. And by the way, you lost control of yourself several times in aforesaid denunciation, and ranted and shouted.

In number six you denied accusations made by your opponents. I had never heard these accusations before, and the effect of your angry denial of them was to make me suspicious and to imprint the accusations firmly upon my mind.

Of your remaining four minutes, you spent two making three very rash campaign promises, with not a word as to how you would bring them to pass. There were now two minutes left. Alas! You dragged out the poor ship of state, the Stars and Stripes, government of, by, and for the people, democracy, tyranny, freedom!

Mr. Candidate, that thirty-minute radio talk cost you my vote. For here is what I concluded from that talk:

You are a darn poor psychologist. You are lacking in originality. You are running with the pack, just another politician. You have little reserve strength. You have little self-control. You lack the proper perspective. You are not competent for the job. You are out-of-date. You are apt to be led around by somebody else. You are a poor investment for us taxpayers.

Now, this radio talk and all these campaign speeches you are making are in reality nothing but applications to your would-be employer, Mr. I. Q. Public. Mr. Candidate, what would you think of an applicant who came to you seeking a job and proceeded to:

	Minutes
Joke and wisecrack for	5
Denounce present employees	7
Ridicule other applicants	6
Praise himself extravagantly	4
Bring up criticisms of self	4
Make rash promises	2
Indulge in oratory	2
Total	30

Would you hire such a man?

What *does* one want to know about any applicant?

First of all, is he honest and dependable? Next, how competent is he for the job? Has he a grasp of its essentials? Has he the necessary knowledge and skill to handle the work? Is he experienced in this line of work? Is he efficient? Is he up-to-date? Is he more fit for the job than other applicants? Will he be worth the money paid him? What credentials does he present? Can he get along with other people? Has he good common sense? Ethical standards?

How many of these questions did you answer in last night's broadcast? Just glance over the outline of your speech and see for yourself.

Mr. Candidate, I believe you politicians underestimate the intelligence of us voters. Else why do you talk and say nothing? Is it because you have a contempt for us, or are you trying to conceal your limitations under a barrage of words? How can we voters know from what you say?

Would it be too difficult for you to give us a speech next time you broadcast that runs somewhat as follows:

	Minutes
Statement of desire for the job	1
Statement of requirements of job	15
Statement of your fitness	5
Picture of what can be accomplished	7
Businesslike summary of points made	2
Total	30

If you did make a speech like this, Mr. Candidate, I can assure you that you would be unique among politicians.

Yours most sincerely,
A VOTER AND TAXPAYER.

TWO GREAT REASON

Searchingly, challengingly, a former President weighs the future of America and civilization

© Harris & Ewing

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are on the march: War, Death, Famine, and Pestilence. Two thirds of the people in the world are at war. But coming before these old destroyers of mankind are five new Horsemen.

The new cavalry are:

Imperialism, the destroyer of the independence of nations;

Intolerance, the destroyer of minorities;

State-ism, the destroyer of personal liberty;

Atheism, the destroyer of faith;

Hate, the destroyer of the unity of mankind.

These are the Horsemen of the advance, preparing the way for War and Death. After War and Death sweep Famine and Pestilence.

And their camp follower is Revolution.

Imperialism has already trampled down the independence of Ethiopia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Albania, and Denmark. We have witnessed attacks upon China, Finland, and Norway, unable to defend themselves. And now the invasion of Belgium and Holland. And there seems more to come.

We have seen Intolerance destroy Jews, Christians, and racial minorities.

We have seen State-ism, expressed by the despotisms of Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and Socialism, destroy liberty in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, and in a half dozen other countries. We have seen its infiltration through the world—including the United States.

Atheism has greatly shattered religious worship in Russia and Germany and weakened beliefs in a score of others.

Hate has grown fiercely since before the first World War began, and its ravages are not alone between races but between classes and religious faiths.

And all the Nine Horsemen have new weapons of destruction. Imperialism has become more dreadful by threat of destruction from the air. Propaganda, the weapon of Intolerance, of State-ism, of Atheism, of Hate, is more potent through our rapidity of communication. It now moves through the air over all borders and seas. It comes disguised in the home tongue. Hate has increased its voltage through cruelty of attack upon civilian men, women, and children by food blockade and death by the air. War is more destructive by our chemistry and our machines.

Mr. Hoover in a recent public address named " Nine Horsemen " now on the march in the world. Liberty has asked him to amplify his discussion of that subject, and in this article he has done so. Conditional permission to copy and publish this article is hereby granted by Liberty Magazine, provided such publication is for editorial use only, and is accompanied by the notice: " Republished by permission of Liberty Magazine. Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc."

WHY WE MUST KEEP OUT OF THE WAR

BY HERBERT HOOVER

Famine is more terrible by the growth of great cities. Pestilence strikes right and left through the close net of our communications.

Only the Western Hemisphere is free of the full violence of these Horsemen. But they affect us. Our emotions are aroused. The attacks upon helpless small nations raise the indignation of all decent men and women. Our economic life is dislocated. The shadow of war hangs over all our decisions.

And from our emotions there are Americans who sincerely believe that we ourselves should go to war. They feel we should be willing to sacrifice our youth and our future to restore liberty against aggression, to assure the recognition of law and human rights.

Reason calls to us not to send our sons into this war. Reason dictates that if we join the military operations of this war, it means the abdication of the remaining seat of liberty in the world. Reason insists the Western Hemisphere should give sanctuary for peace in her flight from all the rest of the world. Reason is final in its demands that we prepare ourselves so that we may defend the Western Hemisphere.

To those who feel that we are not doing our part if we stay out, I may suggest that we look ahead to the end of this war—examine a possibly greater service to mankind. This war will end some time, either in victory or exhaustion. And in that relation we may well explore the grim work of the Horsemen Famine, Pestilence, and Hate.

Famine and Pestilence

Western Europe for a hundred years, even in peacetimes, has not produced sufficient food supplies for its own population. It has bought its food by the export of manufactured goods. But on top of this peacetime shortage of supplies, war at once diminishes the food production of every combatant nation. The imports of fodder are cut off or slackened, and the herds must be diminished. The drafting of man power instantly diminishes the production of milk and of butter and of meat. The people eat into their animals and, when war ends, their brood stock is depleted. Beyond this, planting of ground crops must be skipped. The harvesting is imperfect. And, above all, the nitrate fertilizers must be diverted to explosives.

It is true that each nation at modern war rations its population in hope of reducing its food consumption. Scarcity always raises prices and the food goes to those who have the most money. Rationing does secure more equality in distribution and control of prices. It thrusts the hunger upon the civil population. Soldiers, munition workers, and government officials are always well fed. The hunger in the people falls hardest upon the women and children. But rationing has little effect on the total consumption. War experience has proved that armies consume about twice as much food as the same men do when they are at peace. That is partly due to the greater physical need. It is partly due to the inevitable waste and destruction of food in camp, or by invasion, and at sea.

Beyond all this, the food production of the countries free of actual war is also demoralized, for the normal markets are interfered with by blockades and difficulties of credit to war purchasers. Prices are erratic and the farmer is uncertain. Some countries are wholly isolated. Thus production diminishes among neutrals, especially at the beginning of war.

By the necessity of directing food supplies through the whole of the last war I watched these forces unfold with their millions of tragedies.

The food situation in the present war is already more desperate than at the same stage in the World War. Then, except for Belgium, there was no rationing of civil populations until the second or third year. In the present war every combatant country was on bread and meat cards within ninety days. In 1914 Russia was full of food; for years it has been in a state of semifamine. Moreover, today every neutral country in Europe, out of fear, has already mobilized almost its full man power. The Balkan States, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, and Italy will therefore also diminish in food production. The harvest of the Balkan States this year will be reduced. Denmark, now unable to import fodder, must needs kill many of her animals. Many of these smaller nations are already on rations. And in invaded countries there is already famine. It sweeps over Poland.

Out of all these forces, *if this war is long continued,* there is but one implacable end. That end is the greatest famine in history. And from lowered vitality by famine comes Pestilence. There was a great famine at the end of the World War. The dramatic events of peacemaking obscured it. And as the people, after the armistice, were mostly fed by American action, there was no major tragedy to attract headlines.

During the twenty-four months after the armistice in 1918 we sent something over eighty billion pounds of concentrated foodstuffs from America to Europe. That was more food than we have exported to Europe in the whole of the last ten years combined. And this food went not only to our allies but to our former enemies. And of pestilence, an army of typhus came down from Russia on a front a thousand miles long. At its height a million cases raged, with a death rate of a quarter of those stricken. Americans fought that battle and won.

Without all this service, famine, pestilence, and their end in Communism would have engulfed Europe. There would have been no peace of any sort.

After the Thirty Years' War a peace was made, and then it is said that one half of the population proceeded to die from famine and pestilence.

There was no America then.

The conclusion of this observation is "Who will stop the famine after the present war?"

The Sixth Horseman—Hate

And now let us examine the destroyer Hate. He will have something to do with the American people. In his modern visage he is probably the greatest of all destroyers.

Racial hates developed to an intensity and over more people in the World War than ever before. From the miseries which followed it came another unparalleled development. That was class hate. Both of them have played a great part in this cataclysm of today.

Hate becomes completely inflamed in modern war. Nowadays fighting quickly flashes from wars between soldiers to wars against civilians. It was not so long ago that wars were fought entirely between soldiers. They had elements of chivalry and sportsmanship. When such wars were over, hates did not remain long in courageous men who fought against courageous men.

But where war is made against helpless civilians, an implacable hate comes. Do we need be reminded of the seventy years of hate that survived in our country from Sherman's March to the Sea?

As this war goes on, the blockade of food supplies, the attacks on civilians from the air will take more toll from women and children. As action between armies becomes more violent, the long lists of dead stream back from the front into the homes. From these wrongs and sufferings imperishable hates will sink into every household.

And do not let us think that we had not in some lesser degree built up hates in the United States during the last war, although our losses had been much less bitter. We cannot forget the hideous attitudes toward loyal Americans of German descent.

Well do I remember that some days after the armistice I announced that the food blockade against Germany should be removed at once. That was imperative for reasons of humanity and for the self-interest of the Allies, that Bolshevism could be stopped in starving Germany, and that peace could be made. Despite these obvious reasons, the reaction in every part of the Allied world and the United States was one of indignant opposition and denunciation of any mercy. It took us months to secure so simple an act.

In the end from this furnace fire of hate statesmen no longer are free agents. The bitterness makes sane peace almost impossible. Those of us who observed the making of the Treaty of Versailles knew that the leaders there were consciously or unconsciously dominated by the fires of hate still burning. They had to get their acts approved at home. The sufferings of their people had been too great for rational action.

And one of the consequences of those hates was a treaty which sowed the dragon's teeth of the present war.

In the present war the forces making for hate are even more violent. If this war continues long enough, these hates will sit again at the peace table. Unless there be some allaying force, some entry of reason and compassion, there will be a Carthaginian peace.

The conclusion of this observation is "What powerful nation will still retain good will and reason?"

And the Camp Follower—Revolution

Hate, this Sixth Horseman, continues to ride after so-called peace is made. Famine and Pestilence, together with the aftermaths of war's destruction — malnutrition, unemployment, and poverty—furnish the fuel to class hate. It is hungry people who revolt in violence. Civilians with filled stomachs do not face machine guns. Helpless, distraught, frustrated peoples accept the leadership of Hate, who mobilizes them into Revolution. The end is dictatorship and the advance Horsemen start on the march again.

An American Role

Now America has a role to perform. It can be a great role in our history.

There is no such thing as isolation for the United States. The Monroe Doctrine itself is denial of that. And there can be no such thing as economic or intellectual or moral or spiritual isolation.

There can be no isolation from world effort to allay misery, to save human life, to bring peace, disarmament, reconstruction, and renewed hope from this catastrophe.

There can be military isolation. When I speak of joining in these wars, I mean joining in the military side—sending our sons into it.

If we join in these wars we will start with the already great exhaustion of ten years of our depression. Then we will further exhaust our already weakened economic strength. And that exhaustion will be in a far greater degree than in the few months we participated in the last war.

And when the war is over we shall need devote our remaining resources to support our wounded, our maimed, our orphaned, and our destitute. We shall need every resource to rebuild our farmers and workers from our own misery and impoverishment. And our sympathies will be justly limited to suffering at home.

If we join in this war, the last great remaining reservoir of economic strength will have been exhausted. And hope of world recuperation will have been delayed while Revolution marches unimpeded over the earth.

If we join in this war, we ourselves will develop all the hates that are inevitable from war. We shall have lost the voice of reason in the making of the peace.

And, though we stay out, in our indignation at wrong and aggression we must not be led into blind hates against whole peoples. The great masses of the German people and the Russian people did not wish for the wars now going on. The vast majority of both these nations are gentle decent people who prayed for peace even as did you and I.

And ours is a doubly difficult position. In our emotions we have a different scene from Europe fighting race against race. We have the heritage of every European race. Our war hates are not alone against the enemy. They cruelly divide our own people, not alone for the war but long after.

But if we remain out of war we might, if we have the will to do so, use our unimpaired resources, our courage, our moral strength to do mankind infinite service.

By that service we could allay the destruction of war and the ravages of Famine and Pestilence. That service of compassion could go far to save civilization and restore hope to men. Free of Hate we could exert an insistent voice of reason in the making of peace.

And if we are again called upon for service, we have a right to demand that Reason and Hope sit at the peace table. Reason and hope for the world call for the restoration of those nations who have lost their freedom.

THE END

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SEE WHY America Is Buying G-E Refrigerators at the Rate of ONE A MINUTE!

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YOU BE the judge! Compare the "cold-making" capacity, convenience features, operating costs and prices of all refrigerators—and you'll choose a G-E!

New advancements in food preservation, better storage facilities and greater operating economy make today's G-E Refrigerator the thriftiest, most complete G-E ever built! The fact that America is buying new General Electric Refrigerators at the amazing rate of more than *one a minute* is eloquent proof of the value they offer.

Get a big, modern G-E Refrigerator—while prices are lowest in history. See how a few dollars more in easy monthly payments will give you more convenience, more satisfactory refrigeration service and the enduring economy for which G-E Refrigerators are famous. Sizes up to 16 cubic feet.

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3. New G-E Air Filter revitalizes the cool, circulating air—practically eliminates transfer of food odors inside of the cabinet.

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Product Of Largest and Oldest Electrical Manufacturer. Provides what General Electric engineers have found to be the most convenient and practical low-cost method of food preservation for the home.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN Hitler's

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The following manuscript first was published in book form in England by John Long, Ltd., of London, and brought home to the British people for the first time an intimate picture of their enemy's leadership. The publishers vouched for its authenticity. The author relates in pointed detail the workings of the Nazi system as she saw them, and its effects on those who came in close contact with Hitler.

Liberty Magazine acquired the American rights.

PART ONE—A JOB AT BERCHTESGADEN

THIS, my story, is a statement of facts about Hitler, facts which have been unknown to the world. I was a servant at Berchtesgaden. I thus had a rare opportunity to see the real Hitler; to see him again and again when he was not before the public, when he had no admiring crowd's eyes upon him.

I want the world to know the real Hitler, to know the truth about his private life, about his women friends, about the men who surround him, about the secrets of his mountain chalet of Berchtesgaden.

Everything I reveal I have myself seen or have learned from unimpeachable informants. I have tried to present a true objective picture. If my effort helps those who are fighting against Hitlerism to understand something of the supreme enemy of civilization, I shall feel that the years of horror I spent at Berchtesgaden have not been entirely wasted.—THE AUTHOR.

I WAS ironing shirts at Mueller's Laundry in Karlsruhe when Adolf Hitler entered the Reichstag as Chancellor of Greater Germany for the first time. I was happier than he. I was in love.

Ten days later I was married. Kurt was foreman of Mueller's packing department. Two days after that, while Kurt and I were honeymooning in Berlin, I got a telegram from my mother telling me that my father had been arrested. He was a Social Democrat and an ardent trade-union worker. When I returned to Karlsruhe a neighbor told me that the Gestapo had taken my mother too.

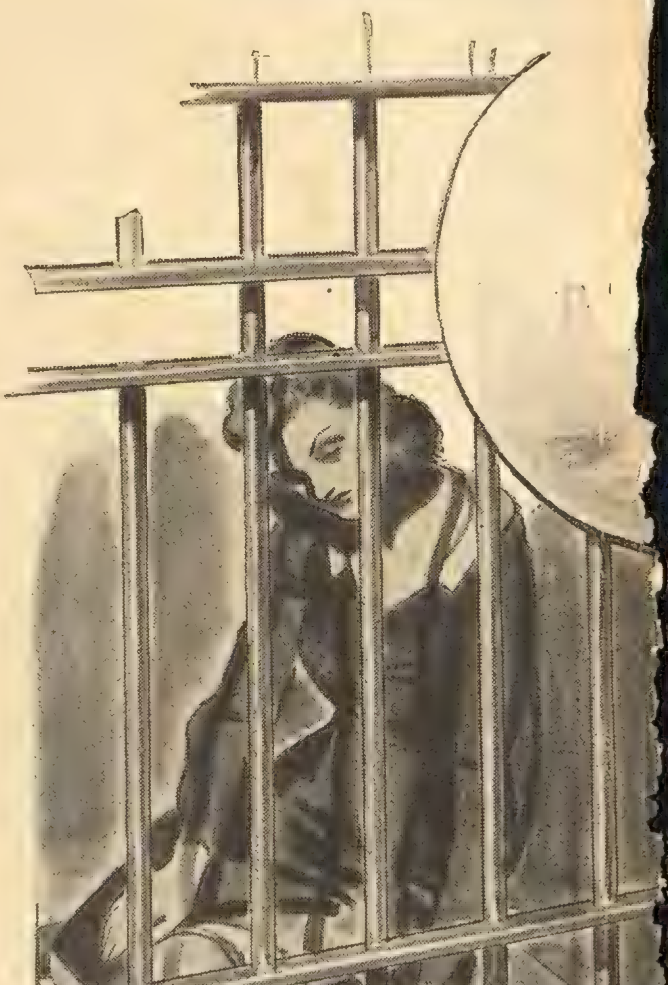
I have never heard of either of them since.

Mueller's assistant foreman in the packing department wanted Kurt's job. So he denounced my husband to the police as an enemy of the Reich. Four S. A. men came to our flat at midnight. They dragged Kurt from bed beside me and kicked him down the stairs to a car. It was the last time I saw him in Germany. Within three weeks of marriage I had lost my parents and my husband.

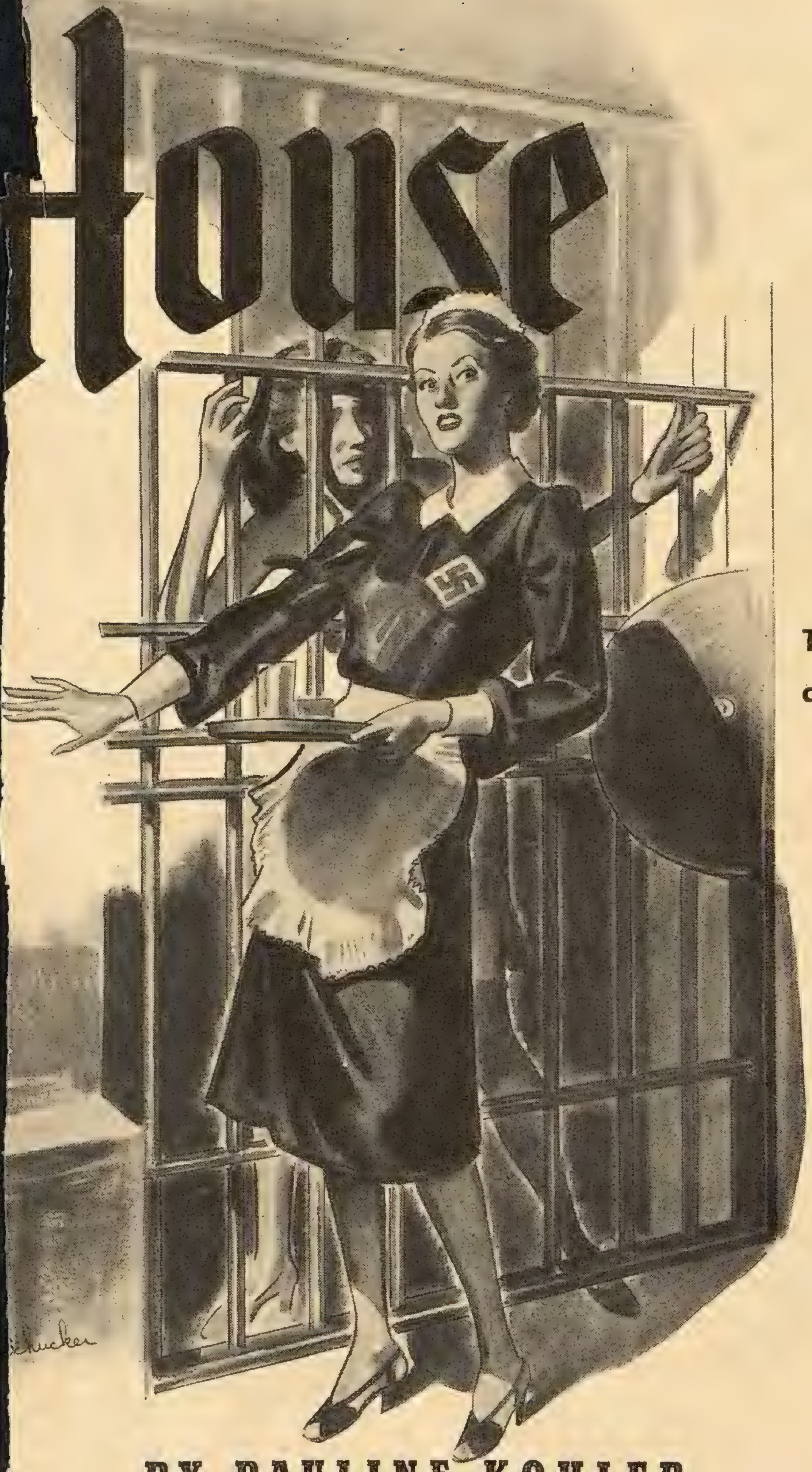
I left Karlsruhe, when I had not a penny left in the world, to become maid of all work to a schoolmaster and his wife in Munich. Frau Hornbach, my new mistress, did not know I was married until one day she found me crying in the kitchen. Desperate for a little sympathy, I told her everything. She was very sympathetic. She released in me all the pent-up emotion I had been concealing. I committed an irretrievable error. I cursed Adolf Hitler.

As soon as I had calmed down, Frau Hornbach sent me to bed. She was a good German citizen. She told her husband. He was on the telephone within two minutes, and, again at midnight, two jack-booted S. A. men arrived at the house. I was sentenced to six months in the women's section of the Dachau concentration camp.

There were, of course, many floggings at Dachau. I saw a woman tortured to death. But Dachau was salvation to me personally. I was liked by the wardresses and the head wardress, and I gradually became a sort of trusty, with many little privileges. Moreover, I made a real friend of a prison official, who after nine weeks secured my release, lent me eighty marks, and gave me the address of a hotel in Augsburg where I might


She rose and staggered to the bars of the cell door. Then she told me her story.

House



BY PAULINE KOHLER

get a job as a kitchen- or housemaid.

And so I said good-by to Dachau on January 26, 1934. I was examined by the doctor (no one is allowed to leave bearing marks of punishment), told to sign a document affirming that I had been justly treated and would never discuss anything I had seen or heard in the prison camp, and given back my own clothes.

The manager of the hotel, Hermann Schlief, was unable to give me a job, but he recommended me to go to the villa of one Herr Kastner. At the end of a week's trial I was told that I could stay.

Hans Kastner was a high official of the Gestapo. His villa was used as a sort of G. H. Q. by the local Gestapo. His lieutenants were often closeted with him in his study until the early hours of the morning. I was warned by my mistress never to go near the study at such times. She herself usually went out.

When I had been there three years, Herr Kastner summoned me one day to his study. Without a word of explanation, he said, "You will have to leave at the end of the week, Pauline. We are getting another servant."

And then he told me, to my utter amazement, that there was a vacancy on Hitler's household staff. I could not imagine why they had considered me as a candidate, but I believe it was because I had almost no friends and certainly no relatives with whom I was in contact in Germany. Also, as I found later, my appearance had a great deal to do with it. Hitler cannot bear ugly or even plain women in his household. Even the humblest kitchenmaid at Berchtesgaden must be pretty.

Kastner said: "I am going to recommend you because I believe you have had your lesson in what happens to enemies of the Reich and are now a good German citizen and willing to become a good Nazi Party member. You will, of course, have to join the party."

The most revealing close-up of der Führer the world has seen!

I was half terrified and half elated. I knew that such a post would place me among circles who could surely secure the release of my husband if they wished.

Next day two officers of the Gestapo drove me to the Augsburg police headquarters, and after a wait of an hour I was ushered into the office of Heinrich Himmler, most dreaded citizen of the Third Reich.

He concentrated on examining a dossier about me, then looked me over carefully from head to foot. The few questions he put to me seemed to be rather for the purpose of finding out how I spoke than of getting any information out of me. At length he seemed satisfied. He signed a document and rang a bell. An official was in the room in an instant. To this man Himmler gave the document and an order. Then I was turned over to two women, who inspected my clothes.

Dressmakers were summoned and I was measured for a complete new outfit. Every garment was of the finest black silk. On the left breast of each uniform (there were three of them) was an embroidered swastika. I was told that all my other belongings were to be taken away, except a few trinkets and other personal possessions. I was also told to remove my wedding ring, though I was allowed to keep it. Apparently the symbol of marriage to any man was incompatible with service to the Führer.

When the last formality had been gone through, I was put into a car with three Gestapo men. We set out at once for Berchtesgaden.

The Führer's mountain fastness is reached by a narrow private road, patrolled by SS guards every few hundred yards. We waited for five minutes at the great main entrance while our credentials were checked by telephone to Augsburg. Machine-gun crews on either side of the drive had their weapons trained on us the whole time. After we were passed as O. K., we still had to wait every fifty yards while elaborate steel barricades were removed.

I WAS taken to the servants' quarters and handed over to Otto Schlieben, the head of Hitler's household staff (Paula, the Führer's sister, who is officially housekeeper, is really not in control of the servants).

Schlieben told me that I was to be a housemaid and that my pay would be one hundred marks a week (about seventeen dollars). He gave me a short lecture on behavior, and told me that I would not be allowed to communicate with any one in the outside world while I was at Berchtesgaden, and that death was the inevitable penalty for indiscretion.

Then he summoned another maid, a strikingly beautiful girl, and ordered her to show me to my room in the topmost story of the fortress home. It was furnished with a small bed, a wardrobe, a chair (hard), a simple dressing table. There was also a small table on which was a typewritten booklet that bore on the cover the one word: RULES.

I was never to discuss, even with my fellow workers, whatever I might see in Berchtesgaden. I must not discuss politics. I must not approach any part of the building to which I had not been expressly ordered. I must write no letters, must keep no diary or record of my life. I must never fail to report to Schlieben after three hours by myself, except at night. I must be in bed, with lights out, at 9.30 P. M., unless my duties kept me up later. I must never whistle (this, I found, is because the Führer hates whistling). I must never go into the gardens except on duty or in the company of at least four other employees during regulation exercise hours. I must on no account address the Führer unless he spoke first to me. This was heavily underlined. And whenever I saw the Führer I was to lower my head but, strangely enough, not to give the Nazi salute or say "Heil, Hitler" when he might address me.

The girl who had shown me to my room came back in a few minutes and took me downstairs. (We were not allowed to use any of the elevators.) In the kitchen, a colossal room, I was given the best meal I have ever had in Germany. A Storm Trooper named Erik Keitner was deputed to show me every room in Berchtesgaden. Once he had done so, I would be expected to know my way about without asking further questions.

I had read in the German newspapers that Hitler lived a simple, unostentatious life. In a few minutes I realized how the simple, trusting German people were being misled.

Keitner was quite cynical about it. As he showed me the main dining room he smiled and said, "You see, of course, how the Führer appreciates comfort. Only the best is good enough for him." This particular room is sixty feet long by forty feet wide. A massive oak table runs down the center. There are no lights visible. A soft glow comes from cunningly concealed lighting. Four etchings by Dürer hang on the walls. A vast Persian carpet covers the floor. Later on, it was part of my duty, together with another girl, to lay the table. When the dinner was an informal one the service was of magnificent Dresden china, but when important guests were present they ate off solid silver —most of it plate from the Jewish merchants of Nuremberg, stolen from them by Himmler's agents.

The author, who at Berchtesgaden was a housemaid to Hitler.

The room in which Hitler receives his guests overlooks the Austrian Alps. This room houses his aviary of rare birds. One day I counted them. There were seventy-eight—all chattering and screaming at the same time. He always fed them himself. The death of one of them brought tears to his eyes. Its little corpse was buried in a small plot of ground with a tiny headstone of bronze placed on the grave.

Berchtesgaden has fourteen bedrooms for guests. Each bedroom has a private bathroom. These baths are made of stone and marble quarried in different parts of Germany. The marble of Hitler's own bath comes from Italy. It was a present from Mussolini.

The walls of the bedrooms are of bare gray plaster decorated with paintings from German mythology. On the ceilings naked fauns and nymphs disport themselves in scenes from Greek legends. Every bedroom has a bookcase by the bed. A signed copy of Mein Kampf is there, together with pornographic French books imported from Paris. And every room has a portrait of Hitler over the bed

The kitchens at Berchtesgaden ar magnificent. All cooking is done b electricity. A former head chef of the Adlon Hotel in Berlin is in charge, with four younger men under him. He himself cooks only for Hitler. A Gestapo man is present night and day to ensure that no poison is introduced into the food.

Many walls are covered with rare Gobelin tapestries. "Actually they are priceless," declared Keitner, "but if they were offered for sale in America they would fetch several million dollars."

"But how can the Führer afford them?" I gasped.

"Well, there are ways and means," smiled Keitner. "The Führer can, for example, request a museum to 'loan' him a tapestry, or he can suggest to a wealthy industrialist that it would be wise of him to send him a present. Then, some of them were just stolen from one of the ex-Kaiser's many castles."

There are five rooms in Berchtesgaden which have never been photographed. I saw them once and once only. They are called the Chambers of the Stars. They form a kind of penthouse on the roof. Only two people can enter them at any time—Hitler himself and his astrologer, one Karl Ossietz.

In the main room of this suite the ceiling is made of dark blue glass on which, by pressing a switch, the movements of the planets and constellations are shown. The best optical workers in Jena worked on this room for over a year before Hitler was satisfied with it. Designs of the zodiac form the patterns on the walls. In another of these rooms the only illumination comes from a brazier which burns night and day. Hitler often spends hours alone there, gazing into its angry glow, or staring into a huge crystal globe.

OSSIETZ is a slim, dark man of thirty-five. In Germany no mention of him is allowed to be made, yet he is perhaps the most important man in the Third Reich, outside Hitler himself. How he met Hitler no one could tell me. He just arrived at Berchtesgaden one day and has remained there ever since. He is the Rasputin of Nazi Germany. I believe he is sincere in his attitude toward astrology.

Shortly after my arrival the Führer spent three days and nights in this suite alone with Ossietz. Goering arrived from Berlin with urgent news —but even the fat field marshal could not speak to Hitler until he emerged.

(Continued on page 16)

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...HELPS YOU WIN ADMIRATION THAT'S *RIGHTFULLY YOURS!*

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If you brush and brush and yet Surface-Stains still make teeth look dull, discolored . . . don't give up hope! Switch to Pepsodent with IRIUM...it gives you a "Plus" which other dentifrices can't give!*

YOU'VE seen it happen to others . . . and it can happen to you, too! A girl misses out on compliments, admiration, romance. Then suddenly something happens. She has new confidence, new allure...everything seems to come her way.

Are her features more beautiful? No! Then what is it?

If you could only ask, you might find she made just one simple change...the change to Pepsodent with IRIUM. Because Pepsodent *removes* unsightly Surface-Stains that cling to teeth. And it's these Surface-Stains that hide the true brilliance of your teeth . . . help steal away your beauty as they add years to your looks.

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PASTE and POWDER

PEPSODENT BRAND Tooth Powder
Pepsodent BRAND TOOTH PASTE
PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM for greater cleansing power
Both Contain IRIUM

(Continued from page 14)

He consults the stars before embarking upon any major activity. He would sooner listen to the advice of Ossietz than to counsel from his General Staff.

Hitler believes his lucky color is red. He chose the swastika as his emblem because he had read that it was an ancient Hindu sign of good fortune—but he made the mistake of placing it the wrong way round, so that to occult students it now is a symbol of evil.

Every member of Hitler's staff hates Ossietz. They are all jealous of his influence. Goering, in particular, detests the man. He refused twice to stay in the same room with him. But Ossietz remains. Perhaps it is because he has told the Führer that he will still be ruling Germany when he dies, and he fixes the year of his death as 1962.

HITLER'S favorite drink is a mysterious concoction prepared by Ossietz. No one could tell me what it was, or what effect it was supposed to have. Irreverent members of the staff called it "Adolf's tonic." It is a pink liquid, produced by Ossietz from his private laboratory in thin glass flasks. Hitler drinks three flasks of it every day.

This laboratory was one of the few rooms I never saw. I found no one who had seen it.

Only a trusted friend of Hitler or one of the staff could even attempt to assassinate him within the walls of Berchtesgaden. The whole estate is ringed with three concentric circles of antiaircraft guns. Every approach is heavily mined. Every door into the house is fitted with an "electric eye" which, if any one tries to enter unobserved, immediately sounds an alarm and automatically locks every door. The door to Hitler's private study is fitted with an "eye" which can detect if a visitor is carrying any steel or iron object—not that any visitor is likely to be, for nearly every one who comes to Berchtesgaden is thoroughly searched before being allowed to meet Hitler.

Hitler always works at an enormous desk. A battery of buttons decorates one corner. One button is a brilliant scarlet in color. Hitler has only to touch it to flood every room except the study with clouds of tear gas. And the instant it is touched an alarm bell sounds in a barracks which stands some five hundred yards away, and a hundred picked Black Guards, armed with submachine guns and hand grenades, advance on the house.

From Hitler's private suite a lift drops three hundred feet through solid rock to six rooms forming a luxury flat, which is also the last word in air-raid shelters. It is fitted with its own water supply, air-purifying plant, and kitchen. One room is stocked with enough canned food to last four persons for three months.

Hitler has a small private cinema seating twenty-five persons. He sees there films which the rest of Germany is not allowed to see. It has often been said that Hitler knows nothing of the atrocities perpetrated in the concentration camps. This is untrue. He knows everything about them. Films have been made of life at Dachau and Buchenwald and they have found an appreciative audience at Berchtesgaden. They have by no means been carefully censored films. Indescribable tortures have been flashed on the screen for Hitler's enjoyment.

Much of Hitler's time is spent in the map room. He has a mania for maps. Each wall is lined with shallow drawers containing maps of every part of the world. He has survey maps of London which show individual houses. Over the fireplace is a gigantic bronze map of Germany and central Europe. The frontiers of the Third Reich are traced by a narrow line made of amber from the seashore of East Prussia. Hitler was fond of standing in front of it with a pointer in his hand, rather like a schoolmaster, and delivering lectures on the greatness of Germany and the way her frontiers must spread and spread and spread.

His interest in political geography is intense, and so he has every school textbook on the subject sent to him for his personal examination. If he is not satisfied with the maps in it, he orders the whole edition to be scrapped. Whenever we guessed that some new coup was afoot, we always said it was because Hitler had got bored with the map and wanted to change it.

ONE of the most important rooms in the house is the telephone switchboard. Three men are on duty there night and day. A direct and private line runs from Berchtesgaden to Berlin and Munich. There is no possibility of any one ever tapping it, for when Hitler speaks his words are "scrambled" — jumbled up into a meaningless gibberish by an electrical device. At the receiving end a similar gadget translates the gibberish back into German. This line is kept open for every second of every day and is linked with a phone in Hitler's study and his bedroom. He has, however, given strict instructions to the half dozen people allowed to use it that he must only be disturbed on big questions of major policy.

Next to the switchboard is the private post office. Here all incoming mail is sorted and every letter that is not from a very close friend is opened. Every one who is allowed to write privately to Hitler has some sign that he writes on the back of the envelope. But what the sign is I never found out. I foolishly asked about it, and was told to keep a severe check on my curiosity. One or two people in Berchtesgaden believed, however, that no sign protected the contents of a letter from the attention of the Gestapo agents, and that Hitler was as much spied upon as the smallest Storm Trooper.

About six hundred letters a day arrive at Berchtesgaden when the Führer is in residence. About fifteen per cent come from abroad—mo containing requests for his signatur a request which is never grante The other letters ask for money, la complaints, ask for a job or som favor. Hitler sees none of them, bu if the writer is obviously a good Na he gets a letter with a rubber-stam signature of Hitler and an assuranc that the matter is being investigate Then the letter is passed on to a appropriate branch of the goveri ment. Parcels are opened in the ba racks, and the little presents which th Germans have sent their Führer a confiscated by his Black Guards. Th first Christmas I was there ove eleven thousand parcels arrived.

There are two radio sets, both ca pable of receiving any station in th world. One is Hitler's private se the other is housed in a small rad room and connected with a hidd loud-speaker in every bedroom. pressing a switch a visitor can liste to a German station; he is not allowe to hear any foreign programs. Hitl himself knows no language but Ge man, but he occasionally listens music from foreign stations, partic larly if it is Wagner.

A high-powered transmitting s also stands in the radio room. T wave length on which it operates secret, but in every big Nazi barrac there is a small set in the commande office which is kept "alive" and tun in to this wave length at all hour When he wishes, Hitler can comma his men throughout Germany wit out a second's delay. And here something which only about four me in Germany are supposed to know. was revealed to me—how or by who I am not free to say:

WHENEVER Hitler decides to make a public appearance, he makes a phonograph record. This record proclaims martial law throughout Germany, refers to a sudden attack launched upon the security of the Reich by foreign elements, and makes a frenzied appeal for loyalty to the Führer. Himmler has persuaded Hitler to make these records. Each one is slightly different, for each one must sound up to date. This record would be played if Hitler were assassinated. It would first be transmitted to the Nazi barracks and then rushed to Munich and transmitted over the ordinary radio. Its purpose would be to conceal the fact of Hitler's death from the world for as long as possible, and make certain that the country was prepared to meet any internal revolt if the news did leak out. You can be sure that such a record came out of its hidden, closely guarded safe the night when the bomb exploded in the Munich beer cellar.

Another thing I saw during my preliminary tour of Berchtesgaden was a group of fashionably dressed girls strolling out of the entrance to the Black Guards' barracks. They were giggling together and turning to wave and blow kisses to the barrack windows.

Keitner guffawed.

As you know, young men in barracks often get lonely. So the Gestapo—really a much maligned institution—provides them with company—with female company. Those girls come from Munich. They arrived last night, and now they are going back to Munich. A fresh lot will be here next week-end. They'll all get the Iron Cross, Second Class," joked Keitner, "for services to the defenders of the Führer."

We went down into the cellars under the house. They form a large clean suite of rooms—but they are without windows. Bare electric lamps cast a yellow glare from overhead. The first room was empty except for a vaulting horse such as you can see in any gymnasium. The second room was fitted up like a sparsely furnished office. The third was really nothing more than a corridor running past four cells, whose doors were of iron bars.

I must have looked horrified—and puzzled—for Keitner began to explain.

"The cells are empty just now, but we'll soon have them filled. They often serve as temporary homes for the girls of the household staff who misbehave. Sometimes girls from the neighboring villages are brought here for questioning if we have any reason to suspect their racial purity or their loyalty to the Führer. We find we can examine them so much more efficiently than the local officials. After a few hours down here they talk very freely."

Five weeks after I arrived at Berchtesgaden I had to take food to the prisoners in these cells. There were three of them, all girls round about twenty. One was almost naked, lying cowering in a corner. Great angry blood-red weals marred the whiteness of her back. She shuddered as I spoke to her.

"No! No!" she screamed. "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I can't stand any more!"

I was alone in the cell section. I said in an urgent whisper, "I'm a friend. Can I help you?"

It was several minutes before she rose to her feet and staggered to the bars of the door. Then, in a rush of whispered words, she told me her story.

She lived in Munich and had come to stay for a short holiday with friends at Mühldorf, a few miles from Berchtesgaden. A young Storm Trooper made her acquaintance. Soon he was making violent love to her. She became frightened and refused to see or speak to him. He was a mechanic in the garages of Berchtesgaden, and on his return he told his fellow Troopers about her. They got together and decided she might have committed some offense which it was their duty to reveal to the authorities.

itler's Berghof or mountain house at Berch- sgaden, in the Bavarian Alps. Here he con- lts the stars and plans to remap the world.

So one night they descended upon Mühldorf and brought her back to Berchtesgaden. When I saw her she had been there for four days and nights. She had been stripped and strapped down across the vaulting horse and flogged with a riding whip. Next day she was gone. I never found out what happened to her.

I made several visits to these cellars. One of them was to witness the "disciplining" of one of my fellow maids. Fräulein Oberstet, a housekeeper, accused her of insolence and sent her to her room. An hour later we, the maids, were told to go down to the cellars. Fräulein Oberstet followed us. No men were present. A few moments later the erring maid came in.

The Fräulein said that she had called us together to see the punishment she meant to administer to any girl who was insolent or insubordinate. She ordered four of us to fasten the girl to the vaulting horse and partially strip her. We obeyed. There was nothing else we could do. The Fräulein did the flogging.

The millions of Germans who hav spent ten pfennigs on a picture po card of Berchtesgaden have not t faintest idea of the horrors that enacted behind its white-and-bro walls—horrors only exceeded by th within the barbed wire of the centration camps.

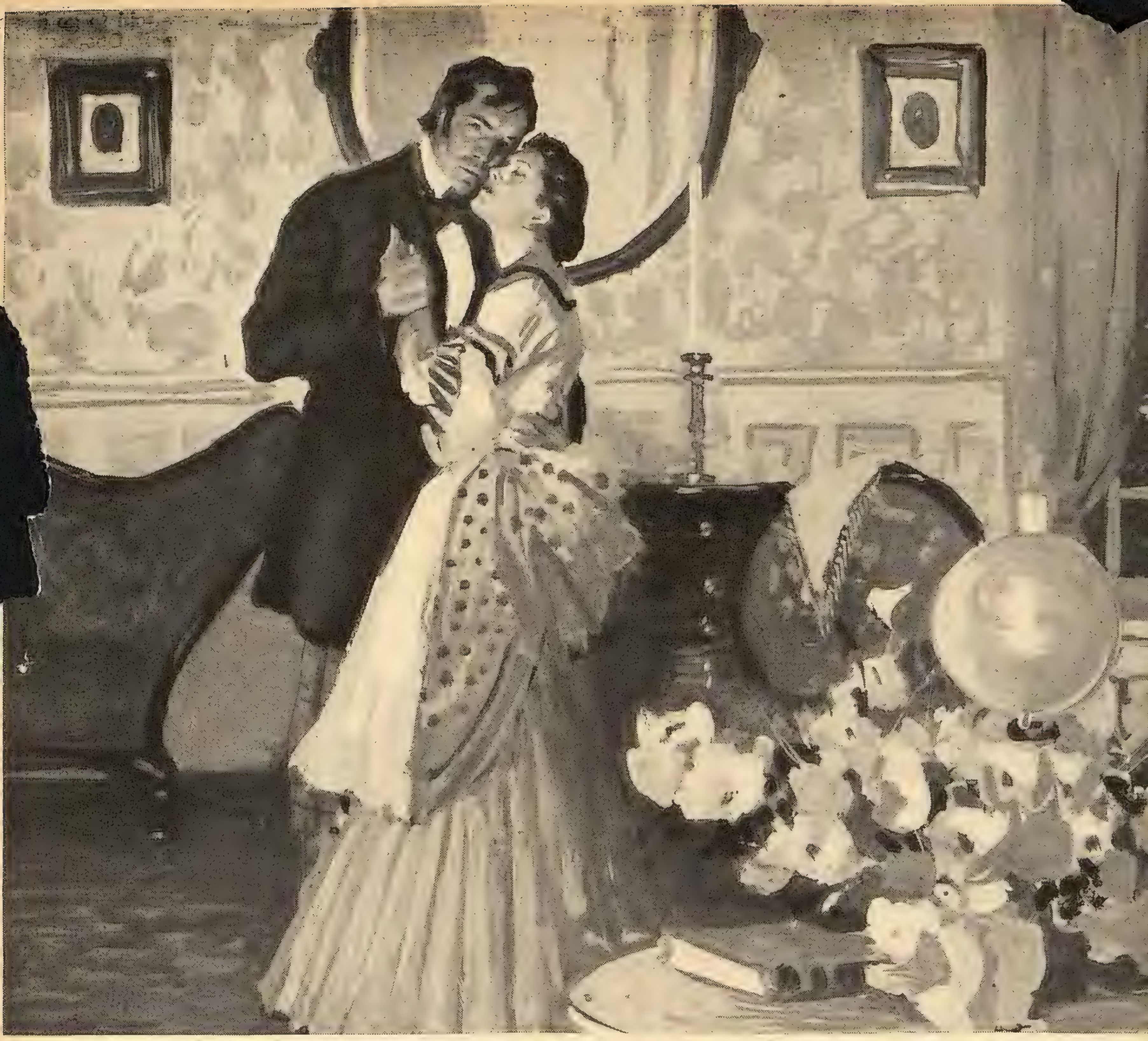
Berchtesgaden is Hitler's real h But he has another retreat whic visitors see. I entered it only It is within view of Berchtesgade a building of steel and glass on summit of six-thousand-foot Mo Kehlstein. It is called the Eag Nest. Hitler ascends to it in an elevator whose shaft has been quarried out of the heart of the mountain. Of its two rooms, one is a small kitchen, the other an enormous sitting room with walls of glass. The furniture is simple—a desk, two or three divans, and a large telescope. It is to this room that Hitler goes to brood. No telephone connects him with the outside world. I believe only two foreigners have ever visited this hide-out—Unity Mitford and Count Ciano. I shall have more to say of the Mitford girl later.

THERE is some secret about this Eagle's Nest. What it is I cannot say. It may be some mechanical device, planned to protect Hitler from attack if ever Berchtesgaden is taken by his enemies. One was never allowed to ask many questions about the method of its construction.

Some of Hitler's staff declared that the Führer planned to lie there after his death, as Lenin lies in the Red Square at Moscow.

This, then, is Berchtesgaden—the storm center of Europe. And now what of the man whose home it is? I have spoken to the Führer some half dozen times. Once he talked to me for over half an hour. But I have seen him hundreds of times, have seen him with his friends, discussed him with his other servants, watched and studied him for many months.

Is it true that Hitler goes to ludicrous lengths in seeking a cure for insomnia? That he has a weak heart, and that a cancerous growth has been removed from one of his vocal cords? That he uses doubles or stand-ins as a precaution against assassination? Also, exactly what happens when even Goering dares tell him an idea of his is stupid? Significant questions! For a definite, convincing answer to every one of them, read Pauline Kohler's revelations next week!



ILLUSTRATOR JOHN FULTON

He stood there looking, storing her loveliness in his mind.

THERE was an unrealness about the entire scene, as if some one had splashed gay colors against a grim and somber canvas.

First, the flowers blooming in the arid soil beside the walls of the old Territory Prison. Then the little girl, with her deep blue eyes and bright print dress, leaning against those drab tragedy-enclosing walls, laughing at something the Maricopa Kid said as he lugged water up from the Colorado and filled a barrel at the garden's edge. And, too, the mere fact that the Kid was there, carrying water for flowers and making a little girl laugh and follow his movements with adoring eyes.

The Kid said, "Remember, Kitty, the sun will blister your flowers if you water them in the daytime. Always wait until dusk, so that the ground can drink the moisture deep into its stomach during the night."

Kitty giggled, said, "The ground hasn't any stomach." Her mobile face lost its merriment with the quick change that shifting thoughts of childhood can bring. "Flowers won't be much fun after you're gone."

The Kid's grin died slowly. Idly he rolled a cigarette, keeping it in his mouth unlighted, his eyes remote and holding back many things, even from this child, with the taciturnity that long, unfriendly years had taught him.

Presently he threw away the unlighted cigarette, said, "Don't worry, Kitty; everything will be all right."

Walking around toward the prison entrance, she sensed that his attention was far off, and tugged at his arm. "You'll tell mother to buy me that doll at Leidermann's, won't you, Kid? If you tell her, she'll do it."

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Without taking his gaze off the flatlands westward, he said, "Yes, I'll tell her."

The guard at the gate said, "The warden's looking for you; you were supposed to be released three hours ago."

The Kid said, "I know." He looked down at the child and smiled. "Run on to the house now. I've got to have a little talk with your grandfather."

After Kitty had gone, he turned through the gate and crossed the sunbaked courtyard to Warden Samuel Bateman's office.

There was an understanding between these two men that needed little talk. Yet, as the Kid took off prison garb and put on the suit furnished those who had served their time, he knew that words were building up within the warden.

Finally old Samuel said, "There's a sort of a speech that I'm supposed to

A stirring story of romance and revenge, and a man who learned about life from love

A WELL-REMEMBERED Kiss

BY WILLIAM BENTON JOHNSTON

make, Kid, but there's no need saying it to you."

The Kid continued dressing, waiting and saying nothing.

The warden said, "You're the only man I've ever trusted with unlimited outside privileges. You've come into my home and sat at the table with my daughter Elizabeth, and with my little granddaughter. I've watched Kitty grow to worship you—you, a prisoner and a notorious gunhawk—and I've seen Elizabeth come to love you."

The Kid made a cigarette and held it in his lips, knowing that the old man had more to say and waiting patiently to hear it.

The warden stirred and shoved a match across the desk. He said, "Light that damn cigarette. Five years I've watched you make 'em and put 'em in your mouth and not light 'em. That's how I first knew that you had reconciled yourself to discipline and that I'd have no trouble with you here. A man who loves a smoke, and can throw one away unused, is bound to have a lot of strength."

The Maricopa Kid ignored the match. He broke the cigarette and dropped it, still saying nothing.

Old Samuel said, "You own a ranch north of Lordsburg that you left when you rode out to the Owlhoot Trail, and Elizabeth has a little money. She and Kitty are going with you, if you ask her." He held out his hand. "I believe that the Maricopa Kid is dead, shrouded in that old smoky wildness that died with him. Wayne Oldridge is your real name. All that I ask is that you use it from now on—and live up to it."

The Kid took the proffered hand firmly, said, "You've been good to me, Samuel; I won't do anything to hurt you or Elizabeth."

Samuel said, "I believe that, son. She married Mike Terwill before life had steadied and tamed him. His recklessness made things pretty hard for her. She got to where she went pale when there was a shot along the streets, and after Kitty was born she stayed up a lot at night when Mike was out, walking through the house like a ghost. It was mighty bad for her when he was killed in that brawl at the Silver Dollar. Time has worn away most of that, but I wouldn't want her to go through it again."

The Kid said, "I filled the barrel so that Kitty would have water for the flowers until I get back."

The sententiousness of that held Samuel to a short silence; then he said, "A man knows himself best."

The Maricopa Kid said, "It's hard to be dead sure of a thing until you actually meet up with it. I'll be back in a month—or I won't be back."

He took the five-dollar bill that the warden had put on the desk.

"Good-by, Samuel," he said, and turned quietly away.

Beyond the walls, he stopped and looked back at the prison. Realizing that he was finished with it momentarily broke the long run of his patience, and wild and tumultuous thoughts rose within him; but he put these aside with stoic fortitude and habitual self-discipline.

Going down to the warden's home, he wondered if this strength would sustain him when he got back to Lordsburg and saw the Gorman brothers again, feeling that they had killed his brother and framed him with the crime, driving him to the rimrocks and finally to the grim walls he was now leaving.

He went around to the back of Samuel Bateman's house, and stood at the open kitchen door, taking off his hat.

Elizabeth Terwill, busy with dinner, looked up and smiled at him. She said, "You look strange in those clothes — the suit isn't very becoming."

He smiled too, said, "No, I guess not, and leaned against the wall and watched her move deftly and quietly about the innumerable small tasks of preparing a meal.

She was a still, placid girl, with a touch of mystery and unspoken things in that stillness: a girl who could hold a man without artifice, and tell him all that she wanted him to know without unnecessary words. Her hair was jet-black and it had a shine and beauty, and her eyes were a fine gray that sometimes deepened to blue. Her body was long and well proportioned, her hands strong and capable.

Finally the Kid lifted his glance away from her and let it run through the open door of an adjacent bedroom. He saw a trunk there, empty now, some of the clothing taken from it spread across the bed.

Elizabeth Terwill followed that glance, said, "Kitty told me that you filled the water barrel for her."

The thought came then that she was much like himself, and that he had used this same method—and almost these same laconic words—in letting her father understand that he was going away alone.

4 OUT OF 5
MAY HAVE TROUBLE AHEAD!
GINGIVITIS

BLEEDING GUMS
SORE GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
TENDER GUMS

ATTACKING THOUSANDS
—EVEN YOUNG FOLKS!

Do your gums bleed when you brush your teeth? Are they sore? Inflamed? Then watch out! Dental records show 4 out of every 5 people may have Gingivitis, a common inflammation where gums join the teeth.

IF NEGLECTED . . . Gingivitis often leads to Pyorrhea with shrinking gums and loosened teeth which *only your dentist* can help. It's wise to see him every 3 months for gum inspection. At home help guard against Gingivitis—

**Help Gums To Be Firmer—
Teeth Bright and Sparkling**

Brush your teeth and massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the ORIGINAL toothpaste for massaging gums and cleaning teeth. This effective Forhan's method helps gums to be firmer, harder and brightens even dull teeth to their "natural" lustre. ALSO helps to remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay.

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FOR

FREE
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-8, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

He said, "I'll gamble with a lot of things, Elizabeth—your happiness is not one of them. If I'm not back in a month, get some one else to refill the barrel."

She moved back from the stove, looking at him gently and gravely while silence piled up between them.

Finally she said, "No; if you don't come back, we'll let the garden die—and try to forget about flowers."

That drove all the remoteness out of his eyes, and she saw things there which pleased her.

He said abruptly, "Kitty—where is she?"

"She's asleep," Elizabeth told him. "I'll call her."

He said, "No; I'll send a package from town with a good-by wrapped up in it."

HE moved toward the door, and she said, "Wayne." And when he stopped, she went close to him, standing so that he looked straight into her eyes.

He put out his hands then, drew her close, and kissed her for the first time in the long stretch of months that he had wanted to kiss her.

After a while he said, "Should I have done that?"

She said, "Yes. Take the memory of it with you—let it be a strength added to your own strength."

After she said that, he stood there a long time, looking at her as if storing all her loveliness in his mind against the lonely days and nights when he would be away from her.

Without warning he said, "Good-by, Elizabeth," and turned quickly through the doorway and across the yard to the road which followed the flat lay of the land toward town.

At Leidermann's store, he stopped before a counter where one great doll rose majestically above lesser dolls.

He said to Ben Leidermann, "The big doll—what's it worth?"

Ben looked at him sharply. "It's for the little Terwill girl, eh?"

The Kid said, "Yes."

Old Ben chuckled. "Yeah; I guess five dollars is about right."

The Kid put the bill that Samuel Bateman had given him on the counter and said, "Send it to the warden's house."

Leidermann appraised him with a shrewd glance. "Leaving today?"

The Kid nodded.

Old Ben took the bill and pushed a silver dollar toward the Kid. "I miscalculated; the price is four dollars."

The Kid hesitated, not knowing exactly what to say.

Ben sensed that and said gently, "It ain't good for a man to be plumb penniless," then hobbled away so that no reply would be necessary.

The Kid picked up the dollar and went out to the white glare of the street, seeking some method of transportation to his home range and to what awaited him there.

And because it was a time when smoke signals of Geronimo's men frequently rose from the hilltops of the Territory, the Kid, his fame in the use of guns not forgotten, found passage on a wagon train going up to Lordsburg.

He arrived there one late afternoon, and walked the streets in the gathering dusk, looking at this town he had been away from for ten years: five years of riding the Owlhoot and five years at the prison.

The Kid turned in at Harley's store. He shoved back his hat, and Bill Harley thrust out his hand, said, "Wayne Oldridge—or maybe you're used to being called the Maricopa Kid by now."

The Kid shook his head. "I'm through with all that, Bill."

Harley considered that briefly. "Then why did you come back here?"

"I've got a ranch up the valley," the Kid said with a faint stubbornness. "I'm going to work."

Bill Harley started to say something, then decided against it.

The Kid saw that and waited a while, then said, "How are things?"

Bill shook his head. "It's all changed around, Wayne. When you left, the Gormans were sneaking about the edges. Now they run the whole show. Mason is marshal and Will got appointed Territory judge—any move against them puts a man outside the law."

The Kid asked in a flat, colorless voice, "Ranse Gorman?"

"He looks after their ranch properties; they're all in cahoots."

Again the Kid sensed some unspoken thing that Harley wanted to say. Again he waited, and after a long silence Harley said, "Stay with me tonight. I've got a room in back."

The Kid said, "Thanks; I'll do it."

NEXT morning the Maricopa Kid went along the street to Mook Lin's restaurant, and the old Chinese who had once been his father's cook beamed on him.

"Sit here," Mook said. "I'll feed you as I did when you were little."

When the meal was finished, the Kid watched Mook Lin lay a bundle before him, his eyes narrowing a little at the sight of it. A jumper, jean pants, and a wool shirt, all time-rotted and on each garment brown stains that were the Kid's own blood.

Mook said, "Cheyenne Charlie brought these here after you were wounded and captured."

The Chinese opened the bundle and took out two black gun belts and two Frontier Model Colts in low-cut Mexican holsters. He lifted the weapons, moving the hammers to show that he had kept these oiled and cleaned.

The Maricopa Kid reached out and took those guns, hefting their balance, moving the muzzles about, feeling the cold solid weight of them.

Then he put the revolvers down, said, "I'll leave these here, Mook; thanks for keeping them for me."

The Chinese said, "That is good," and put the guns away.

At the livery stable the Kid got a horse and rode up the valley toward the Oldridge ranch, wondering what the years had done to the old houses, and running out plans of what repairs he would have to make before taking Elizabeth and Kitty there.

Presently he began paying a disturbed attention on the scatter of cattle along the valley floor — cattle wearing his own old familiar brand!

Slowly he began to understand something of what Bill Harley had wanted to tell him.

Finally he topped the ridge and stared down at the scene before him. Doors of his old ranch house were open and smoke curled up from the cookhouse. Horses were in the corral, and a new windmill spun flashing blades against the morning sun.

THOUGHTFULLY the Kid rode down to the ranch, showing no surprise when the three Gorman brothers came out of the house to meet him.

Ranse Gorman said, " Get down and come in, Wayne."

The Kid went to the porch and sat down, building a cigarette and saying nothing. Mason Gorman leaned against the door, the marshal's star shining on his vest. Ranse and Will stood close by, and at the porch end two riders loitered idly.

The Kid said, " Maybe you'd better tell me about all this, Ranse."

Ranse said easily, " I don't know what you mean."

Mason Gorman said, " If anything's on your chest, get it off."

The Kid ignored Mason, holding Ranse with his strange, inexpressive stare. He said again, " Maybe you'd better tell me about it."

Ranse fell into that trap, said, " We bought the ranch from Peter Reister."

The Kid smiled faintly. " I wouldn't be surprised if old Reister isn't dead by now."

" He died three years ago," Will Gorman interposed. " What's that got to do with it? "

Mason answered the question. He said, " It's got nothing to do with it. Wayne gave old Peter a deed before he left. Later, Peter gave us one. I've got 'em here in my pocket."

The Kid said, " That's funny."

Mason took out the papers and handed these to him, said softly, " What's funny about it? "

The Kid said, " Nothing — just funny."

He looked at the papers, said, " I didn't sign this deed to Peter Reister."

Ranse said sharply, " That's a hell of a thing to accuse a dead man of."

The Kid said, " I'm not accusing *Reister* of anything—he didn't sign the other one, either."

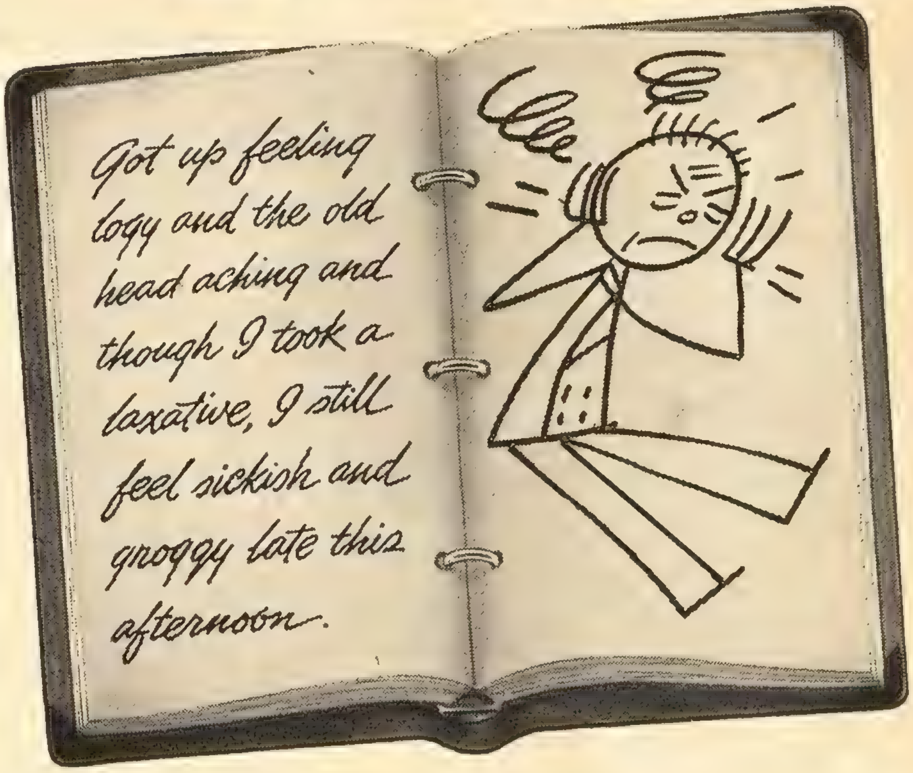
Mason said, " That's a lie."

The Kid got up and took one long step toward him; then stopped, his body leaning forward for another step.

Abruptly came the knowledge that he had played into the hands of these old enemies. The marshal was present; the Territory judge was present. The Maricopa Kid—outlaw, jailbird, notorious gunhawk — the killing wouldn't be questioned.

He backed away the one step he had taken, said, " All right, Mason."

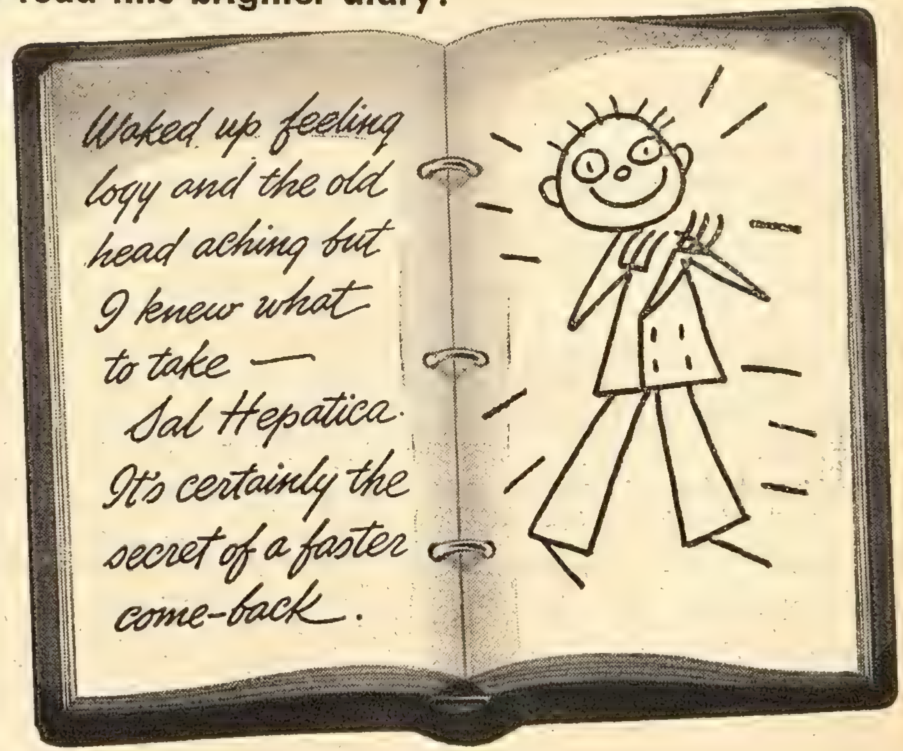
Too many gray pages in your diary?



Got up feeling logy and the old head aching and though I took a laxative, I still feel sickish and groggy late this afternoon.

It's foolish to take a slow-acting laxative when you could feel better so much faster by taking Sal Hepatica—a laxative that helps you fast—two ways.

Now read this brighter diary:



Waked up feeling logy and the old head aching but I knew what to take — Sal Hepatica. It's certainly the secret of a faster come-back.

You see, first Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. Yet Sal Hepatica's action is gentle.

Second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies constipation, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Soon, your constipation relieved, your constipation symptoms leaving, you begin to feel like your old self.

Moderns, who can't afford a whole day of feeling under-par needlessly, appreciate Sal Hepatica's efficient, quick help.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Mason Gorman said, "All right, hell!"

He moved forward with surprising speed, his fist smashing against the Kid's mouth, knocking him off the porch.

The Maricopa Kid got up slowly, smiled a little, and started unhurriedly back up the steps. He saw the Gormans slip their guns loose, yet he went on with inexorable steadiness.

One of the riders at the porch end said, "The Kid ain't armed. You can't—"

Ranse said, deadly quiet, "Keep your mouth out of this. He's probably got a hide-out gun under his shirt."

That brought the Kid back to sanity. They would kill him, and there *would* be a gun beneath his shirt—neatly planted and glibly explained.

HE turned abruptly and stepped off the porch, moving toward his horse. He said, "If you shoot me in the back, it'll be sort of hard to think up an excuse for, even if you are a marshal or a judge."

He swung into the saddle and rode unhurriedly away—and no shot came.

Back in Lordsburg, he left the horse at the barn and went to Harley's store, spending the day there and showing Bill a quiet, still face that betrayed nothing.

Once, in midafternoon, Harley seemed to sense the bitter conflict within the Kid, and said, "There's a good range up in the Powder River country—that would be a fine place for a fellow to make a new start."

The Kid didn't answer.

At twilight the Kid left the store and walked down to Mook Lin's for supper. After he had eaten, he went behind the counter and buckled on the black belts and holsters, punching old cartridges out of the guns and filling the chambers with new ammunition.

Mook Lin watched this without comment and without expression on his fat bland face. When the Kid turned and looked at him, the old Chinese spread his hands in an enigmatic gesture, said, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."

He moved away to the kitchen, and the Kid stared thoughtfully after him.

Presently he stirred and went out to sit in the shadow of the restaurant canopy, idly building up a cigarette and trying to reach out across the long miles and bring Elizabeth, with all her promise and sweetness, to help him. But the way was blocked by the knowledge that the Gormans had always frequented the Longhorn Saloon across the street, recollection of how they drank and gambled and swaggered about the place making a vivid unbroken series of impressions against his mind.

Finally he walked to the porch edge, unleashed violence running up and across his face in a reckless smile. With his eyes fixed on the doors of the Longhorn, he lifted a match from his shirt pocket, struck it, and touched the flame to the tip of the cigarette in his mouth.

In that sudden flare of light he blinked his eyes like a man waking from heavy sleep. Slowly he took the cigarette from his lips and stared at it curiously, then crumbled it between his fingers, while his face changed, wildness running out of it little by little. The match burned his hand and he dropped it.

He stood there a long time after that, the victory of the unlighted cigarette sustaining him and building other victories upon its growing strength.

Then the Kid wheeled and went back into the restaurant. Without a word, he unbuckled the belts and put the guns on the counter.

Mook came out of the kitchen to watch this, saying nothing, his face still and inscrutable. For a moment the eyes of the two men met; then the Kid turned and went out the door.

20 QUESTIONS

1—How did Ma Ferguson, former Governor of Texas, get her nickname "Ma"?

2—What is the optical peculiarity of the common fish known as the flounder?

3—A man's son was kidnaped. A kidnap note—typewritten—was received, reading, "Your son safe. We want $50,000 ramson." The father paid; the son was returned. Later a suspect was arrested, who denied any guilt. On the above evidence alone, what would be a chief step in establishing his guilt or innocence?

4—When was The Star-Spangled Banner designated as the national anthem?

5—What is the derivation and meaning of the name Adolf?

6—Arrests in espionage cases are now handled by which federal unit?

7—What and where is the world's largest gem?

8—What is the origin of the word "desultory"?

9—Oliver Goldsmith's poem The Deserted Village has long been a beloved classic. What was the name of the village?

10—For what crimes had Barabbas, the man chosen by the people in preference to Christ, been arrested?

11—Who was Jenny Wren?

12—What are the seven deadly sins?

13—In architecture what is a diaper?

14—If you "bailed out" of a plane in a parachute jump, how fast would you descend after the parachute opened?

15—What uninvited and still unknown caller cost the world a great masterpiece of poetry?

16—How did Captain Kidd become a pirate?

17—What is soilless culture?

18—What is the difference between spaghetti and macaroni?

19—Do United States mail trucks have to carry license plates, and if so, what kind?

20—There are nine United States Supreme Court justices. How many of them were appointed by President Roosevelt?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

At the Longhorn, he found a table against the wall and sat there: a quiet, remote figure against the lights and movements of the room.

When the Gorman brothers came in, they went straight to the bar, not noticing the Maricopa Kid until Mason turned for a brief survey of the place. Instantly his eyes hardened and he spoke some word to his brothers that made them swing around and look at the Kid too.

Will Gorman said loudly, "I guess some pretty big lies have been circulated around this town today."

The Kid got up and moved unhurriedly across the room. He said, "Your conscience is riding you, Will. Nothing has been told here today."

Ranse said, "You learned some sense down at Yuma prison."

The Kid said, "Yes—and a contempt for thieves. You and Mason and Will stole my ranch, and I'm going to let you have it because I don't want to get my hands dirty."

That sent a little stir through the crowd, a ripple which ended abruptly as the Gormans went for their weapons.

The barman lifted a shotgun, said sharply, "No murders in here! Somebody give the Kid a gun."

Mason said, "He's got one under his shirt," and lifted his own gun from its holster. He said, "Nobody can brand me a thief and live."

The Kid smiled, said patiently, "You don't understand, Mason. I'm not bothered about being killed. There are more important things than merely keeping breath in the body. That's not living."

The way he said it, and the untroubled set of his features, puzzled Mason Gorman, and he showed a faint hesitation which fitted exactly into an old, old pattern that the Kid knew by heart.

At precisely the right moment he reached out and pushed Mason's gun aside, said very gently, "You hit me this morning—I can't overlook that."

His fist swung up against Mason's jaw. The blow hurled Mason against a table, overturning it so that it lay across his prostrate body. He groaned, but made no effort to get up.

The Kid watched him a moment, then turned to Will and Ranse. They stood still, filled with that same indecision which prompted the barman to keep his shotgun cocked and alert.

Still smiling, the Kid shouldered Ranse aside in open contempt, then raised his hand and shoved Will out of the way. Without looking back, he went through the swinging doors.

BILL HARLEY and Mook Lin were waiting for him across the street. Bill said, "Here's a horse, with a blanket roll strapped behind the saddle."

The Kid said, "Thanks, Bill."

Harley grinned. "After Mook told me you'd brought the guns back I didn't think you'd need a horse, but he insisted that we wait here and see."

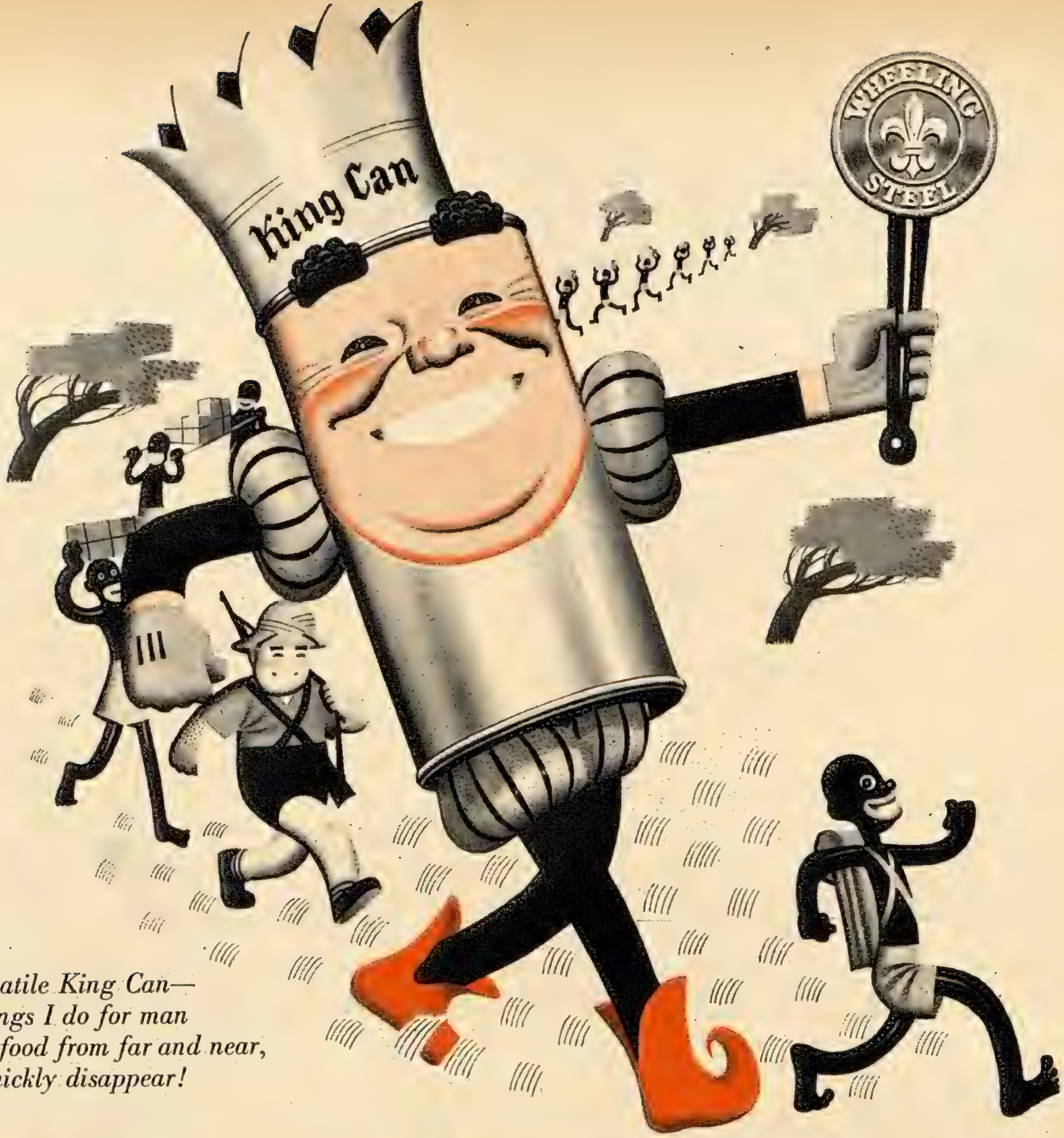
The old Chinese smiled faintly, said, "He who conquers himself shall triumph over many things."

The Maricopa Kid stepped up to the saddle, said gently, "Good-by, Mook; good-by, Bill."

Bill Harley said, "Powder River, Kid?"

The Kid said, "Yes," and wheeled his horse away from Lordsburg, impatient to be on his way, now that he knew nothing except miles lay between him and Elizabeth and Kitty Terwill.

THE END



I am that versatile King Can—
Marvelous things I do for man
Like bringing food from far and near,
And then I quickly disappear!

I GO EVERYWHERE

"Going places . . . even out-of-the-way places . . . is easier on the stomach in this modern age. When hunger comes you find me ready at the Ritz or the roadside tavern; in your pack or your kitchen cupboard . . . I'm King Can, pride of canner and can maker . . . dependable guardian of your health, source of ecstatic refreshment. Take me on your safari and you make the going easy. I'll serve you a fruit cocktail, hot soup, baked ham or chicken, vegetables of your choice, milk, coffee or a malt beverage and you can top it off with cake . . . in any clime where duty or whim may take you. . . . I used to be just a tin can and for years I did a good safe turn for everybody . . . but I'm King Can now. People known as Wheeling Steel took me out of the commonplace by producing a new and improved tin plate . . . DUCTILLITE Tin Plate. So I'm tops today . . . no wonder I'm called King Can . . . and millions look to me when they're hungry and thirsty; when they want a lunch or a banquet. Many thanks to DUCTILLITE . . . It's Wheeling Steel!"

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ATTENTION, June brides! . . . Set your watch to accord with *his* before starting off on your honeymoon. . . . Decide in advance who'll have charge of the tickets, the baggage, *et cetera*—and if *he* takes responsibility, don't *you* butt in! . . . More honeymoon squabbles are caused by confusion of time, trunks, and tickets than by anything else.

Marie Coudert Brennig, professional manageress of weddings, gave me these honeymoon wisdoms to pass on to you.

Nice bridegrooms are not accustomed to look after luggage other than their own. Don't overburden *the man.* Honeymoon wardrobes for both should be packed in one light trunk, two suitcases apiece, two toilet cases, one hatbox for *her.*

Take no pet dogs on your honeymoon. (Next week I'll tell a story about that.)

Canada attracts many honeymooners. Lake Louise and Banff Springs are favored resorts. Bermuda is always popular; so is Nassau; and of late a considerable honeymoon trend has drifted toward Mexico. California's honeymoon spots are Del Monte, Palm Springs, Santa Barbara. Dude ranches in Colorado are doing a brisk business with brides and grooms, cowboy clothes are so cute. Two can live on a dude ranch for about sixty dollars per each per week.

Seldom can honeymooners hide the evidence of their blissful condition. One rich pair parked their de luxe sedan at a roadside garage. Wheezed up to the ultra-swank Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs in a rattletrap car they had bought for fifty dollars. Didn't fool the bellhops a bit. Spotless pigskin baggage—all brand new!

☆ Marie Brennig says, "Many a bride has been enabled to go calmly through the marriage ceremony because a wise mother or friend made her lie down for a time beforehand with an icecap on her head." . . . Play that wedding march *hot,* Mister Organist. Here comes the refrigerated bride!

Seriously, though, an icecap can work wonders if your June high noon turns torrid.

☆ Among friends of mine in the garment trade there will be two weddings late this month, whereas there might have been none. Credit for the happy outcome belongs to one of the brides-to-be, an astute young business woman, head of a wholesale dress department. Her fiancé is a buyer from another house. Some months ago she observed that he was falling for one of her pretty models. Instead of firing the girl—by which act she could easily have lost her man—she *consulted* the girl. Found her in love with another fellow; both saving up toward marriage and a home but having a hard time of it. Lent them the money without interest, and there you are. . . . "A sound investment," says the young business woman. "I couldn't risk keeping that girl around after *I* got married."

☆ *Six novelties of the season for wedding-gift shoppers:*

Latest style dinner set of the Normandie pattern, U. S. made, with broad blue border and small fleur-de-lis—good for a dining room of any type. . . . Rich-looking table radio in gold-tooled leather. . . . Satin tablecloth striped ruby and white with metal fringe—a knockout when laid with white china. . . . Red, blue, or green tea wagon of glass and enamel (not expensive). . . . Very new metal garden lamp shaped like a huge flower on a tall stem (moderate price). . . . Book ends of coral, white, or blue porcelain, perfect for bedside libraries, with little wells inset to hold flowers or plants (also moderate).

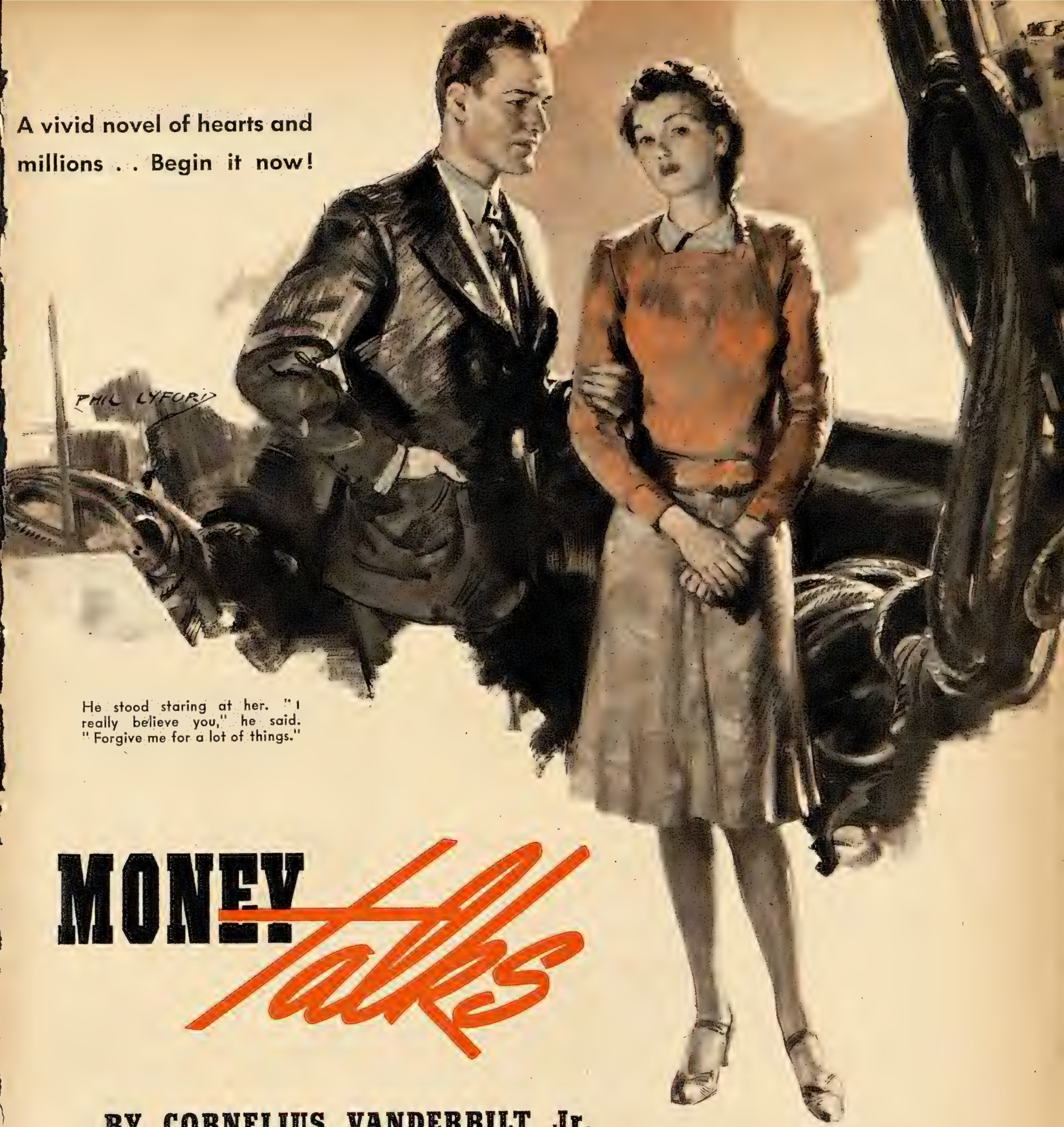
☆ Last week I offered a wedding-buffet recipe for sherry ham loaf. Now I suggest this *Swiss Chicken Pie* as a hot dish to serve along with the cold one. Or you can feature the pie by itself at a similar party. . . . Have ready 4 cups cooked chicken meat cut in 1-inch cubes, 2 cups cooked green peas, 2 small cans button mushrooms. Make a sauce with 1½ cups good chicken broth, ½ cup cream, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour. Season the sauce well; add chicken, peas, and mushrooms; pour into deep casserole. Have slices white bread toasted and buttered on one side only. Lay bread over chicken, toasted side down. Cover thickly with coarsely grated Swiss cheese. Brown 30 minutes in quick oven. Serve hot.

☆ Life together was always adventure for Osa and Martin Johnson. She tells their story movingly in her new book, I Married Adventure. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

☆ A driver working for the Greyhound Bus line tells me this: At the New York end, one rainy day, arrived an aged couple so frail and shaky in appearance that a number of passengers hurried to help them climb down. On the sidewalk the old gentleman opened his umbrella—and a shower of rice fell out. They were newlyweds on their honeymoon!

"Now if he sees you bite it, I'm sure he'll want to eat!"

A vivid novel of hearts and millions . . Begin it now!



He stood staring at her. "I really believe you," he said. "Forgive me for a lot of things."

MONEY talks

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT Jr.

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

DEE MASON is in New York from Cape Cod to appear on a radio program for amateurs which may lead to a permanent job on a church program. Before the broadcast she goes to a coffee shop and a man spills coffee on her dress. He insists on buying her a new one. Dee consents because the ruined dress is the only one she has that is fit to wear. The man, handsome and rather reserved, as though something is worrying him, tells her little about himself, except that he, too, is to go on the air that evening. She doesn't even know his name, and he, jokingly, calls her Mary Pickford. Dee is drawn to him and has a strange feeling that she has seen him before.

When they reach the radio studio, several reporters surround him; but before he leaves Dee he finds time to ask her to meet him again after her broadcast, and Dee, overjoyed, consents.

PART TWO—A BLOW TO ROMANCE

HURRIEDLY Dee prepared for her broadcast. She was thrilled, ecstatic, sure of herself and of the world. Tonight was her night of nights. Nothing could stop her tonight from singing her best, because a song had started in her heart. She was in love! And she was going to see him again after the broadcast!

In the dressing room she deposited her hat, coat, the package containing her so fortunately ruined dress. She combed her shining hair and smoothed her new frock. Had she been alone in the room, she would have talked to her own sparkly-eyed reflection in the mirror. But as it was, with other girls powdering and lacquering beside her, she could merely flash a few understanding glances at her telltale image, hoping that every one in the dressing room couldn't see her new secret emblazoned on her flushed face.

Lightly she hurried out toward the studio. To her surprise, she almost ran into Uncle Zenas' acquaintance, the Rev. Horace Peters, in the crowded hall. She had met this somewhat withered cleric only once before; but, full of her new joy, she shook his hand as warmly as if she had known him forever. She accepted his wishes for success, said she was looking forward hopefully to qualifying for a spot on his program, and left him gaily. She couldn't know that he looked after her in amazement; that he was exclaiming to himself, "Who'd have thought any niece of Zenas Bearse's wife would be a beauty! Well, it won't hurt her unless she's flighty. She looks a trifle flighty."

As Dee entered the studio, a telegram was handed to her. She dropped the envelope into a scrap basket—not having noticed the star printed warningly on it. Nor—even had she seen it—would she have known what it meant. For Dee's thrifty family didn't indulge in many telegrams. But Dee guessed, in a flash, what this one was. It would be from mother, darling extravagant mother! Dee could imagine the scene of its sending: Mother going to the railroad station. (They hadn't had a telephone at home for ages.) Mother trembling with pride as she worded the message; the station agent—who was also the telegraph operator—eagerly interested.

Dee was glad that she could now go into her act fortified by her mother's words of loving encouragement. The red light signaled that they were on the air. The theme song swung out from the band.

But Dee didn't hear any of it. She was reading:

YOUR MOTHER HAD HEART ATTACK
THIS MORNING NEEDS YOU BAD
AUNT FLOSSIE

TEN black words; and the studio suddenly black around Dee. Heart attack! Unexpected, terrifying. Everything stopped momentarily for Dee, seemingly even her breathing.

But the music hadn't stopped, nor the voice of the master of ceremonies. Not that Dee heard him say, "Our first performer is a little girl from Cape Cod, good old Cape Cod, Massachusetts—"

She didn't hear anything until the girl beside her nudged her arm, whispered, "Go on; good luck."

Good luck? There wasn't any! What if mother was dying? Oh, mother, you *have* to be all right! Aunt Flossie *has* to be up to her old tricks of gloomy exaggeration! Mother—wait; I'll come home at once!

But the master of ceremonies was speaking again. And Dee found herself not rushing for an exit—as her impulse had dictated—but moving obediently and woodenly to her rehearsed part in the show.

"Nearer the microphone, Miss Mason. . . . Introducing twenty-year-old Deeda Mason, ladies and gentlemen. We asked her how she got her name Deeda, and she told us that her father, an organist in a little Cape Cod church, gave it to her because he had once composed a fugue on the notes D-E-E-D-A. And now little Dee will sing The Golden Sun Was Sinking."

Dee would never know how her voice sounded—for she couldn't hear herself sing. She only knew that she opened her mouth, and that the music swept softly along behind her, and that the M. C. nodded encouragingly, and that she saw the pleased-looking face of the Rev. Horace Peters floating somewhere out in the sea of audience. She heard a reassuring gentle clatter of applause, and she felt some friendly hand on her elbow pull her back to her seat. She tried to leave the stage but that same hand detained her. So she sat numbly.

The only thing she let herself think about was trains. Was there a train that she could catch earlier than the so-called midnights to Boston? Or to Providence? And even if there was one, how could she get down to the Cape before a morning milk train?

SHE was the first one out of the studio when the show was over. She fled to the dressing room, collected her things, consulted the timetable in her coat pocket. She had been sadly right. There was no train until eleven thirty. And it was only nine now. All that time to wait! She went out into the reception hall thinking, I ought to catch Mr. Peters and tell him I won't be able to see him tomorrow about the church broadcast—won't even be able to sing on it.

She couldn't find the minister, but as her eyes searched the crowd her unhappy thoughts turned momentarily away from worry over her mother to focus on the man whom she had promised to meet after the broadcast. At the memory of him her heart jumped, then checked itself. She had no time now, she told herself, for considerations of love, adventure, happiness. Not with mother ill! Yet, in common courtesy, she should at least say good-by to him.

She had scarcely arrived at this decision when she saw him. Again her pulse leaped. Heartsick though she was, still the sight of this man stirred her to the very roots of her being. But in the swift moment before his gaze met hers, she had time to think that he appeared to be different now. The man with him—who resembled a stage butler—was wearing the coat that *he* had been wearing earlier; whereas Dee's man was wearing an obviously expensive overcoat and was carrying gloves, hat, a foreign-looking walking stick. He seemed as tired as before and as desirous of escape; but where before he might have been just anybody or even a charming nobody, now there was no doubt about it that he was a somebody. The people with him were fairly fawning on him. And he looked, so Dee told herself, as far from them—*and from her*—as the moon is from the earth.

This realization made her want to run and hide; but he had seen her. And she found herself, at an urgent nod and gesture from him, moving toward the elevator where, in a few seconds—having miraculously slipped from his pursuers—he joined her.

Now that she was with him, Dee felt tongue-tied—and frightened by the rush of her choking emotions. His hand on her arm in the crowded elevator, the nearness, bigness, and the aloofness of him! As they were swept with the mob out into the lower hall, Dee hoped that the man would suggest another cup of coffee in the same restaurant where they had met; then she would be able to say her sad little piece and leave him.

But he seemed to have another idea. Before she could marshal words of protest, he had steered her through the throng, had reached the sidewalk outside, and was helping her into a large limousine.

"The only place for privacy in New York, little Mary," he explained, "is a moving car." And as the chauffeur closed the door on them and took his place in front, the man went on, "Don't look so alarmed. I'm not abducting you! Just talk to me a few minutes and then—if you wish—I'll drop you wherever you want to be dropped."

He smiled down on her; but to his amazement he saw tears in her eyes. "Wait, child. What am I doing?" He rested a gloved hand on hers. "Here, this will never do! We'll stop." He called through the speaking tube.

AS the big car swung in toward the curbing, Dee said, choking both with embarrassment and bottled-up emotion, "It isn't that. I mean, I'm not upset over being in a car—or anywhere—with you. It's this." She handed him the telegram.

Snapping on the light, he read the terse frightening message.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "Deeply. You'll be going home at once? Shall I drive you—where? Airport? Station? . . . But wait. This telegram is from Eastmouth, Cape Cod. There's no Boston train until eleven thirty; I know."

"I know, too. That's the awful part of it. If only I could get to mother at once; or even if I knew really how she is! You see, my Aunt Flossie has always been one to look on the very blackest side of any situation; and the only hope I'm nursing now is that she has exaggerated mother's illness."

He looked at her in amazement. "But haven't you—I mean, we'll telephone at once and find out!"

"But we have no telephone," she said.

"Other people in town have?"

"The post office; but it will be closing any minute now, unless the mail was heavy. My father is postmaster."

"Your—" The man looked at her, and a light broke through somewhere in the bright depths of his eyes. But he made no comment. Instead, he directed the driver to the Plaza Hotel. There he hurried Dee out of the car, and like magic—so it seemed to her—he got Eastmouth and her father on the wire. And Dee found herself closeted in a breathless little booth with dad's amazed voice hollering at her from the receiver.

"How is mother?" Dee called.

"Fine now. Why?"

"Tell me the truth, dad! Aunt Flossie wired."

"Wired? Drat the woman! Always said she was a born ambulance chaser! Your mother had a sick spell this afternoon, but she's almost fit as a fiddle now. How did you sing? Was Peters there? Did he like it?"

"He seemed to," Dee put in breathlessly.

"Good. Then you stay and get your job with him, and don't you worry your sweet pretty head. I promise there's no danger here. . . . But this must be costing you a lot of money. I'll write. Good-by!"

DEE was laughing shakenly as she pushed open the booth door and faced the man. "Everything's all right. Mother is in no danger. I can stay and take the job."

She reached for her purse.

"Look, little Mary. This was my idea. Shut your funny little purse. Money talks—but not yours. Not tonight." He looked at her with sudden inspiration. "You have a long free evening. Wherever you're staying—"

"The Y. W. C. A."

He nodded. "You won't go to sleep—not easily nor early after all this upset. I wonder—why not?" He glanced about. "Mary, will you promise to stand right here while I do some telephoning myself? Will you wait?"

She nodded. Relief over her mother, joy that she had sung decently—for all her fright—and now, warm excitement gripped her. She sensed that there was possible danger in the way she felt and in what she was doing. After all, this man was a total stranger! But, still, she couldn't make herself refuse to run the risk.

The man did some extensive telephoning, then returned. "Mary, if you're from Eastmouth, you probably like boats?"

"Sailboats," she agreed.

"I knew it! Then—will you let me organize our evening? Will you trust me? Without asking me who I am or anything? Lord, I'm asking a lot!" He was intense—and sincere. Dee was disappointed that he persisted in maintaining the atmosphere of mystery; but she knew that she was going to accept the situation and play the game the way he wanted it played. He was, she realized, under some pressure; there was tragedy somewhere. Yet he was trying hard to be in a holiday mood. And, above all, he was the most breathtakingly exciting man she had ever met.

"Of course," she said.

"Then will you let me show you a boat—a sailboat?"

"In New York?"

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World's Individual
Match Game
Bowling Champion

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PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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Right down the alley for mildness and aroma . . . *that's Velvet!* Its good old Burley and maple flavor makes a 10-strike every time. You'll get a lot of "300" smokes from each big red tin.

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FOR DAD OR GRAD

*DUO-GRAM SET—tie klip and cuff links, $3

SWANK

For Father's Day or Graduation ...there is no more appropriate gift than Swank Jewelry for Men. For whether he is starting in life or continuing toward greater successes, these aids to good grooming will help him look better and do better. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

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*DUO-GRAM SET—belt buckle and cravat chain $3

"Yes—not twenty minutes from here. And, Mary," he was leading her out into the Plaza square, "will you just enjoy it for what it is, and enjoy my company—if you can—for what it is? And even if possibly you have read things in the papers that will set you guessing, will you not talk of them and not ask questions?"

"If you won't ask questions either," she said promptly. She was thinking of his question in Rainbow Charlie's— *What is the most important thing in the world?* He mustn't ask anything like that again! Because the answer might shine right out of her eyes!

"Agreed," he said. "No searching questions, no prying. Just a few hours of freedom to enjoy the things we like. And after that—let the deluge come!"

WHEN they were again in the car, purring through bright, noisy traffic, he said, "One question—necessary. I know you like boats and dogs. Do you like children?"

"Of course." She laughed, utterly bewildered.

"Good!"

They drove through increasingly commercial traffic — trucks, lorries, taxis; past freight cars in the middle of the street. They bumped over cobblestones. Then mammoth docks threw cavernous shadows over them; and the car rolled to a stop. Into the docks Dee and the man walked. Down the long wharf they moved swiftly, side by side. Adventure hovered around them in the blackness.

They were out in the open moonlight now. Before them coursed the shining river; beyond it the high dark shores of Jersey rose. And right in the foreground was something so beautiful, so unbelievable, so anachronistic, that Dee gasped. A three-masted schooner proudly riding the tide! On the dock near it was a crowd peering at it. And stationed at its gangplank were uniformed sailors standing guard.

Dee clapped her hands together softly. "It might be one of my grandfather's fleet!" she cried.

"It might be, at that," the man agreed. "Now let's make a run for it through the crowd."

"You mean — we're going on board?"

"Surely you didn't think we came just to join that crowd of gapers! Give me your hand. Now, duck your head—in case there are cameras."

They reached the gangplank successfully; the sailors saluted and helped them on board.

Then began for Dee the adventure about which she would some day tell her grandchildren. The ship was a dream ship. On it the old and new had met in harmonious marriage. The great masts shrouded in a maze of cordage and gleaming spars and furled canvas belonged to the past. But below decks belonged to the present. The soft-colored salon with crystal lights, ivory leather chairs, glittering bar, the tall vases filled with orchid sprays, the bowls of floating gardenias, and then the spacious guest cabin into which a stewardess showed Dee—all were of today, or tomorrow. And the perfect bathroom was as sparklingly modern as the Arabian Nights written next week.

Dee took off her hat and coat, hardly daring to drop them on the peach satin of one of the bedspreads. She went to the tall-mirrored dressing table. Brushes were there — gold-backed—and combs, powder in a musical box, and perfume in a slender crystal flacon fashioned in the form of an angel. All too perfect to disturb. She took her own ten-cent-store comb from her purse and ran it through her gleaming bronze-brown hair.

She powdered her nose from her own enamel compact, retouched her lips. She looked irresolutely at the crystal angel flacon. Then, noting that the seal about the angel's neck had already been broken, she succumbed to temptation. Swiftly she pulled off the angel's head, dabbed it behind her ears, in her hair. After she had done this, she was suddenly sorry. What impulse had prompted her to take what didn't belong to her? Not but what it was obviously there for guests' use—but Dee had a pride that never let her take advantage of free offers of any kind.

The little perfume episode couldn't, however, dim the bright luster of the night. This was all Wonderland, Dee told herself, and she was Alice. A room like a stage setting, the lapping of water below the portholes, the memory of tall spars against a moonlit sky—and the thought of the man. But she mustn't think too much of him. The fact that he wished to remain a mystery meant surely to her that she and he could never be friends. They were to be merely ships that pass. Dee fiercely told herself that, even while she promised herself that she wouldn't let it spoil this fabulous adventure. Beyond the closed white door of the salon was a man a million miles away from her—yet for an hour or two longer she could be with him!

DEE crossed the silent rug, opened the door.

The man was standing in the bar at the end of the salon. He looked lonesome in that room full of flowers and lights and little tables set with filled nut trays and packed cigarette containers. He looked like some one waiting for something that hadn't happened. But when he saw her, a smile broke over his naturally stern face, and it was gratefully gay when he greeted her. "Haig & Haig, pinch bottle, Mary," he hailed her. "And, seriously, I advise it. You've had a hard day."

Dee took the glass, raised it to his.

"I repeat myself," he toasted. "To Fate, who gave us a cup of coffee."

"To Fate—wholeheartedly!" Dee echoed. And then, afraid that she had sounded too enthusiastic, she looked about the salon for a change of subject. "Is it always like this?" she asked. "I mean—flowers and—the whole place looks as if it were expecting a party!"

A shadow flickered over the man's face. He downed the end of his drink, poured himself another. "You're too perceptive, Mary. Moreover, you're asking questions. But I'll answer your question about the room. It *was* expecting a party, and now *we're* the party! To us." He drank, but without gusto.

Then he seemed to shake off a swarm of tormenting thoughts. He turned on a radio beneath the bar. Dance music filled the salon. The waxed floor looked inviting.

"Drink some of that, and then, perhaps, you'll dance? . . . I say, Mary," a sudden thought struck him. "I don't believe you've eaten. Wouldn't you like some supper?"

Dee had not eaten—he was correct in his surmise. But she now had no desire for food. "Thank you," she said. "I'm really not a bit hungry."

"We'll have something later, then. Right now we must hurry. I'd forgotten the time." He put down his glass and her half-empty one. "If we dance the length of this room and go in that door down there, I'll show you something worth seeing—something real."

HE took her in his arms. The unseen orchestra was now playing Blue Orchids.

Dee, almost from the first dance step, left earth behind her. Nothing existed in the world save the music, the light contact of their two bodies, and their mutual, perfectly co-ordinated surrender to rhythm. They passed the door, circled the salon again and again.

Outside, the Hudson waters lapped the schooner's hull. Inside, the lights glowed, the music wove its spell. Dee and her silent host danced until an announcer's voice advised them that the program was changing.

"Well!" Dee's partner stood looking at her for full seconds; and she met his look. Then turning from her abruptly, he said, "We were going in that room before the music trapped us. We may be too late." And again—as she was learning was characteristic of him—his whole manner, bearing, voice changed. He was like some one, Dee thought, who was always opening doors and hastily closing them. Like a person who had made a rule for himself—*I'll enter only certain rooms in the house of life; the others are not for me.*

And now the man, still holding Dee's hand, softly entered the room that he had previously pointed out to her. And in a dimly burning night light Dee could see a cabin similar to the one into which she had been conducted by the stewardess when first she had come on board. But in this second one the twin beds were occupied, and a nurse rose swiftly, finger to her lips.

The man gave a smile of greeting, whispered, "Are they asleep?"

The nurse nodded.

"Too bad."

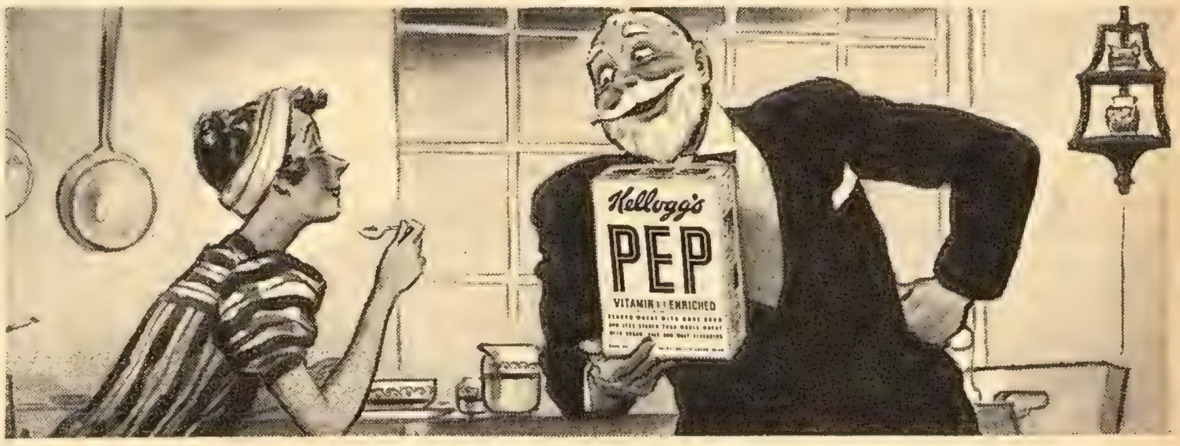
How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson

Gramps: *Well!* Cissie. Not going to the party?

Cissie: Haven't a date, Gramps. Guess I'm not the party type.

Gramps: Fiddlesticks to party type! You're the prettiest gal in the family. But you *have* looked a little peaked lately. Are you sure you're eating right? Bet you don't get all your *vitamins.* And that reminds me—let's go raid the pantry.



Gramps: We can't have pep appeal without vitamins, honey. And that grand cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Cissie: Mm! It's positively delicious. Why haven't I known about this?

Cissie: (another night) Bye, darling! I'll see if your lesson works.

Gramps: Seems to me it *has!*

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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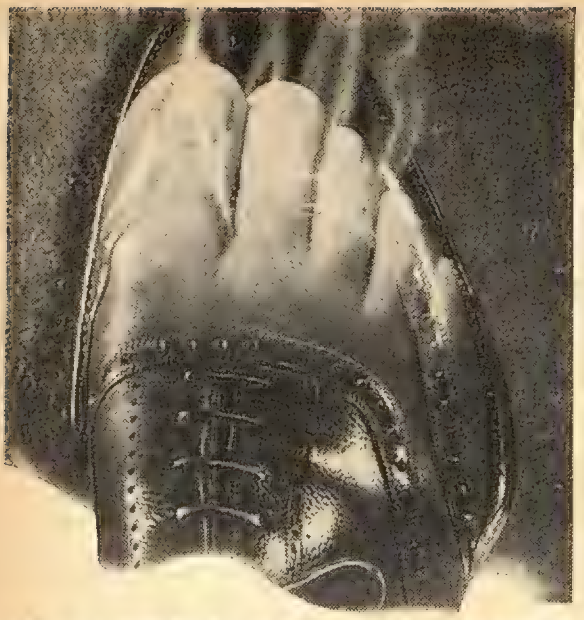


ATHLETE'S FOOT STRIKES HOT, STEAMING FEET

Cracks between the toes WARN of DANGER!

The fungi that cause Athlete's Foot thrive in hot summer weather. They feed on the excessive perspiration and dead skin. Then when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—*through* those cracks. Don't let Athlete's Foot get this start with you!

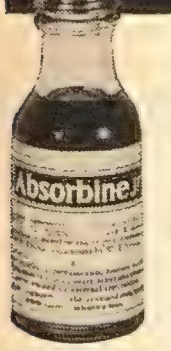
Drench Those Cracks at Once!

Look between your toes tonight! At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. *full strength.*

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.*
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Absorbine Jr., $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.
Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi on contact



Sample bottle Free

Also QUICK RELIEF for:
Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 360M Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. Send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE.

Name__________
Street__________
City______ State______

"But no," the nurse contradicted. "It iss very good." She had a foreign accent.

The man pulled Dee to the space between the beds. And Dee saw two flushed pink cherubim—probably not older than four years at the most.

Softly she said, "The darlings!" But now she felt completely shut out of paradise. This man's surroundings, his words, and lack of them, had already made her feel like Cinderella on the stroke of midnight. And now the fact that he was a father—

One of the children, a little dark-haired girl, said something in a strange tongue. The nurse obediently went for a glass of water. The baby opened her eyes, drowsily beamed on the man, then cried out joyfully as she recognized him.

He took her in his arms. The other twin—for it was obvious that they were twins—woke up. He was a sturdy bright-eyed boy.

THE man solemnly, in a foreign tongue, introduced Dee to them, and them—Tanya and Stanni—to Dee. Young Stanni, chortling with delight, flung out his arms to the man, obviously demanding to be held, even as his sister was being held. And Dee, at a gesture from the man, took young Stanni on her lap.

"But I don't know what to say to him!" she protested. "Doesn't he understand English?"

The man shook his head. "Sing to them, won't you? Music is universal; they love it."

So Dee sang a little nursery song—Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. The children were enchanted. And the nurse, who hovered — forgotten glass of water in her hand—also beamed approval. But the man merely stared at a spot beyond Tanya's head as though he were hearing something else, something less pleasant.

Therefore Dee was glad when the nurse motioned that her charges must go back to bed. And Dee was glad to return to the salon with the man; and she was preparing to say that now she must leave.

But again he snapped himself out of his mood. He was casual, gracious, as he thanked her for singing. And he wouldn't listen to the suggestion that it was time for her to go. "Surely not until you've explored the ship! You who love ships?"

So once again—like a person reluctant to wake up out of an exquisite dream—Dee acquiesced. He tossed her a sweater from a stocked locker, and together they went on deck.

But the man was thoughtful and somehow shamefaced. Dee sensed that he was debating inwardly whether or not he should tell her a great many things. She also knew that he was fiercely reluctant to talk. So she tried to help him avoid it. She chattered endlessly of the ship.

The man listened to her the way people listen when they appreciate another person's motives. He said suddenly, as he was helping her down from the crow's-nest, "You are very sweet. And you were sweet to like the twins. They aren't mine, you know. I adopted them."

"Oh." She made the deck safely. "I didn't guess that." The moonlight seemed stupidly brighter.

He stood staring at her. "I really believe you," he said. "Even after all this." He gestured futilely. "Forgive me for a lot of things. For the way I've handled this evening, and for the way, possibly, I meant to handle it." He took her hand, then dropped it, said impatiently, as though talking to himself, "No. What would it prove? . . . Look, little one. Come inside. We'll have food, and then I'll take you to your nice safe Y. But please, believe me, later on I beg of you to believe that I'm grateful!"

In the salon an exquisite supper was waiting, an attentive steward hovered. But Dee could only play at eating; and her host didn't do any better than she. "We don't seem to be hungry," he admitted at last.

Almost as an echo to his words a great clatter arose on deck. Laughter, voices, the rush of footsteps. The door to the salon burst open, and in poured a medley of gala-attired fun seekers. They obviously had a right to be here.

"Welcome home, Walter, old boy," one of them was calling. While another accused, "Thought you could put us off, did you?" And the rest merely babbled.

The leader of the group, however, a magnificent golden creature, was not babbling. She looked surprised when she saw the supper *à deux;* but her surprise did nothing to ruffle her cool composure. "We decided to come to your party after all, darling," she announced. "I changed my mind about those stupid plans of mine. But—if we're intruding—"

"Not at all." Dee's host rose.

BEFORE he had time to make introductions, he was interrupted by the shout of a somewhat intoxicated newcomer. "No Reno this time, Walter. We talked her out of it, old son!"

"Sweetheart!" The golden girl's voice fairly cooed, and her tilted green eyes were brilliantly compelling as she swept the full battery of their light on the man standing opposite Dee. "Don't listen to Slimey! They did *not* talk me out of it. My own heart did. I realized I'd been, as usual, a fool! Aren't you glad to see me?"

The man called Walter stood, his face inscrutable. "Of course I am." He reached out a hand, steadied his questioner—as she had quite evidently been drinking heavily. He said to her, "Eloise, this is Miss Mason." To Dee he said, "Miss Mason, this is my wife."

What will happen now? Has this attractive stranger been leading Dee on? Is she to lose the man she has come to love? Surprising events crowd next week's installment, and Dee encounters sudden peril!

The bombs—and a sample of what they did to Rovaniemi.

how it feels to be BOMBED

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

I AM safe in America now. I see a headline: "Bombs Falling," and I remember . . .

"You're an American!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful to be an American! Aren't you proud to be one?"

She kept the *apteekki*, the apothecary shop or drugstore in Rovaniemi, the capital of Finnish Lapland; a clean, warm, cozy place where nothing but drugs was sold. There was cheer in this place, and kindliness, a boundless hospitality.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"How marvelous to be an American!" she went on. "To be free! To be big and strong and helpful! Don't you realize you are the greatest people in the world?"

She beamed on me. She was a woman of middle age, plump, motherly. Like so many of her countrymen, she spoke excellent English. I learned that her husband was somewhere at the front, that she had two children, a boy and a girl, and that she lived over the store. "After the war," she said, "if we come out alive, we're going to America to live."

The air alarm sounded. I rushed out to see what there was to see, while she bundled her children into their warmest clothes and took them to the nearest shelter.

The planes came over about ten minutes after the alarm sounded. They were flying so high they were invisible from the ground. But they could be heard plainly. They dropped a number of bombs, well outside the town. A British journalist waded through the snow toward me. We watched the skies in silence for a time. Would the bombs come nearer? Would our hotel be hit? Or the

Death below! . . A Liberty reporter records some things he can't forget

factory where women and children made white robes for the soldiers? Or the converted church where boys of twelve and over repaired old shoes? Or the drugstore?

The Englishman studied me for a moment.

"Right now," he said, without a smile, "you look like a Finn yourself."

I knew what he meant. At last I had learned how it feels to be bombed—to be absolutely defenseless and at the mercy of merciless planes.

At first, I confess, I had seen more comedy than menace in the Russian air force. I experienced my first air-raid alarm in a hotel in Helsinki. A funny little man came bounding up the stairway as I was going down. He was blowing a penny whistle. "Alarm!" he cried. "Alarm!"

Everybody was leaving the dining room. In a few seconds diners, bellhops, waiters, porters, clerks, and cooks had vanished. As an American correspondent I didn't have to go to a shelter. I could go outdoors and watch the bombardment. But it was too cold. I went to my room and stood at the window.

An hour passed and nothing happened. There wasn't a soul on the streets. Nothing in the town moved. There was no sound of any kind. Then came the "All clear" signal.

I felt disappointed. I decided the experts were right—the Russian flyers were no menace. I felt Helsinki had been playing possum needlessly.

This impression was confirmed when I went to the Finnish army headquarters on the eastern front. Flights of planes came over the woods and dropped bombs all around our dugouts. Some even descended to a few hundred feet and spattered the earth with machine-gun bullets. Safe in the depths, we mocked them.

BUT after I saw Äbo and Elkenas and Hangö, and a few other small cities, I changed my mind.

I visited Äbo just after it had been bombed. A dozen fires were raging. Firemen could do nothing to check the flames. In front of a blazing apartment building I met a man laughing like an idiot.

"Tell America about this," he said. "Tell America how they bomb flat buildings and humble little homes—like mine—and hospitals. I had a friend in that building. An old man. A nice old man. He must have been there when the bomb fell. In a wheel chair. He must be there still."

He led me down the street through smoke and debris. He pointed to a shack that had been broken in half.

"That was my home," he laughed. "Bought and paid for. Where am I going to sleep tonight? All my friends have had their homes burned or shattered. What'll we do?"

He showed me the maternity hospital. It was only a hole in the ground under a few wreaths of smoke.

"They bombed that first," he said. "They must have got some of the mothers and children."

I walked through the city the following day. I saw men and women looking at the ruins of their homes, others moving through a vacant lot where they had dumped the things they had been able to save—people dazed and wordless.

There were ornamental lamps in the snow of that vacant lot, tables piled with sets of china, with crockery and tinware and books. There were parlor chairs, baby carriages, empty bird cages, framed chromos and photographs and prints of famous paintings. There were things bought in happier times with hard-earned money; there were wedding presents, and birthday gifts, and such ordinary things as brooms and mops and pails.

Men and women stared at these objects as they stared at the houses, not knowing what to do about them. An elderly woman stumbled over something in the snow. She bent and picked it up. It was a broken doll. She brushed the snow off it and placed it on a table, and stared at it a long time, her face expressionless.

Some of the cities I saw in the days that followed were half destroyed. Some were uninhabited—nothing but brick chimneys brooding like monuments over acres of ashes and ice.

ROVANIEMI was a friendly town, busy, progressive, up-to-date. Substitute blanketed Indians for its Lapps, horses and cows for its reindeer, sand for its snow, and carts for its sleds, and you'd swear it looked like any one of a dozen towns in Arizona or Texas or New Mexico.

Until now not a window in it had been broken. Until now men and women had come and gone as they would, and children had amused themselves as they might—when they were not working.

The British journalist took off his fur hat and buried his chin in it. "This used to be a lark," he said. "But it gets on your nerves after a while, eh?"

We could no longer hear the planes. No more bombs were falling.

"Especially when you realize a lot of your friends may be killed any minute," he went on. "Suppose those beggars had hit the hotel!"

There were fifty or sixty correspondents quartered in the hotel, and a number of wounded and frostbitten Finnish soldiers. We went there after the "All clear" siren sounded, and I learned that the military authorities had signed my permit to leave Finland—because the time allotted me on my visa had expired—and that the clerk had purchased a train ticket and ordered a taxi for me.

It was the day after this that Rovaniemi was bombed. I was in Haparanda, on the Swedish border, when I heard the news. A Swedish soldier, Gustave Qvandt, who used to go with a girl in Troy, New York, told me Rovaniemi had been wiped out and half the people killed.

"Was the hotel hit?" I asked.

He didn't know.

"What happened to the drugstore?"

But he didn't know that, either.

"All I know," he said, "is that there were two raids. They dropped about a hundred and fifty bombs, and everybody who wasn't killed has been evacuated."

A few nights later I was sitting with a group of newspapermen in the dining room of a hotel in Stockholm. There was a fountain playing in the center of the room. There was a garden all about the fountain, with real grass and flowers. There was an orchestra playing. There were men and women in evening clothes all about us. There were lights blazing everywhere. There was a feeling of luxury and peace and security in this room that made everything else unreal.

INTO this room strode my friend the British journalist, still in his arctic clothes. He sat with us and asked for a drink. He couldn't hold it. He couldn't hold the cigarette somebody put into his fingers. He took something out of his coat pocket and passed it continually from one hand to the other, to keep them from shaking too much.

"I saw them bomb Rovaniemi," he said. "I saw them blow it all to hell. They came without warning. Nobody had a chance. I don't mind telling you I'm still scared."

"Did they hit the hotel?" somebody asked.

"I don't know. Yes, I do. I mean they didn't get it in the first raid. But they broke every window in it. They may have got it on the second raid, but I wasn't there."

I watched his hands, fascinated by them. "They got the hospital, of course," I said.

"Jolly well right they did. Got it first thing. The Finns knew it would be bombed, so they had evacuated it. But one bomb made a direct hit on a shelter. Killed seven nurses."

"What about the drugstore?" some one asked.

I had wanted to ask that question myself, but the words wouldn't come.

"The drugstore? I was just across the street from the drugstore. I was watching a little Finn with a machine gun. He stood outside the place, pointing his gun at the sky. All of a sudden I saw him soar up into the air, gun and all. Like an angel. It was the weirdest thing I ever saw.

"While I was watching him something knocked me flat and sucked all the air out of me. When I got up I couldn't see anything for a while. I thought I needed some kind of medicine, thought I'd step into the drugstore and get something.

"But the drugstore had a hole in its roof and its sides were bulging out. And the woman who ran it was lying there on the sidewalk, dead."

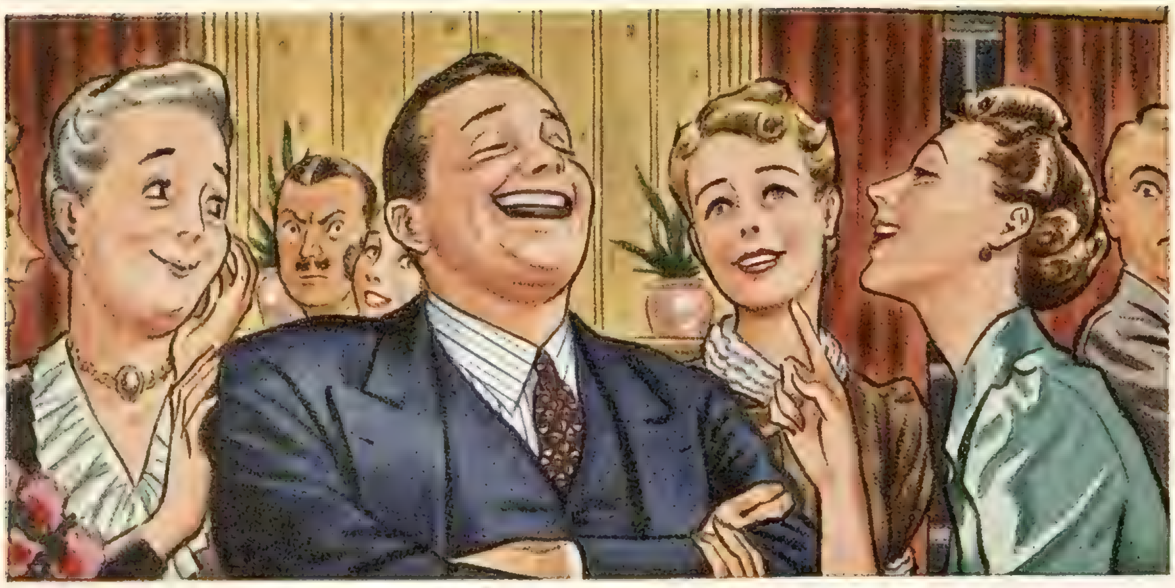
"And her kids?"

"Dead too. Killed in their room upstairs."

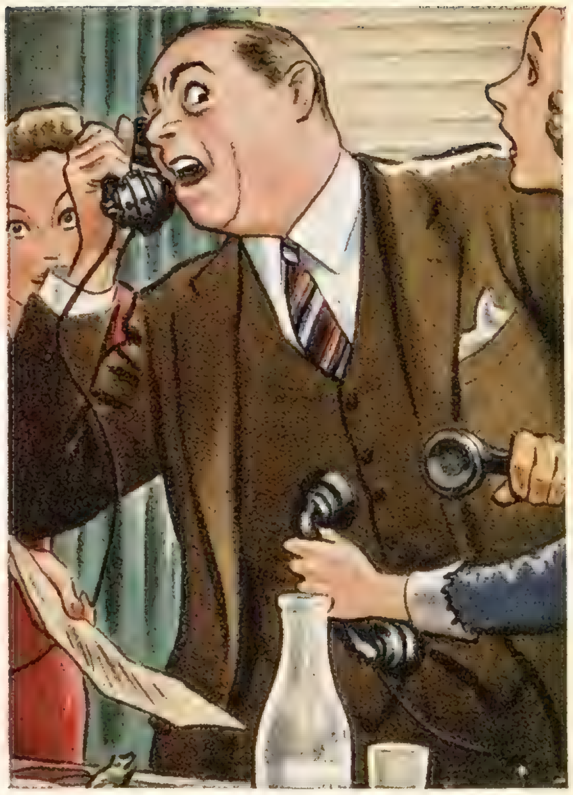
He opened his hands and showed us what they held.

"That's a piece of the bomb that killed them," he said.

THE END



LOVABLE LADIES' MAN . . . always has your girl friends goggle-eyed with his charm . . . so well-groomed even Mother thinks Dad's wonderful! We suspect he'll like some Arrow fancy shirts—such as the elegant new ones that just arrived at your Arrow dealer's. And how about some good-looking Arrow Ties to go with 'em?

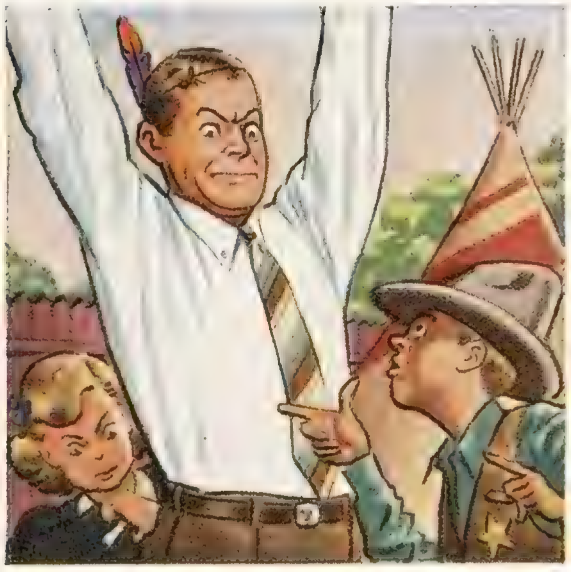


CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY . . . is full of business, neat as a pin—and twice as efficient . . . a really generous guy with a heart of gold. For him, the neatest shirt we know: Arrow DART. Its smart, non-wilt collar stays crisp from morning till night, and wears like Bessemer steel. $2.25.

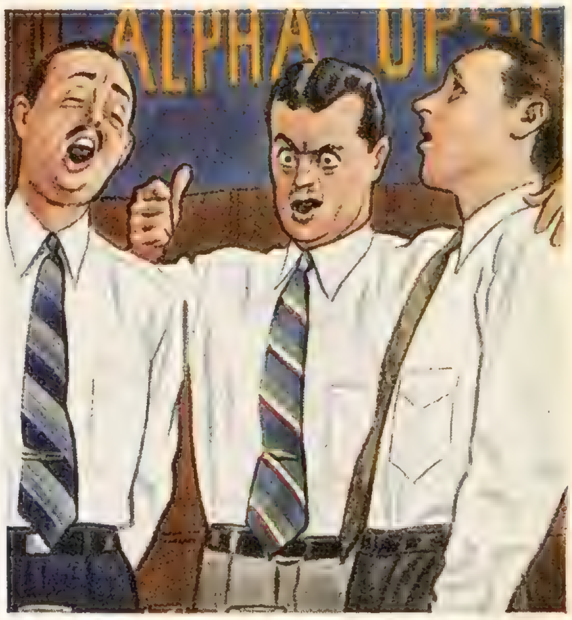
Pick your Pop!

WHEN YOU VISIT YOUR local Arrow dealer's (which you certainly should) for your Father's Day gift, you'll see many different kinds of fine Arrow Shirts and Ties for different kinds of fine Dads. This page is our effort to make your selecting easy.

FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 16th



A KID'S BEST PAL . . . the neighborhood kids love him . . . he knows all about model planes, baseball, and everything . . . in fact, he was a good ball player himself. *Just* the shirt: Arrow GORDON, America's favorite *oxford* shirt. Sporty, youthful, perfectly tailored. Button-down or plain collar, white or colored. $2.



PERENNIAL UNDERGRAD . . . is active in every club in town . . . busy, bustling, bighearted . . . full of jokes and fun. Keep him cool with some Arrow Summer Shirts whose countless invisible pores let fresh air in, body heat out. Plain or patterned, perfect for Summer. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

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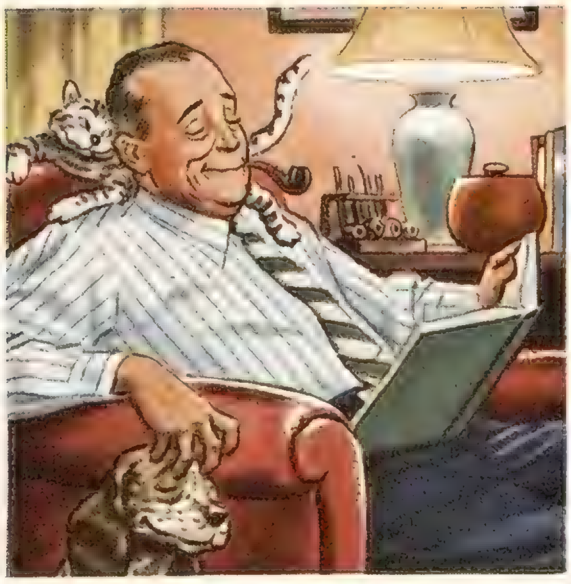
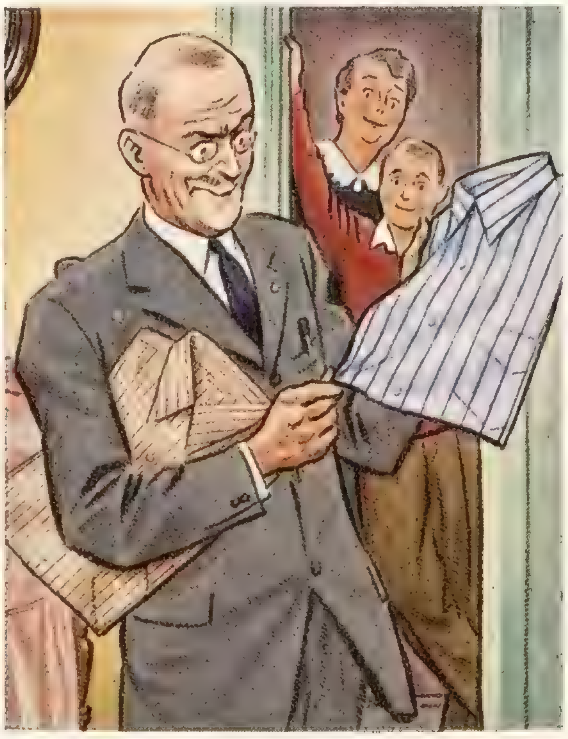


THE FIRESIDE FATHER . . . likes his pipe, his books, his garden—and lots and lots of quiet! There are many quiet-patterned Arrow lightweight shirts that he'll like. Of course, they have the Mitoga fit: curved waist, tapered sleeves, sloped shoulders.



GOOD OLD PRACTICAL DAD . . . tinkers a bit . . . and minds his own business. He'll be tickled with any Arrow Shirt—all are Sanforized-Shrunk (the fabric won't shrink even 1%!) and the buttons are *anchored* on! Also handsome Arrow Ties, $1 and $1.50.

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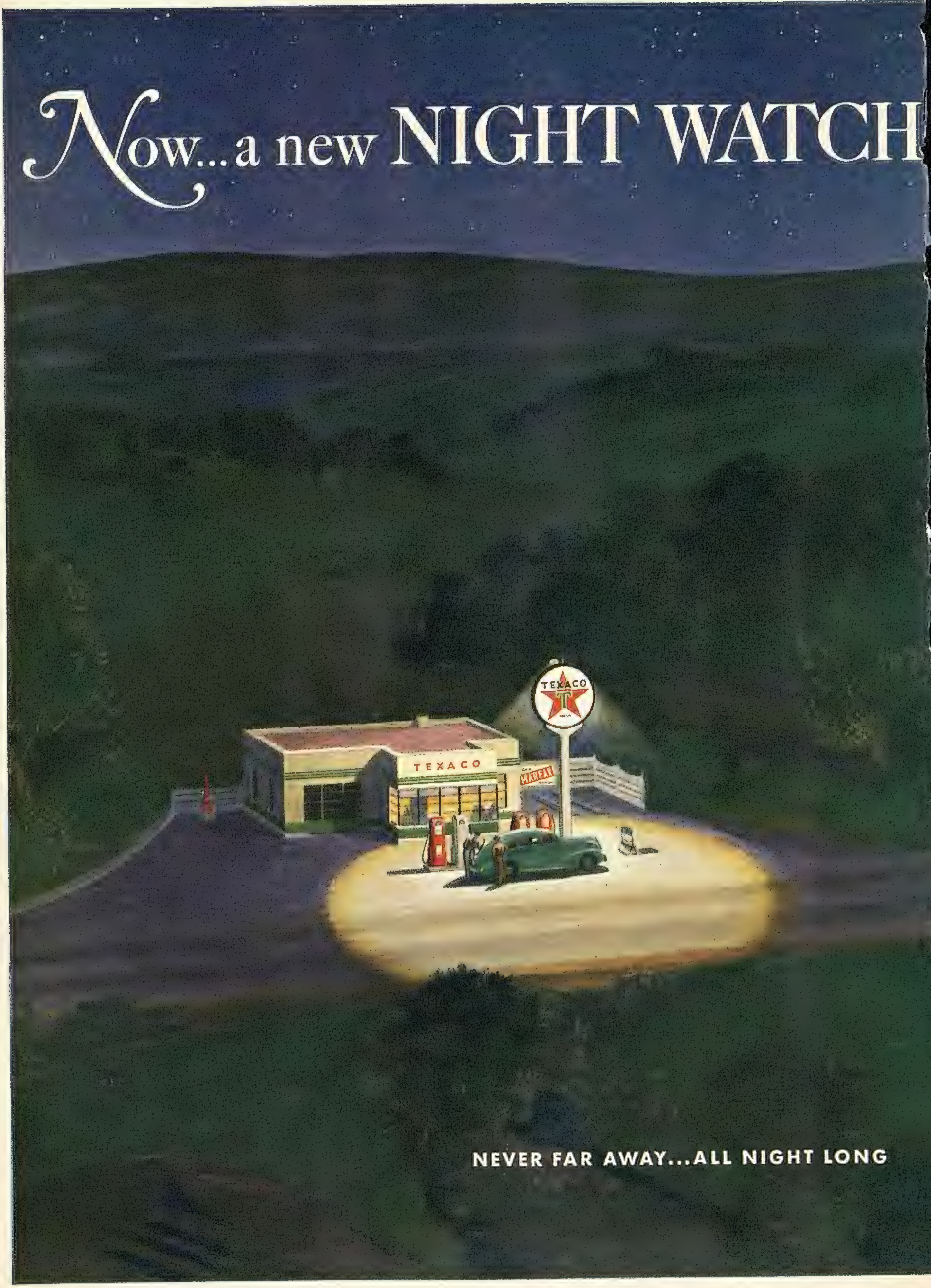
If it hasn't an Arrow Label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

$2 · $2.25 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5 · A NEW SHIRT FREE IF ONE EVER SHRINKS OUT OF FIT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BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

$2,000 in Cash Prizes for Selecting Sentences or Paragraphs. Your Chance to Win Is Excellent!

ON this page you will find the third coupon in the series of ten comprising the Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest. Even though you may have failed to enter the competition during the first two weeks, you can get started now, with an excellent chance to carry off one of the major prizes. The rules explain exactly what is required in order to win. Study them carefully. Then, if you have not already done so, read the Macfadden editorial on page 4 of this issue. Pick from it the sentence or paragraph you wish to quote and copy your selection on the official entry coupon clipped from this page. That will start you toward the prize goal.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER. Now, if you need the first two editorials and coupons of this series in order to make up lost ground, send for reprints, addressing your request as directed in Rule 6. Enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the reprints arrive you will be able to bring your entry even with the field. Coupon 4 will be published next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than 50 words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

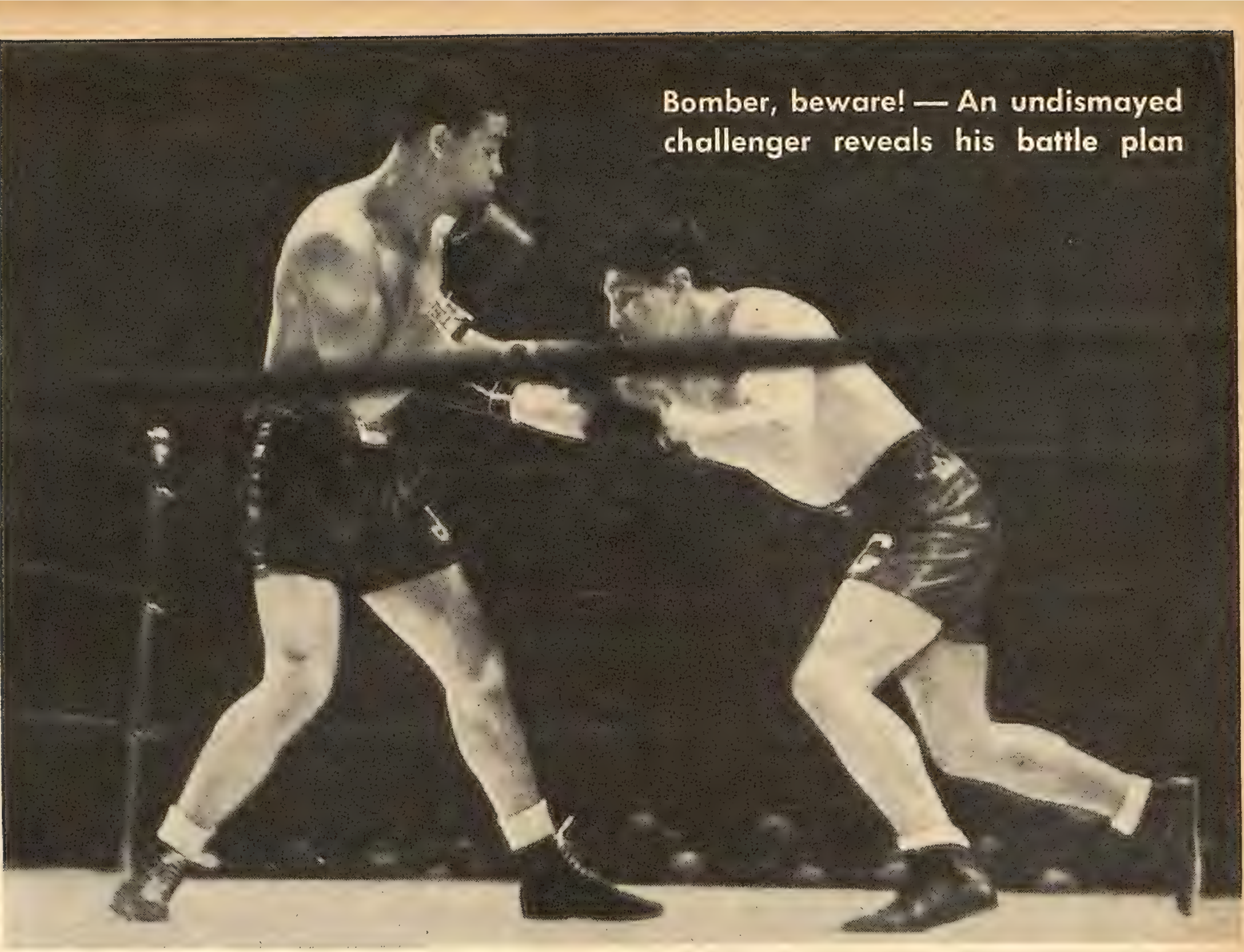
4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotations Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 3 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)



Bomber, beware! — An undismayed challenger reveals his battle plan

In the first fight, Louis calmly watches Godoy's right coming in under his guard.

how I mean to beat Joe Louis

BY ARTURO GODOY, SOUTH AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MY fight with Joe Louis made me very happy; next time we fight I'll make *him* "slap-happy"! Louis made me happy by hitting me a terrific punch right on the jaw in the fifth round of our fight in Madison Square Garden last February. It was his Sunday punch, and it landed on just the right spot for a K. O. And what happened?

It was the most shocking punch Joe Louis ever landed; for it shocked two people—him and me! But not the way you think. It was shocking to me that the punch, landing as it did with all that Louis could possibly put into it, merely jarred me and that was all! I wasn't even dazed!

It was shocking to Louis to have a man take his mightiest blow flush on the chin, and not only not go down, but grin and come tearing in!

I think that in that instant the same thought flashed into both our minds—that *I am the man who can beat Joe Louis!*

Since our fight, that thought has magnified and crystallized in my mind, and I'd be willing to bet that it's been worrying Joe Louis a lot, too. Also, ever since that meeting, I've been pointing for our return battle, and according to the training plans laid down by Al Weill, my pilot and manager, I'll be in the best condition of my life by June 20, the night I am scheduled to take the heavyweight championship away from Mr. Louis.

Weill is in a class by himself when it comes to ferreting out a fighter's weakness and doping out just the kind of style that will beat him. They ought to call him the "Little Napoleon of Boxing," because he even looks like those pictures of Napoleon. Look at him sometime and see if I'm not right.

"If you stand up straight you'll be fighting *his* style, the way *he* wants you to fight," he told me over and over again. "If you weave and crouch, and force him to give ground, he'll be compelled to fight the way *you* want *him* to fight. That's the biggest advantage you can have." And again: "Inside is safety," said Al. "Keep on top of him. All those other fellows fought his way. You go in and win *your* way!"

How close I came to doing just that was shown by the fact that there was a split decision at the end of the fifteen rounds, one of the judges giving me the verdict. Several of the better known boxing writers gave Louis the decision by the close margin of eight rounds to seven. I had no one to blame but myself, I now believe, for not winning the title that night.

With the fourteenth round coming up, we thought in our corner that we had the fight pretty well in hand, so I decided to experiment in this round. I wanted to prove that unless one fights in a style made to order for him, Louis is not able to do much against you. This round I'd make him come to *me.* Weill told me to do what I wanted, but he cautioned:

"If *you* don't throw a punch, *he* won't. He always waits to counter."

I went out, abandoned my crouch most of the time, and danced away from him. Perhaps I clowned a bit, but I think Louis looked the more foolish in his futile attempts to land a punch. Of course, with these tactics I made Joe a present of this round, only to learn afterward that if I had stuck to the style I used throughout the rest of the fight, a majority of the boxing writers would have tallied the fight for me, instead of seven rounds to six for him, with two even.

Another thing: one of the judges told me right after the fight that he had taken two rounds away from me for hitting after the bell. But Louis was in there fighting with me, protecting himself and trying to hit me too. The fact that I might have landed, and he couldn't, shouldn't penalize me. It would have been different if Louis had ceased firing, dropped his hands, and been unprotected. But the going was good and I was enjoying it so much that I didn't hear the bell.

Weill, alertly watching every move of the contest, learned a lot of things that night. So did I; things that will enable me to take Mr. Louis into camp on June 20. I had scarcely reached my dressing room after the bout before Weill had agreed to a return fight, with the proviso that it be held in June—a proviso, by the way, made by Weill himself.

RIGHT here I want to admit that Louis can hit. Boy, and *how* he can hit! But he can't hit hard enough to hurt *me!* When he landed that Sunday punch I've already told you about, I felt the force of it transferred right down to my legs. But they're strong and powerful and they held me up; they didn't waver. I thought to myself: Arturo, you can take it! You can take his best punch and your legs don't give way. That was his best punch and he'll never land a better.

Now I feel somewhat like the juggler who misses his best trick on the first try but knows full well he can accomplish it on the second. It makes the audience appreciate it more. If I had gotten the decision that first time, people might have thought it a fluke victory—that maybe Louis had an off night. With that fight under my belt, I know the things to avoid next time. Besides, the public is now convinced I have a chance to beat Louis, and I'll get full credit when I win.

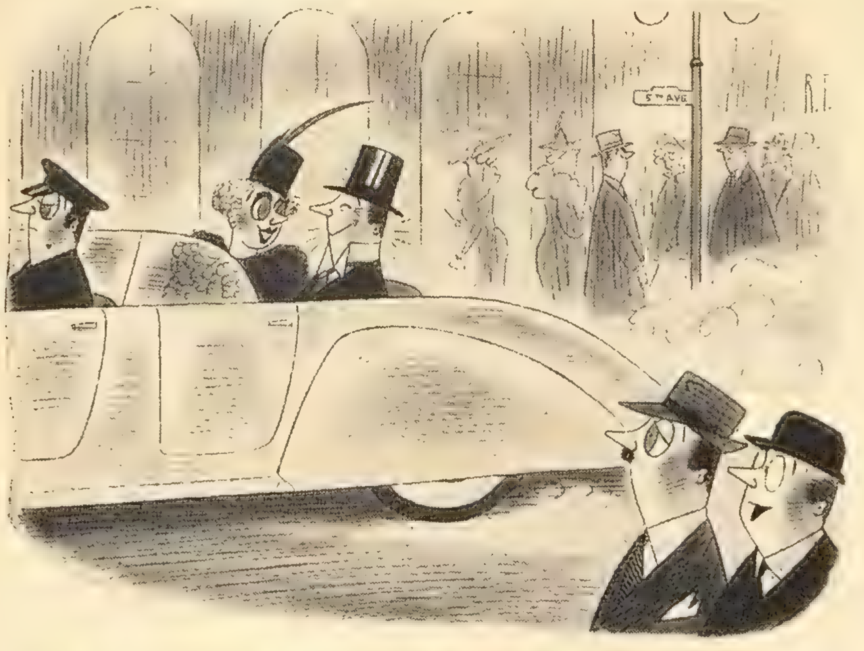
When I got the cable from Al Weill offering me the chance to fight Joe Louis the first time, I thought he was kidding me. I had seen Louis in action on my first visit here, and had returned to Chile only when I became convinced that there was no chance to get Louis in the ring with me.

I'll say here and now that I intend to use an entirely different style when I face Joe this time. Weill and I have it all worked out. Whether I stand up straight, lean over backward, stand on my head, or come barging in with a fierce attack, Louis, as *champion, should* be able to cope with any style of fighting. If some one comes along with a style he can't cope with, then Louis is not the champion, but the other fellow *is.* I can vary my style. So let Louis worry about me; I don't worry about *him.*

When I beat Louis, I'll be no better nor worse than I was the day before or the week before. Nor will he. But my victory will be hailed as an "upset," and Joe will have "gone back." And then, later on, they'll be hailing me as the "Iron Man" or some other such foolishness. They'll start remembering and magnifying what I did to Tony Galento and a few other so-called topnotchers.

But the fact will remain that I'm just a fighter who has the style and the stamina to beat a fellow with the style and vulnerability of Joe Louis, with the help of expert training and advice by the most astute manager in the business. And when I do, I won't want any credit. I'll take the cash!

THE END



"He was poor as a church mouse last year... then he started using MENNEN SKIN BRACER!"

Want to feel like a million?... treat your face to a few drops of cool, refreshing Mennen Skin Bracer. (But look out ...the *ladies* simply can't resist its subtle odor!) Follow up with Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint—doesn't show. Just *try* those two swell after-shave products and you'll *always* say, *"Mennen for mine!"*

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Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Her real name is Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson—the initials of her first two names spell Ma.

2—Both eyes are on the same side of the head—usually the right.

3—Make the suspect write out—over and over—the misspelled word "ramson" in the kidnap note, and see if he makes the same misspelling.

4—By act of Congress, March 3, 1931.

5—It comes from a Teutonic word meaning "noble wolf."

6—The newly formed Neutrality Law Unit in the Department of Justice.

7—The Smithsonian Institution last year obtained a topaz crystal weighing 153 pounds—350,000 carats. It was found in Brazil, and is believed the largest in the world.

8—From the Latin desultor, meaning "one who jumps down." A desultor came to mean a circus rider who leaped from horse to horse. From that, desultory came to mean a person who jumps unmethodically from one thing to another, getting nowhere in particular.

9—Auburn.

10—Sedition and murder.

11—Robin Redbreast's sweetheart in the well known nursery rhyme.

12—Anger, covetousness, envy, gluttony, lust, pride, sloth.

13—Square or diamond-shaped figures on buildings, made of various colored bricks or stones.

14—Sixteen to twenty-four feet a second. Faster, if the parachute didn't open.

15—The man who came to see Coleridge while he was writing Kubla Khan. The poet had dreamed the entire poem, but had written only a few lines when the caller came. When he left, an hour later, Coleridge had forgotten the rest of his poem—and the world was left with an unfinished masterpiece.

16—He was sent by the British to put down piracy, but decided he could make more money being a pirate himself. He became a notorious pirate—but eventually was hanged.

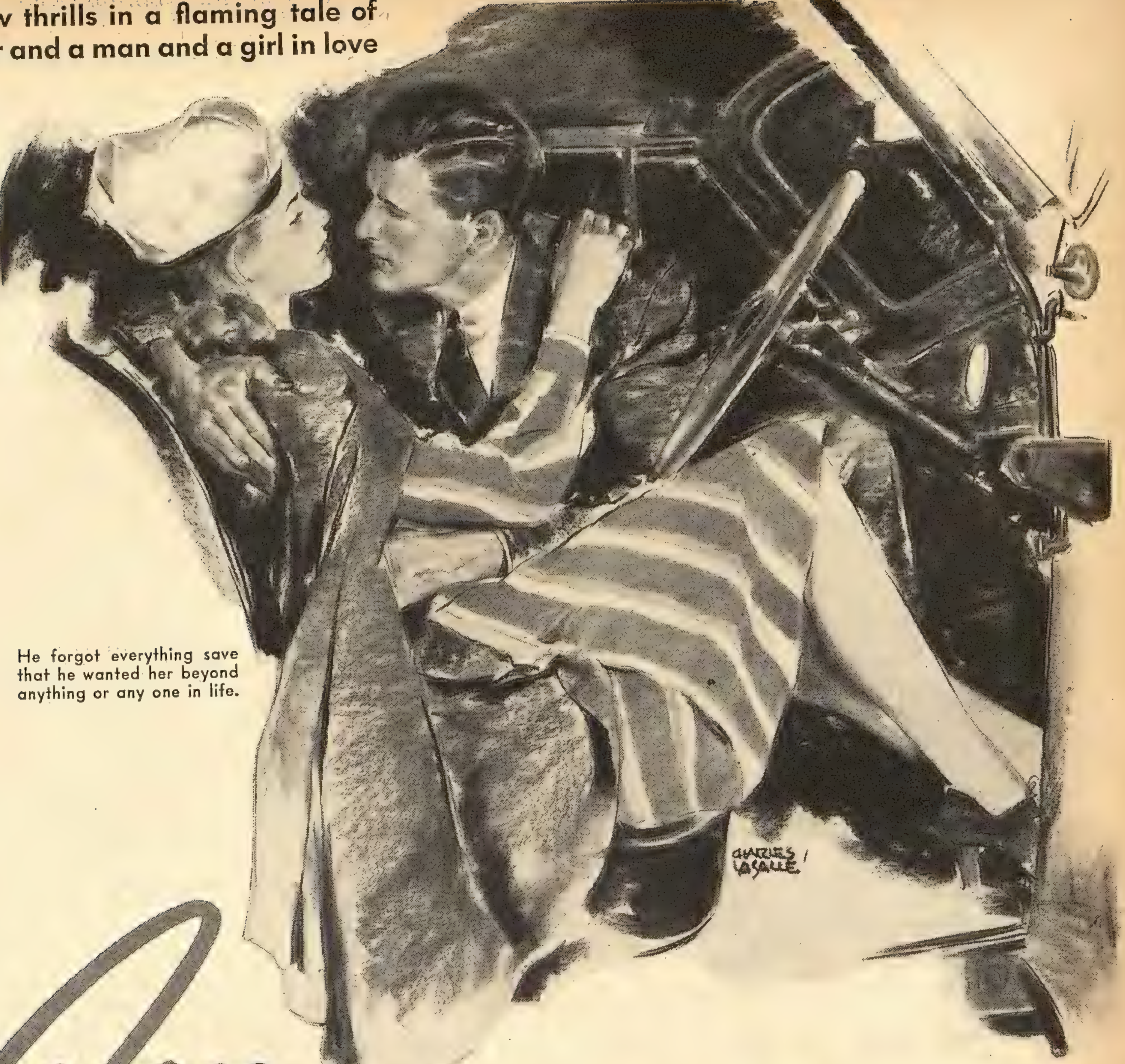
17—A system of growing fruits, flowers, and vegetables without soil, by placing them in water or sand and supplying the exact amount of the various chemicals needed by the plants.

18—Spaghetti is a smaller and finer form of macaroni, which is a dried hollow tube of dough.

19—According to post-office officials, mail trucks do not have to carry license plates but do carry commercial plates, as a courtesy in states where the plates are furnished free.

20—Five. They are: Justices Black, Reed, Frankfurter, Douglas, and Murphy.

New thrills in a flaming tale of war and a man and a girl in love



He forgot everything save that he wanted her beyond anything or any one in life.

Wings OF WRATH

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PART FIVE—BATTLE . . AND A KISS

A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found on page 40.

PILOT OFFICER COLFAX sent rasped words through the earphones: "Let them have it! We'll make a run for it."

Kurt swung the Vickers up toward the nearest plane. Inside the thick flying suit his body felt congealed. Yet it was a strange iciness that left his mind calm, clear, alert. He fired an experimental burst of shells as steadily as if he were aiming at a striped target. The Germans were still too high. The Defiant was diving too fast in its long, banked curve. He decided to wait.

Curiously, there was no fear in him; only a sense of grim adventure, of inevitability.

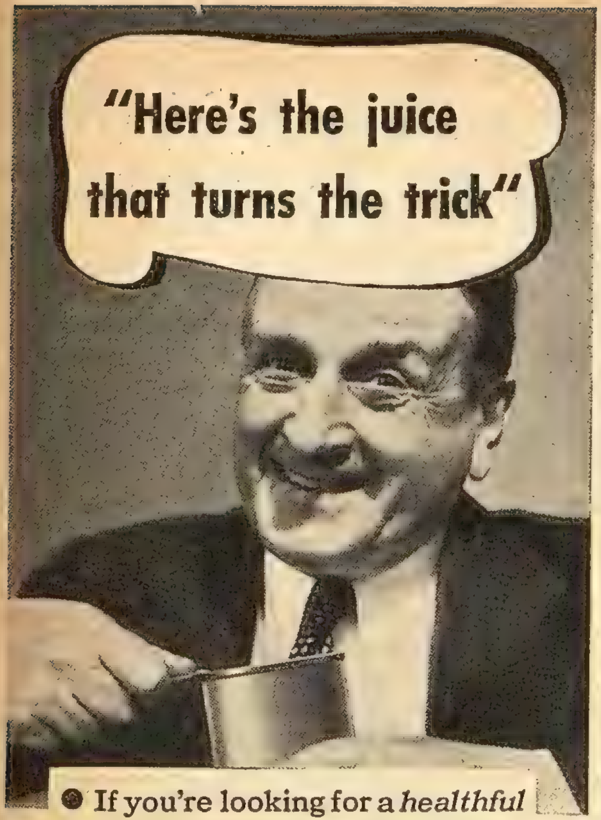
In the cockpit, Pilot Officer Gerald Colfax sent a brief glance at the shadows above. His face was firm. It was uncanny, how calm you could be when you met death.

Colfax recognized those planes. The new Me-110s. Twin-motored, capable of almost 380 miles an hour. The fastest things Germany had put into the air. And he was fully aware of their tactics. Invariably they concentrated their fire on the man in the gun turret. Having disposed of him, they went about the business of destroying the plane.

Kurt, too, knew that. But he didn't let himself think of it. He focused his mind on the fact that this small Boulton-Paul Defiant, with its 1,030-horsepower Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, could outmaneuver the Germans. If it got the chance. That was it: *if it got the chance. . . .*

"Wish we'd kept those damned multiple guns!" The officer's voice sounded thick and raspy. "We'd pepper those Boches proper!"

Well, thought Kurt, it was futile to have regrets. Even with multiple guns, you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● If you're looking for a *healthful* drink that never tires your taste—try grapefruit juice—that refreshingly *tangy* juice that comes only from *Florida* grapefruit.

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couldn't do much against four attackers.

Colfax dived in a long, sweeping arc until he was less than 2,000 feet above the Firth. The Germans doggedly followed.

"Steady on, Cresson. I'm going up. Right through 'em."

"Right, sir. I'll fire as we pass."

"Here's to luck!"

That was the way. Chins up. If you could climb faster than your adversary, use the advantage. Bring him low. Then roar up, away from him; up into the safety of the skies.

At 1,500 feet the Defiant flattened out and lifted its nose. It went up with a crescendo scream. Up, up, shrieking past the level of the Germans. Up between two of them, one scarcely a hundred yards away.

Kurt's lips were drawn back against gritted teeth. He aimed, let the Vickers go with a kind of savage satisfaction. It quivered in his grip like a thing alive as he raked the closest German from tip to tip. He could see the flyers' heads—little dark balls to be knocked off with bullets.

There was a brief clatter as of hailstones on the Defiant's metal fuselage. The Germans were firing from all four planes. Above Kurt's head a plate of bulletproof glass showed tiny sunbursts.

Then they were over the Germans and still climbing fast. The bigger planes had leveled off; now they too zoomed skyward, taking the Defiant's exhaust. But the Defiant was outdistancing them — screaming her way triumphantly toward the clouds.

At 10,000 feet Colfax pointed its nose toward Craymoor, thirty miles away. Apparently he was ready to stake everything on an out-and-out race.

Again his voice came through the earphones. This time it held a husky quality like a sob.

"Dammit, C-Cresson, if o-only you could—take over—"

Kurt snatched his eyes from the Germans. When he gaped forward, he felt a sting of horror. Colfax, swaying queerly, was hunched far forward in the cockpit.

Kurt at once abandoned the gun, and his throat felt dry and constricted. He unstrapped himself, slid out of his seat, and groped forward.

Even before he reached Colfax he saw the shattered glass. When he caught the officer, the man looked up at him dazedly, eyes out of focus. There were a dozen tiny holes in the right side of his flying suit, all above the elbow. And from under his hood a smear of blood flowed down over his cheek to cross his mouth.

With rigid hands Kurt loosened the pilot's belt. Over his shoulder he sent a mad glare at the Germans. They were 2,000 feet below, perhaps a quarter of a mile behind, and following with all their miraculous speed.

He got Colfax out of the seat, lowered him to the floor. He had to step over the man to get at the controls. When he seized them, it was as if there had never been a lapse in his flying. It was the first time he'd been in the cockpit of a Defiant; but he had seen much of the planes in the last two weeks. He gripped the controls with utter confidence.

For the next few minutes he gave the plane all the speed it could take. Straight across the Firth like an arrow. Straight for Craymoor. Time after time he looked back. The Germans weren't gaining; that was something. If he could hold his own a little longer, he might yet get Colfax

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN the English steamship Carthage is torpedoed by a German submarine in the North Sea, an old professor, Anton Freel of Berlin, is one of the casualties. His son Kurt, who escapes death, longs for a chance to enlist with the British so as to avenge his father and also the ending of his two brothers' lives in a Nazi concentration camp. His opportunity comes when in the coat of a drowned man, David Cresson, he finds official papers identifying him as an English aircraftman ordered to report for duty. Kurt, who had been born in the United States while his father was an exchange professor at Harvard, and had been a flyer until grounded because of an accident that blinded one eye, decides to become "David Cresson."

Though she disapproves of this risky subterfuge, Claudia Gage, a member of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, manages to have Kurt stationed at Craymoor, the great air base in Scotland. Her father is a distinguished air commodore. A sentimental interest has sprung up between Kurt and Claudia in spite of the fact he has told her he has a faithless wife in Berlin named Hilda.

Claudia is less disturbed about Hilda than she is about a letter received by Kurt from his "brother," Charles Harvey Cresson, who is in a hospital with a broken leg but hopes to visit Craymoor. This is a nightmare possibility to Kurt, too, but he is determined to go on with his masquerade to the bitter end.

The very night of his arrival at Craymoor, Kurt is told that Captain MacCord wants especially to see him at nine in the morning. Naturally, Kurt grows apprehensive. He seeks out Claudia at the canteen. While talking it over during a walk in the darkness, they are suddenly appalled at the explosion of a hangar and a German air attack. Sabotage and treason are suspected.

Next morning Kurt is informed by Captain MacCord that he has been chosen to go into training as a combat flyer! Two weeks later, while maneuvering above the Firth in a two-seater Defiant with Pilot Officer Colfax, they see four German planes driving straight for them. They're in for it!

back alive. The Germans wouldn't dare follow too far.

He was right about that. Eight miles from Craymoor he saw British bombers sweeping down across the Firth. Fifteen of them. They were dropping out of the clouds—huge Armstrong-Whitworth Whitleys.

And at the sight of them a barbaric joy welled through Kurt. He looked around at the Germans again, and he must have laughed aloud, for there was a harsh sound in his ears. The Me-110s were swinging away, heading back toward the sea. . . .

His eyes turned down to Pilot Officer Colfax. The man lay very still, on his side, his face against the floor. Kurt bent and put a hand on his shoulder. After a moment he shook the shoulder. He shook it several times. His face became quite gray and his heart thundered. It was hard to accept the fact that Pilot Officer Colfax was dead. . . .

Two hours later Cyril K. P. Ross-Fentland, sprawling in his bunk while awaiting mess call, murmured of the death of Pilot Officer Colfax, " Killed while teaching to kill. . . . Odd when you come to think of it that way—eh, what, Cresson? There's a moral in it, I fancy."

Kurt offered no answer. He stood at a barrack-room window, smoking a cigarette and frowning out into the dismal rain that saddened the twilight. His nerves were still taut. They were destined to remain taut, he knew, as long as he let himself think about the lie he had been forced to tell Captain MacCord. . . .

" Now that he's dead, one wonders about a man like Colfax," went on Ross-Fentland. He lay in shadows, his pale face as white as a death mask. " An instructor in gunnery. A teacher in the science of killing. One wonders, you know, how a fellow like that stands in the sight of heaven."

" Give over, can't you? " growled ruddy Henry Balder. " A man's killed, and 'Is Lordship 'ere tykes it as a signal to talk clever! "

Ross-Fentland turned just far enough to smile at Balder. He smiled with the condescension of a superior intellect.

" I'm not being clever, Henry," he said softly. " I'm trying to cultivate a detached attitude toward tragedy. I expect we'll see a great deal of it before this war is over. In self-protection, we must learn to stand back, as it were, and see it cynically."

" You don't 'ave to be so smug about it! "

At the far end of the room a man wet with rain entered the door. His sleeve bore the twin stripes of a corporal, and he peered into the gloom searchingly.

" Aircraftman Cresson? "

When Kurt turned from the window, it was with an uncanny foreknowledge of what was to come. He said, " Yes, here."

" You're to report at once, Cresson, to the Vice Air Marshal. At 'Eadquarters."

The others gaped. When the man departed, he left a stunned hush behind. It persisted until Balder whispered an awed:

" Well, gorblimey! "

Even Ross-Fentland propped himself up on an elbow to stare. He asked quickly, " What d'you think it is, Cresson? "

" I don't know."

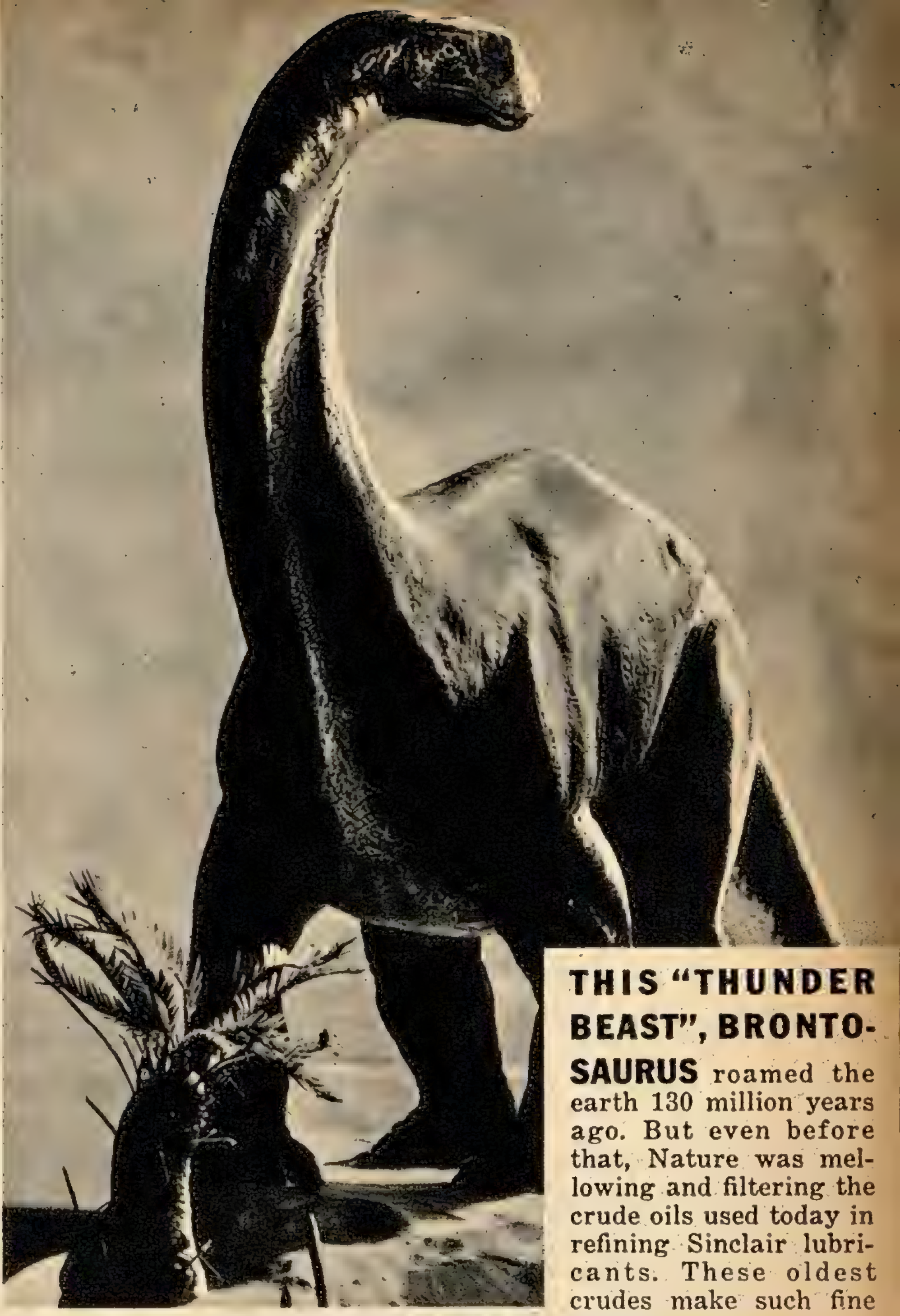
But Kurt did know. It must be in connection with the lie he had told Captain MacCord. There could be no other reason. He could still see the incredulity in the captain's face.

Kurt buttoned his tunic. He picked up his cap, nodded to the three silent men, and left. His face was hard and pale as he walked through the rain.

Once he thought of Claudia. Today, she had told him, she was driving to Inverness to arrange to bring a theatrical troupe to Craymoor. It was strange, he reflected, that her absence should leave him with so complete a sense of desolation, of being alone.

VICE AIR MARSHAL Sir Malcolm Copley Gage, seated behind his desk, did not appear easy to deceive. His face was square, tight-lipped, with a small gray mustache that added a crispness quite becoming to a military man.

When he looked up at Aircraftman Cresson, at atten-



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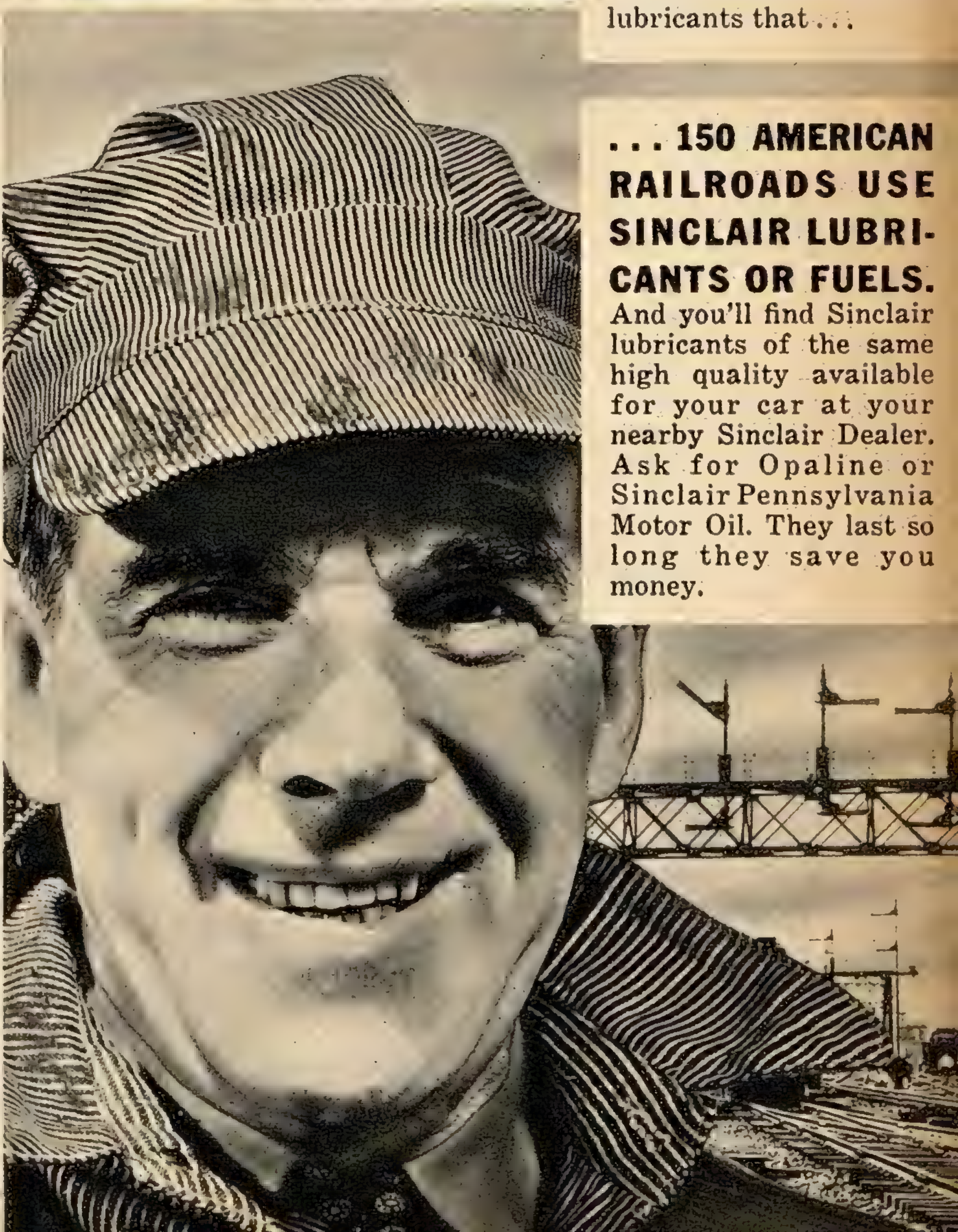

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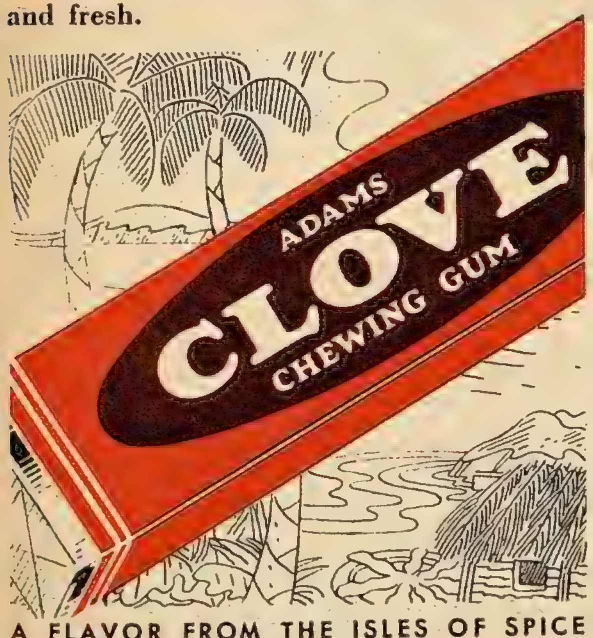

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

tion beyond the desk, his first thoughts were, *So this is the man Claudia had me bring to Craymoor. This is the man for whom she ignores the officers. . . .* He had frequently wondered about Claudia's interest in this aircraftman.

As for Kurt, standing before Sir Malcolm, he could readily understand why this officer's shoulder straps bore the two broad black bars surmounted by the two thinner stripes of a Vice Air Marshal. Sir Malcolm had the competent, authoritative, and forceful look of an old sea dog. The sort of father, Kurt thought, you would expect a girl like Claudia to have. He rather admired the man, instinctively.

Sir Malcolm wasn't alone. In a corner, near the blackened windows, stood Group Captain Denis MacCord.

"Aircraftman Cresson," the Vice Air Marshal began, "Captain MacCord has already given me your report of this afternoon's encounter with the enemy. I wish, before all else, to compliment you on your conduct under fire."

"Thank you, sir."

"And to congratulate you on coming through unhurt. The condition of the plane indicates it sustained heavy fire."

"For only a moment or two, sir. They hit us when we went up through them."

Sir Malcolm nodded as he picked up a folder from the desk and ruffled its pages. "There are, however, one or two matters that puzzle us. Both Captain MacCord and I have carefully gone through your record, Cresson. Nothing in this indicates that you have ever before, either in the reserve or out of it, had the opportunity to pilot a plane. That is quite correct, I take it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you brought the Defiant down to a perfect landing, after flying her a good many miles at a speed of more than three hundred miles per hour. A remarkable performance, Aircraftman Cresson, for one who has never flown. Extraordinary."

"The credit, sir, belongs entirely to Pilot Officer Colfax. He supervised every move I made."

THAT was the lie he had previously told Captain MacCord. In making his report he had seen no alternative. Surely Cresson, who had never piloted a plane, could not have been expected to bring a Defiant down so expertly, and to attribute the feat to luck would have aroused the blunt disbelief of any flyer.

"You mean," asked the Vice Air Marshal, "that, after he was wounded and himself unable to carry on, Pilot Officer Colfax sat beside you, issuing orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"When, precisely, did he die?"

"I believe it was just after the moment of landing, sir. He told me to switch off the ignition. When I turned to him, he had toppled over. I think Pilot Officer Colfax kept himself alive by sheer force of will until the plane was safely down."

"Remarkable. Most remarkable. . . . About how long would you say he remained alive after being shot?"

Kurt hesitated. "I can only guess, sir. I'm afraid I was under too great a strain to notice time."

"What would your guess be?"

"Somewhere between five and ten minutes, sir. We were about thirty miles from Craymoor when we were engaged by the enemy. If we returned at better than three hundred miles per hour, the flight itself couldn't have taken more than five or six minutes. I'm adding two or three minutes to swing around into the wind and make a landing."

Sir Malcolm glanced at Captain MacCord, who frowned at the floor as if making computations of his own.

WELL," the Vice Air Marshal said, leaning back in his chair, "your report seems to be confounding our entire Medical Corps. Nevertheless you did bring that plane down safely, and I wish again to express my compliments."

That was all. Dismissed, Kurt left Headquarters in bewilderment, unable to know, from anything that had been said, whether or not he had been believed.

As a matter of truth, Captain Denis MacCord did not believe him. Not quite. When the Vice Air Marshal turned to ask his opinion after Cresson had left, the captain shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir. I don't mean to appear unappreciative of the aircraftman's conduct. Yet four men in the Medical Corps have assured me that, wounded as he was, Colfax couldn't have lived for more than a minute or two. Certainly not long enough, and with sufficient mental clarity, to direct a novice in the flying of a plane."

Sir Malcolm lifted his brows. He reached across the desk for his pipe—the same kind of straight stubby brier he had smoked since he'd served as a flight lieutenant in the old Royal Flying Corps during the World War. MacCord's attitude was right, he knew. But for a brief instant he let himself remember Claudia and her keen personal interest in this man Cresson; and perhaps that influenced him toward a certain leniency of judgment.

"You know, captain," he said slowly, "one so often sees fact confute scientific positiveness that one tends to become cynical. I remember only a few months ago many naval experts were assuring us that it would be utterly impossible—scientifically impossible—for an enemy submarine to penetrate the waters of Scapa Flow. What with submerged nets, undersea bombs, patrols by air and ship, and blocked channels, there was no way, they said, for an enemy craft to get into the Flow. And what happened? Despite all this certainty a U-boat wriggled her way in and torpedoed the Royal Oak. Not only did the submarine get into the Flow. It got out again, just as safely. . . . When one sees things of that sort happening, MacCord, one begins to feel that everything—even the impossible—is possible. In the matter of Aircraftman Cresson, he did bring the Defiant down. That is a fact."

Captain MacCord, however, was far from persuaded. "Even so, sir, if we concede this one miracle, must we also concede the other?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, captain."

"I have, sir, seen thousands of student pilots make their first landings—men who have been thoroughly instructed before leaving the ground. They go up with competent teachers. Every move is supervised. They are under no stress of battle. Yet their first landings are almost invariably awkward. Not one in a thousand could have brought down a simple training plane—even a small De Havilland Tiger Moth or an Avro Tutor—as expertly as Cresson brought in that Defiant. He came in perfectly, sir."

Vice Air Marshal Sir Malcolm Copley Gage thoughtfully began to fill his pipe. He looked down at its bowl through a full minute of silence. *I'll have to question Claudia about this fellow*, he mused. Finally he sent a searching glance at the captain.

"Am I to take it, MacCord, that you actually feel Aircraftman Cresson made a false report?"

"Frankly, sir, I don't know what to believe."

"Admitting the possibility, can you suggest any *reason* for his making such a report?"

"No, sir; I cannot."

"Then what are you driving at?"

Directly challenged, Captain MacCord found himself in a quandary. There were vague things he might have mentioned, things that had annoyed him; yet he suspected they would sound absurd when uttered before Sir Malcolm. The fact, for example, that Aircraftman Cresson's accent had often struck him as being neither one thing nor the other—neither quite insular nor quite colonial. Nebulous things that proved nothing, yet made one wonder. . . .

He said, "I have no direct action in mind, sir. I merely feel that the circumstances of this flight were so extraordinary that they may merit further investigation."

Sir Malcolm regarded the captain shrewdly. Was MacCord's persistence, he mused, in some degree dictated by silly personal jealousy? It was not unlikely. The Vice Air Marshal hadn't failed to notice the captain's gallantries toward Claudia. He had, in fact, been amused by them. Nevertheless he had to be fair. So he answered:

"If you have any doubts at all, captain, I certainly recommend that you carry on until you satisfy yourself."

"Thank you, sir. I shall do what I can."

TWENTY-FOUR hours of release from duty, with the added privilege of leaving the air base—this was Kurt's immediate reward for saving one of His Majesty's planes. But he didn't want to leave Craymoor. Not yet. After mess he went directly to the canteen to await Claudia.

He sat at a corner table, his fingers nervously crumbling the remnants of a cigarette. Tonight he wanted her more than ever; wanted somebody with whom he could talk honestly.

Around the piano the inevitable group was singing. At intervals, when the singing lagged, somebody turned on a squeaky phonograph, and a few men danced with the WAF girls. Kurt watched them without interest. His eyes, for the most part, swung between the door and the clock.

Then it was nine, and still Claudia hadn't arrived, and he told himself for the hundredth time, in deepening discouragement, that she probably hadn't returned from Inverness. The rain must have delayed her.

Ross-Fentland stopped to chat with him for a moment, but, finding him restive, patted his shoulder and went on to join the crowd at the counter. And Kurt resumed his vigil.

"Hello, there!"

The cheerful voice made him start. He half rose as a dark-haired girl dropped into the chair beside him. She was remarkably pretty, Helena Clyde, with lively brown eyes and a dazzling smile. Before she had donned the uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force she had served as her father's secretary and hostess at a British consulate in Germany.

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She was a favorite at the canteen, for Helena had the priceless gift of carrying laughter wherever she went.

"Chin up, Aircraftman Cresson," she advised. "I expect it makes one feel pretty low, all that's happened. You mustn't let it get you down, you know."

He said, "I'll be all right."

He was still watching the door, and Helena Clyde gazed thoughtfully toward the counter.

"By the way," she said after a pause, "I saw Ross-Fentland here a moment ago. . . . You and he are rather close friends, aren't you?"

"We bunk together."

"Know him before the war?"

The unexpected inquiry puzzled Kurt. He looked at Helena Clyde curiously. "No, of course not."

"What is he? A Londoner?"

"So I gathered. Worked at a draper's. Why?"

She laughed a little. As if it were of no consequence, she said. "You know, when I first met him here, I could have sworn I'd run into him a couple of times in Berlin. Teas and so on. You wouldn't imagine two men could look so much alike, would you? Still, if he was a draper's clerk in London—that's that."

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"Oh, yes. The very first evening I saw him. He laughed. Assured me he'd never had the price of a trip to the Continent."

She rose, tucking wisps of dark hair under her cap. Though she was smiling disarmingly, Kurt was mystified. A queer suspicion began to crawl through his mind—an inevitable suspicion; for it had often occurred to him that "'Is Lordship,' Cyril K. P. Ross-Fentland, had a worldly self-assurance quite at variance with the humble origin he professed. . . . Suddenly, with a frown, Kurt thought, *This is fine. The pot calling the kettle black!* . . .

"Well, cheerio," said Helena Clyde. "Waiting for Claudia, I fancy?"

"Yes. . . . Do you know if she's back?"

"Haven't seen her." Helena tossed him a casual wave of her hand and wandered on toward the crowd at the piano.

As he settled back, Kurt drove Ross-Fentland from his mind. He began to feel, a little desperately, that Claudia wouldn't come at all. Something had gone wrong.

The room was becoming crowded, soldiers pouring in noisily, most of them drenched after running across the airport in rain. At nine o'clock a magician was to perform. Kurt was half inclined to leave, being in no mood for amusement tonight.

And then he saw Claudia.

She came in breathless, her wet cape fastened about her throat. The instant he saw her, searching over the crowd for him, he knew something had happened. She was pale—too pale. He rose, snatched up his cap, and went to her.

Claudia's eyes held relief at the sight of him. She caught his hand and whispered, "Come. Let's get out of here!" He followed in amazement, walking with her through darkness and rain. Claudia huddled against him. "I heard about everything that happened this afternoon," she said. "Father just told me."

They almost collided with a lightless car waiting on the road. Claudia pulled the door open.

"Get in, Kurt."

He asked, "Where to?"

"Anywhere. It doesn't matter. I want to get away from here. Away from everybody. I want to talk to you. . . .

She got in behind the wheel. When the car hummed, she switched on blue headlights so heavily shaded that they would be invisible from above.

She drove slowly, sounding her horn at every turn.

WHEN they reached the gates in the high wire fence, they were stopped by sentinels. Kurt had to hold his pass under a flashlight. Then they were out of the grounds, driving through the slosh of puddles and the hammer of rain. The eeriness of the dim blue headlights emphasized the surrounding blackness.

"It must have been horrible," she whispered, "up in that plane!" He could feel a shiver go through her, and he tried to speak; but she pressed on with a touch of despair, "Kurt, they've begun to suspect you!"

"Yes, I know. Captain MacCord."

"Father questioned me for an hour. He wanted to know why I asked to have you transferred to Craymoor: Was it your idea? Did you *persuade* me to do it? All that sort of thing."

He said tensely, "I was afraid of this—of getting you implicated. That's the worst of it."

"Oh, nothing can happen to me!" She sounded defiant but not altogether confident. "It's *you*, Kurt!"

"Do you know what they're doing about it?"

"Father's left it all to Captain MacCord. And MacCord phoned before I went out. He—asked permission to write to Lieutenant Charles Harvey Cresson."

That jolted Kurt. He straightened, eyes widening.

"The lieutenant's name," Claudia told him, "is in your record as next of kin . . . . Kurt, things are beginning to close in. Heaven knows *what* we're going to do!"

We. He noticed that, and it hurt. It hurt deep in his heart, deep in his conscience. Whatever happened to her, he felt, was of his doing. He let her drive through minutes of silence while he thought.

A couple of miles from the airport she swung into a muddy side road and stopped. She switched off the ignition, and when the motor lay quiet, the rain's monody was louder than ever. An endless dreary patter. Government regulations forbade parking lights, so she turned off the front lamps and lit a tiny dim bulb on the dashboard.

They sat in its faint yellow glow, hemmed in by a world of blackness and rain.

Kurt took her hands. He frowned at them. He spoke in a tight voice: "Heaven knows what we're going to do about *you*. If it were only myself, I wouldn't much care. All I'd ask would be one more chance to fly—one opportunity to fight. I came into this to—hit back. I used to think that if I had the chance, just once, what happened afterward wouldn't matter. . . . Seeing Colfax killed this afternoon made me want it all the more. . . . But now, having you in this with me—well, what happens afterward does matter. It matters dreadfully, Claudia."

Liberty

INVITES CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS EVERYWHERE

to sponsor one of the great series of patriotic dances now being arranged from coast to coast.

Each LIBERTY BALL

is dedicated to a realization of the priceless benefits of

AMERICAN FREEDOM

Each LIBERTY BALL

will feature the nomination of a

LIBERTY BELLE

as honorary ruler over the program. Automatically she will become one of the candidates from among whom a National Miss Liberty will be chosen. The National Miss Liberty will be taken to New York, all expenses paid, and featured as National Miss Liberty in Billy Rose's Aquacade Show at the New York World's Fair. In addition she will be given screen tests by leading motion-picture companies of America. What an honor for any girl!

Already patriotic groups in many cities are enthusiastically preparing to participate in this great nationwide honor to a great free nation. Any civic organization wishing to sponsor a Liberty Ball in its city can obtain complete particulars by writing to Liberty Magazine, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City, where all information is now available.

She said slowly, "Kurt, I—they're sending me away."

He snapped up his eyes in bewilderment that was like fear. "Away? What do you mean?"

"The—the order came today. They're sending me to London. To help organize women for war work. . . . I'm to leave in two days."

He knew a profound pang; a sense of loss. In the dim glow from the dashboard, his face was ravaged by all its old bitterness. And she knew a rush of compassion for him. It made her squeeze his hands hard and whisper, "Oh, Kurt, Kurt—" as if he and she were problems beyond all solution.

He looked at her face.

Despite its anxiety, it was lovely. A mask of pale beauty hovering in blackness. And as he gazed at her, the set of his features softened and into his eyes came a kind of yearning. Yearning confused with despair. He wanted again to take her into his arms, to crush her against himself. He loved her—he had known that for weeks. But he thought again of what he had so often thought during long nights in his bunk.

Hilda.

What, as David Cresson, could he ever do about Hilda? Now that his name had appeared among those lost on the Carthage, there was no hope that she would divorce him. For Hilda had known that he'd sailed on the Carthage, and she must have learned that he was not among the survivors. So she herself would do nothing about their marriage, taking her own freedom for granted.

But he and Claudia . . . to what could *they* look forward?

Unconsciously he uttered a sound of sheer hopelessness, almost a groan. It brought Claudia close to him, impulsively. He raised his eyes, and hers were very near, filled with pain. And then he forgot everything save that he wanted her beyond anything or any one in life. He took her in his arms and he kissed her lips. He felt her hands grope up to his head—tight and fierce and possessive, as though they would never let him go.

Afterward, through hours of rain and darkness, with all sense of time lost, little thoughts of Hilda still came to bedevil him. Once Claudia saw the twinge of muscle they caused, and she made him speak of what was in his mind.

He did. But she refused to let Hilda spoil this night.

"Let's not think about her," Claudia whispered.

"I'm thinking of you—"

"Kiss me." Her white face was raised urgently. "Kiss me, Kurt."

They lost themselves in the kiss. They lost all thought. The war, Hilda, the danger of having his masquerade disclosed . . . all these were suddenly remote, unreal. They were things which belonged to tomorrow. Let them come. Let them bring their tragedy and their torment. Let them bring *anything!* That was tomorrow. And tomorrow was far away. Now there was tonight to be lived; and tonight nothing else mattered.

Is the dreaded showdown at hand when Kurt as "David Cresson" must face the dead man's brother? And can anything save the pretender from exposure and disgrace? Climax piles on climax in this most timely novel of war and love in next week's Liberty.

ROMEO FLUNKS FINGERNAIL TEST!

I WAS SUNK when I tried the Fingernail Test. My first big chance to be an actor . . . and my nails showed my scalp was full of dirty dandruff scales! "Take it easy," advised the stage manager, "all you need is Wildroot-with-Oil!"

OPENING
NEXT
MONDAY
NIGHT
ROMEO
AND
JULIET

"IT'S OIL . . . but not greasy!" he said. "The old Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales these 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms hair without building up grease on the scalp!" Was he right! . . .

MY "ROMEO" wowed the audience . . . and Juliet too! Try it yourself. See how Wildroot-with-Oil's safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps your hair smartly dressed, and your scalp clean as a whistle!

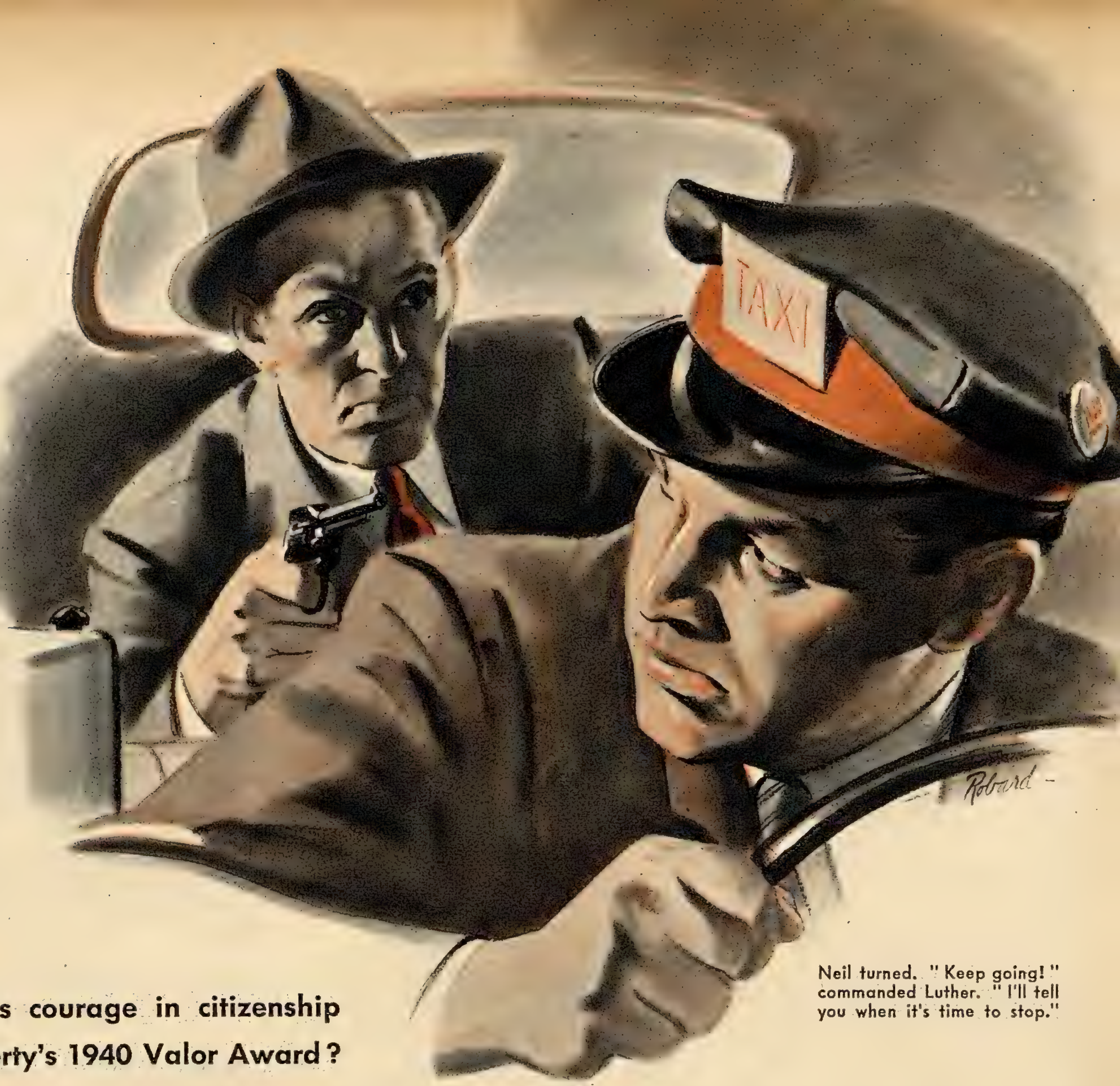
35¢

60¢ and $1 at drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.

1. GROOMS THE HAIR
2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT WITH OIL for the hair
3-ACTION
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

IMPORTANT—*Wildroot Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere! Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. and Fort Erie, Ont., Canada.*



Neil turned. "Keep going!" commanded Luther. "I'll tell you when it's time to stop."

Does this courage in citizenship rate Liberty's 1940 Valor Award?

HIS BROTHER'S KILLER

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAN WHO SAVED A STATE'S SELF-RESPECT

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LUTHER JONES, immediately upon his release from the Montana State Penitentiary, did two characteristic things: He bought a gun, and he paid for it with a bum check.

This was not the first time Luther had been released from prison, nor the first time he had promptly committed new crimes which deserved a quick return.

Luther was a bad egg.

He had no sooner gained the right to cast his first vote than he was arrested in his home town, Marion, Indiana, for petty larceny. For this first offense he escaped punishment, but a few years later he was fined in the Marion courts for assault and battery. There followed in quick succession first- and second-degree sentences in Indiana for stealing automobiles, a one-year term in Montana for forgery, an arrest in Wyoming on a bad-check charge, and another one for the same offense in Montana.

It was for the last-named crime that Luther had just been serving two years in the state pen.

Up to this time he had not committed murder. That he was quite willing to do so, events immediately following his release abundantly proved. But that the law would be permitted to take its course, and that Luther Jones would be forced to take that long "last mile" walk to the lethal chamber, was not finally assured until a man born nearly six thousand miles from the spot where Jones committed his final outrage had performed an act of civic rectitude which entitles him, beyond question, to serious consideration for the Liberty Gold Medal Award for Valor in Citizenship.

Our man of valor does not appear in the prologue to this tragedy. He does not appear until the next-to-last scene. But his entrance, when it comes, is like that of the long-lost uncle from Australia who arrives just in time to save the hero and heroine from a fate worse than death—except that what this rescuer saved was the self-respect of an entire community.

Moreover, the drama of the earlier scenes is more than adequately supplied by the villain, Luther Jones, whom we may call if we wish, since he frequently did so himself, LeRoy Jones, Frank Jones, John Jones, Frank Luther Jones, Harvey Jones, L. B. Brown, Roy E. Miller, Carl Peters, or H. S. Knickerbocker—the last name not to be confused, of course, with that of the distinguished war correspondent.

THE night of October 14, 1936, Luther entered Reed's Right-Way Chain Store in Blackfoot, Idaho, to negotiate for the purchase of a gun. At first he eyed covetously a .38-caliber revolver, but the clerk who waited on him wouldn't sell him anything heavier than a .22. Even that, however, in Luther's hands was deadly enough, as the next forty-eight hours were to demonstrate.

Luther moved fast. He was built for speed: six feet one in his socks and a skimpy 138 on the scales. And the evening of the fifteenth found this lank, pinch-nosed, cup-eared, slightly popeyed crook in Ogden, Utah, renting an automobile from the Larson Transportation Company.

He couldn't very well have bought one. His cash capital was just one dollar, and the law of averages was against a bum check working so soon again.

The Larson people offered him a taxi with their name conspicuously displayed on its doors; but he objected and insisted upon a conveyance less blatantly public. Whereupon they hustled around and found one more to his liking—a Chevrolet sedan with no lettering on it.

Apparently well pleased, Luther directed the driver, Levon Neil, to take the highway leading northward and westward out of Ogden toward the Nevada line. After driving along in silence about a mile and a half, Neil turned to ask the passenger in the back seat about their destination, and found himself looking straight into the barrel of Luther's Blackfoot .22.

"Keep going!" commanded Luther. "I'll tell you when it's time to stop."

Neil kept going—there was obviously nothing else to do. When they neared Montello, Nevada, Luther not only told him to stop but ordered him to swing himself aboard a freight train just getting under headway in the opposite direction.

Fortunately for Neil, the freight, being Ogden-bound, returned him to the bosom of his family with a whole skin, albeit without his sedan.

Superficially, Luther Jones had improved his situation considerably by this maneuver. To his original capital of one dollar he had added eight dollars, which he had extracted from Neil's pocket, and he had the Chevrolet sedan.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS —

Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship

To Liberty itself, the nation-wide interest in the awards of its Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship is gratifying but has not been at all surprising. The importance of these recognitions of outstanding heroism in every-day life was certain to be generally appreciated. Nominations for the award for 1940 are still open. The judges who will pass upon them are JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, Lieutenant General ROBERT LEE BULLARD, and Rear Admiral YATES STIRLING. The story accompanying one early nomination is told herewith. Do you know of a fellow citizen who displayed courage in helping law enforcement and who may thus merit these judges' consideration? If so, Liberty will be glad to hear from you about him or her—and the sooner, the better!

But fundamentally he had put himself behind the eight ball. For he had managed in one evening's work to get on his trail the most successful law-enforcement organization in the world: J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men.

Driving a stolen automobile or forcing another person to drive one across a state line is a violation of a federal statute, and as such is within the investigative jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Kidnaping a person and transporting him across a state line, as Jones had done to Neil, is a violation of another federal statute—the so-called Lindbergh Law, whose penalty is life imprisonment or death.

What followed is best described in the actual documents on file with the F. B. I. at Washington:

"The Police Department of Ogden advised the special agent in charge of Salt Lake City Field Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of this kidnaping. The special agent in charge then advised various law-enforcement officials in the states of Utah and Nevada of the kidnaping, furnishing them with a description of the kidnaper and the license number of the stolen Chevrolet sedan which had been driven by Levon Neil.

"On the night of October 16, 1936, the Sheriff's Office at Elko, Nevada, recovered the stolen Chevrolet sedan in a local garage at Elko, Nevada. Also on the night of October 16, 1936, Jones was arrested at Carlin, Nevada, by local officers, and at the time was in possession of the .22-caliber revolver. . . .

"Jones was interrogated by a special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and officers of the Sheriff's Office at Elko, and he readily admitted the kidnaping and interstate transportation of Levon Neil. Further questioning of Jones revealed that, after forcing Neil from the taxicab, he proceeded in the cab toward Elko, and en route picked up a hitchhiker. On the way to Elko the battery in the car became discharged, and on the arrival of Jones and his companion in Elko, the morning following the release of Neil, the car was driven to a garage by Jones for the purpose of securing a new battery.

"The owner of the garage wanted a five-dollar deposit on the battery. Jones endeavored to give him a check, which the garage owner would not accept. Jones then advised the garage owner that he would get the check cashed elsewhere and, when leaving the garage, proceeded in the direction of the corrals of the Western Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads.

"When he arrived at the corrals he saw two cattle ranchers in conversation standing near a truck. Jones demanded that these men put up their hands, and . . . furnish him with a key to the car which was near by. A third man approached, and he was likewise covered with the .22-caliber revolver. Jones then robbed the three men, obtaining approximately forty dollars from them.

AFTER the robbery, the ranchers were forced to accompany Jones at the point of the revolver to a tin shack located about one and three quarter miles from Elko, Nevada. This shack was occupied by an unidentified itinerant. Jones forced this unknown person to tie up the three ranchmen and thereafter Jones started to bind the itinerant, who resisted, and Jones shot him in the head. One of the ranchmen then screamed for help. Jones then murdered the three ranchmen."

So much for the bare facts of the crime.

In view of its horrendous nature, the feeling against Jones in Elko and vicinity following his arrest and confession mounted rapidly. On street corners and in taverns more and more frequently was heard the comment:

"Lynching would be too good for him!"

Now, lynching in most communities is not to be taken seriously as a possible local occurrence. Nevertheless, the proposal to lynch Luther Jones gained ready adherents in this usually law-abiding Nevada city. The sentiment in favor of it quickly reached every corner of the commonwealth.

Although the State of Nevada spreads over a vast territory, it is no larger, so far as population goes, than many medium-sized cities elsewhere. It was not surprising, therefore, that a horrible crime like Jones' became in the Silver State a matter of neighborhood, almost family, importance.

Even the stranger who had taken refuge in the tin shack among the willows on the banks of the Humboldt had a special claim on the community's sympathy, because he had been old and crippled, and had been shot by the murderer apparently in a fit of rage and without even the excuse of self-defense. As for the other three victims, the cattle ranchers into whose helpless tied-up bodies Luther Jones had poured his bullets, two were prominent residents of the western part of the state, and one was a respected and highly esteemed resident of Elko itself.

IN the circumstances, many a sturdy Nevadan was strongly tempted to take the punishment of Luther Jones into his own hands. In fact, the lynching party had already been recruited and the jail was about to be stormed, when Frank Arrascada, the hero of the story, made his entrance on the side of law and order.

To this leading citizen of Elko, the murders by the river bank had brought much more than the common lot of sorrow, for the Elko ranchman who had been so brutally slaughtered was Frank Arrascada's much loved brother, Manuel.

Frank Arrascada had not had the advantages Luther Jones had had of an American bringing-up in a solid middle-class American home. He had not been educated, as Luther Jones had been, in that free public-school system, which is supposed to be one of America's greatest contributions to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Frank Arrascada was a Basque.

Now, the Basque country is that tiny triangular province—or, rather, triangular trio of tiny provinces—in the northeastern section of Spain known to us chiefly for its picturesque seaport, Bilbao. Arrascada was, therefore, a descendant of the fighting Vascons whom the ancient Romans, with all their vaunted legions, were never able to conquer. The Arrascadas, like many another Basque family, could trace their ancestry straight back to those indomitable foes of the Roman invaders.

Frank Arrascada had come to America, many years before the outrages committed by Luther Jones, to escape from that state of subjection in which his proud race had been forced to live ever since Don Carlos' defeat in the time of Queen Isabella. From the Bay of Biscay to the Great Salt Lake is a long trip to take in search of freedom and security, but in Frank Arrascada's case it was no chance journey, for the immigrant boy knew that at its ending he would find friends, Basque friends.

How Elko-on-Humboldt, in the Far Western State of Nevada, had happened to become the "Basque capital of America" is a mystery. But it had—and after his arrival there Frank Arrascada not only rose in the esteem of his many fellow Basques who had preceded him, but so won the respect of the entire community that, by the time of Luther Jones' murderous foray, he had achieved both dignity and substance as proprietor of the city's Star Hotel.

It was natural, therefore, that the Star Hotel should be the gathering place of those enraged citizens who were bent upon lynching Manuel Arrascada's murderer. It would have been natural, considering the fighting traditions of his ancestors, if Frank Arrascada had been found in the front rank of these would-be avengers of his brother's death. The Basques are an articulate, even an oratorical people. In this gathering, eloquent exhorters and inciters were not lacking. The walls of Frank Arrascada's Star Hotel rang with their appeals and with the applause of their listeners. But Arrascada himself was not among them.

He, too, on occasion, could be extremely articulate, though not as a spellbinder. It was his native gift of speaking clearly, crisply, concisely, convincingly which he now used to stay the hands of his friends and countrymen.

"Men," he said quietly, when the last ugly threat had been made, the last fiery epithet hurled, "I have heard your plans for avenging the murder of my brother. I appreciate your loyalty to him and to me. But let me tell you this: We are not in Spain; we are in the United States. The laws of this country say that it is wrong to lynch a man, and we are taught that we must respect the law."

HE stopped just long enough for these words to sink in, then resumed as quietly as before.

"I am an American citizen. America has been good to me. I intend to keep the oath I took when I became an American citizen. Do not do this thing. Let the law take its course, and I will be satisfied. Go now."

They went. There was no lynching. The law took its course. The record of the citizens of Elko was not stained with the blood of a mob murder.

To this day Arrascada refuses to admit that he did anything that any other right-minded man would not have done. But there are those in Elko who do not agree with that modest estimate of his performance.

"I believe," says D. A. Castle, who at the time was Elko County's district attorney, "that a man who refuses to permit a mob to lynch the murderer of his own brother because of his belief in the United States and his oath of citizenship displayed a valor in citizenship which has seldom been equaled."

To which some hundred million native-born American citizens may well say "Amen!"

As for the scoundrel Jones, he did not give up without a struggle. At his trial, which began at Elko on November 16, 1936, he repudiated the confession which he had made to the G-men and the local authorities, and placed on the shoulders of District Attorney Castle the burden of proving a crime to which there were no witnesses. That the district attorney succeeded was a tribute not only to his own ability but to the splendid co-operation between local and state and federal authorities, which existed from the inception of this case, and which speaks for itself in the F. B. I. record, already quoted. After Jones' arrest, this friendly co-operation continued; and it was fortunate that this was so, for without it there would have been no conviction, and Luther Jones—confessed thief, forger, kidnaper, and murderer of four—would have been turned loose once more to work his havoc on an unsuspecting community.

SAYS the official report on this case in the G-men's files: "A special agent, accompanied by deputy sheriffs, located the tin shack described by Jones at approximately 6.15 P. M. on October 17, 1936, and in it were found the bodies of the four murdered men. Seven bullets were removed from the body of one of the victims, two from the body of another, and one from the roof of the cabin; and these, together with the .22-caliber revolver bearing serial No. 575962, were forwarded to the Technical Laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"Eight of the ten evidence bullets were identified as having been fired from the revolver which had been obtained from the possession of Jones. The two remaining bullets were in such a mutilated condition that it was impossible to determine definitely whether or not they had been fired from this revolver. A firearms expert of the Federal Bureau of Investigation testified at the trial. . . . The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to suffer the death penalty."

Says Mr. Castle: "Captain Baughman of the F. B. I. in Washington flew here to testify as to the identification of the revolver and bullets fired from it, and P. S. Bailey, Jr., now stationed in Alabama with the F. B. I., assisted me in the case from the start, as he was in Elko, Nevada, when the crime occurred."

It is such meritorious conduct in the field of law enforcement which justifies the kind of faith that Frank Arrascada had in the laws of his adopted country — which should inspire each and every one of us to become candidates for the Liberty Gold Medal Award!

THE END

WIFE TROUBLE

Here's Enoch Arden again—and Miss Dunne and Mr. Grant in a lively marriage tangle

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ MY FAVORITE WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Ann Shoemaker, Scotty Beckett, Mary Lou Harrington, Donald MacBride, Hugh O'Connell, Granville Bates, Pedro de Cordoba. Story by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Garson Kanin. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS tries hard to achieve the zest and sparkle of The Awful Truth, brings Irene Dunne and Cary Grant together again, but somehow the comedy doesn't quite come off.

Here is a streamlined version of Enoch Arden, for you have Nick Arden just getting married to wife No. 2 and starting off on a honeymoon trip. Then, after being shipwrecked for seven years on a South Sea isle, suddenly appears wife No. 1, a handsome well tanned lady explorer. What is Nick Arden to do?

There you have the story: two attractive wives maneuvering for sole possession of their mutual spouse.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Typhoon puts Dorothy Lamour into her most fetching costume. Robert Preston provides the romantic interest.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Lightning, it develops, does strike twice in the same place.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, rather, in the same face.

★ ★ ★ ★

But perhaps you haven't yet seen Vivien Leigh in "Waterloo Bridge"? Poor you.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is to say that the star of GWTW is equally as great a star in this picturization of Robert Sherwood's play.

★ ★ ★ ★

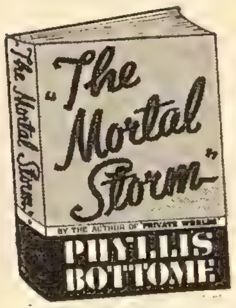
This is Miss Leigh's first picture since her first picture.

Co-starring with Robert Taylor (excellent!), Vivien has been directed by the eminent Mervyn LeRoy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Speaking of Waterloo, which may be just around the corner for a certain road-company Napoleon, there is the coming powerful stop-look-and-listen production of "The Mortal Storm".

★ ★ ★



Those who have seen the picturization of the Phyllis Bottome best-seller declare that it will be known as The Immortal Storm.

★ ★ ★

The tremulous-voiced Margaret Sullavan and the candid-camera personality, James Stewart, assure exciting performances. And the direction of Frank Borzage is the guarantee.

★ ★ ★ ★

For those of you who are living for romance, M-G-M presents Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who romance for a living.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be "New Moon" struck when you hear them sing "Lover Come Back to Me."

★ ★ ★ ★

Which reminds us that we overheard one of our fans coming out of a theatre that—by a curious coincidence—wasn't playing an M-G-M picture.

★ ★ ★

He was singing to himself.

★ ★ ★

The song?

★ ★ ★

"Leo, Come Back to Me."

★ ★ ★

Modestly—

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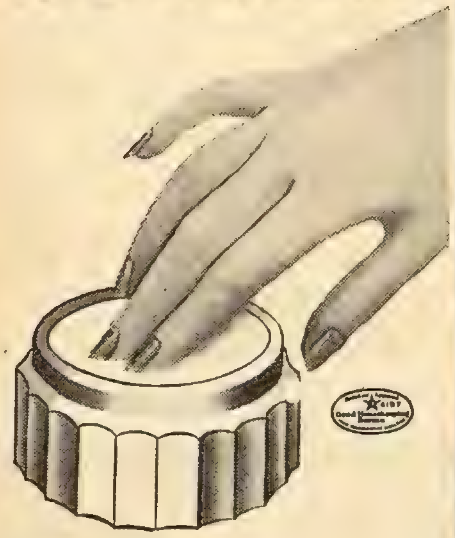

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THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!

Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard and cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues."

Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years Pinkham's has helped thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need."

Pinkham's Compound positively contains no opiates or habit forming ingredients—it is made from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs *each* with its own *special* work to do. *Try it!*

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

Miss Dunne is the feminine explorer, Mr. Grant is the accidental bigamist, Gail Patrick is the annoyed wife No. 2, and Randolph Scott is the stalwart shipwrecked vegetarian who has shared No. 1's desert paradise with a careful observance of all the moral standards.

It's all pleasantly confused sophistication, bedroom farce brightly played. Yet you'll find it pulling hard for chuckles at times.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pals for years, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott have played together only once before, back in 1931, with Nancy Carroll in a celluloid item called Hot Saturday. . . . Gail Patrick is the wife of Bob Cobb, who controls the famous Brown Derby restaurants. . . . Interiors of the Arden home were designed by Charles Kirk. It was quite a step up the social scale for Kirk, who last did the migratory worker tin-can camps for The Grapes of Wrath at Twentieth Century-Fox. Kirk also laid out the hotel on a big set. The mountain cabin and the towering pines and rugged rocks were built on two big RKO stages which could be opened into each other.

★ ★½ I WAS AN ADVENTURESS

THE PLAYERS: Zorina, Richard Greene, Erich von Stroheim, Peter Lorre, Sig Rumann, Fritz Feld, Cora Witherspoon, Anthony Kemble Cooper, Paul Porcasi, Inez Palange, Egon Brecher, Roger Imhoff, Rolfe Sedan, Eddie Conrad, Fortunio Bonanova. Screen play by Karl Tunberg, Don Ettlinger, and John O'Hara, based on an original production by Gregor Rabinovitsch, written by Jacques Companeez, Herbert Juttke, Hans Jacoby, and Michel Duran. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 80 minutes.

CONTINENTAL jewel thieves tour the pleasant spots in the good old between-war days, fleecing susceptible males. Master mind André Desormeaux uses an attractive ballet dancer as a come-on, is aided by his light-fingered stooge Polo. The three clean up until the lovely Tanya loses her heart to a prospective victim, a handsome rich young Parisian named Paul Vernay. Tanya, alas, marries Paul without telling her past, and in no time her happiness hangs in the balance, as the dissolute André arrives on the scene, blackmail bent.

There is nothing ingenious or new about the story or remotely smart about the dialogue, although the fable is brightly played and lavishly staged. Actually Erich von Stroheim, on his return to American films, steals the picture as the swindler Svengali. Zorina is a fair enough actress, lovely when she dances. And Peter Lorre is amusing as the grinning dumb pickpocket accomplice.

VITAL STATISTICS: This marks Erich von Stroheim's return to Hollywood after three years abroad, distinguished by interesting appearances in French films. Four years ago Liberty found Von hidden away at Metro, working on scripts. Only a few years before he had been tops among directors but he had been the victim of bad publicity. Von had been sold to America as a director of costly films—and Hollywood believed its own yarns. So, in days of economy, the man who made Greed and other distinguished ventures of their day was relegated to a small room among the lesser writers. Liberty's story led to offers from Paris and the "man you love to hate" went to France. There he did a neat comeback. . . . Zorina is Norwegian. Name was Eva Brigitta Hartwig. Was ballerina with the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, danced on the stage in I Married an Angel, appeared in films in Sam Goldwyn's Follies and the Warners' On Your Toes. She is married to the ballet master, George Balanchine. . . . Screen kisses are coming back. Here Greene and Zorina exchange thirty-three of 'em, from pecks to fervid. . . . Peter Lorre is tired of horror roles. "Beginning to be afraid of myself," says he, with an appropriate shudder.

★ ★ TYPHOON

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, Lynne Overman, J. Carrol Naish, Chief Thundercloud, Frank Reicher, John Rogers, Paul Harvey, Norma Gene Nelson, Jack Carson, Al Kikume, Angelo Cruz. Screen play by Allen Rivkin, based on a story by Steve Fisher. Directed by Louis King. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 70 minutes.

HERE you have Dorothy Lamour as a decorative castaway who has grown up on an island that is uninhabited save for a kindly chimpanzee. The two dwell in a neat tree penthouse until derelict Johnny Potter, trying to forget himself in liquor, drifts in. It's all idyllic as love dawns on the atoll. Johnny finds himself and Lamour sings a ditty called Palms of Paradise. Somehow, not explained, she has acquired education, an adult vocabulary, lipsticks, and a theme song.

But that's only half of it. There's a slangy gent from Broadway who plays about, pearl hunting in an old submarine and who is pursued by a Polynesian chieftain and his cutthroat crew. Chief Kehi sets the jungle afire, to smoke out the whites, along comes a timely typhoon, and lots of things happen.

A simple escapist yarn this, unconsciously funny at times.

VITAL STATISTICS: They've been calling Dottie Lamour's garb a sarong. That's all wrong. A sarong comes below the knees, a lava-lava doesn't. Or do you notice items like that? . . . Koko is a real lady chimp named Chippy. Born in Belgian Congo seven years ago. Chippy playfully slapped Dottie Lamour down once—and hard. . . . Robert Preston, when just out of high school, got a job in a Shakespearean company headed by Patia Power, Tyrone's mama. Bob did Julius Caesar in Coast towns—and lived to tell it.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

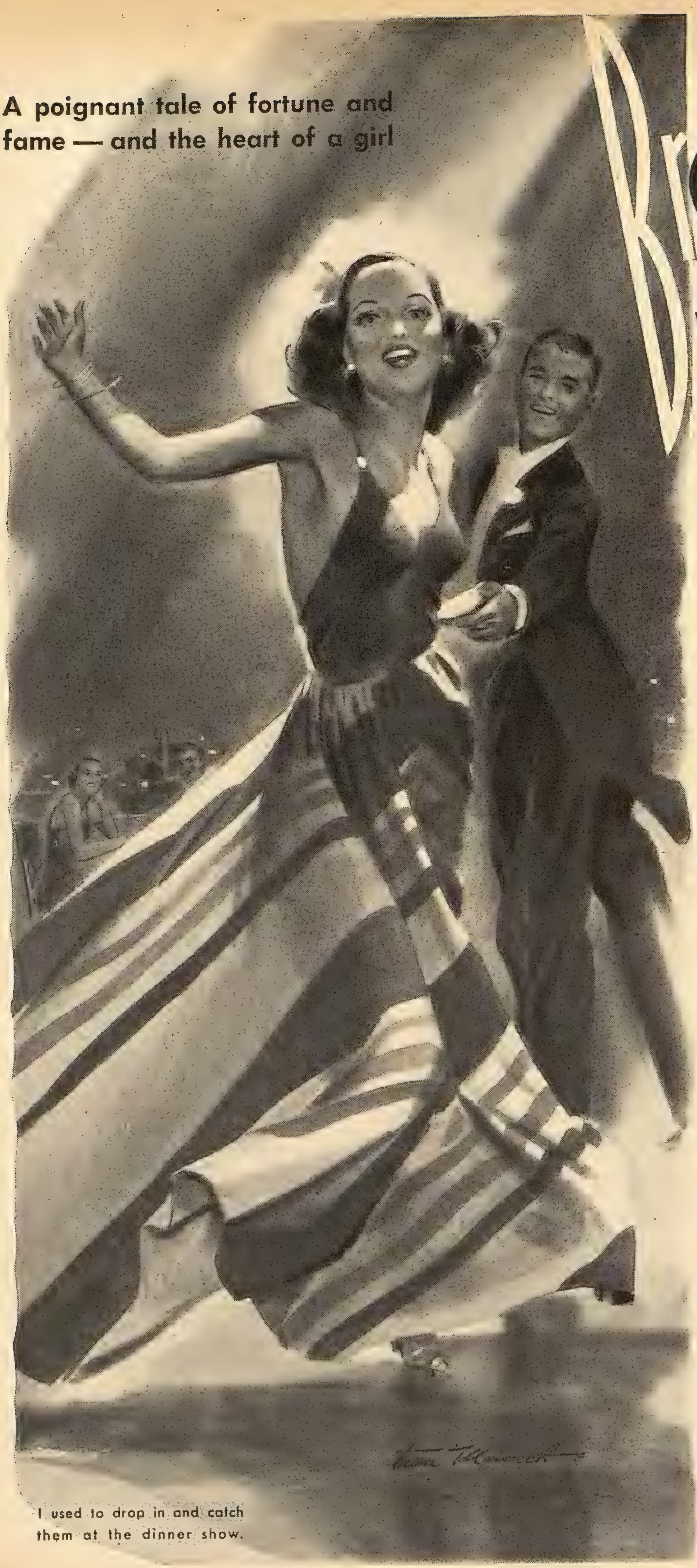
★★★★—The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love.

★★★—The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong.

A poignant tale of fortune and fame — and the heart of a girl

Broadway Business



I used to drop in and catch them at the dinner show.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

SOME newspaperman once said to me, "Tip, you've been on Broadway longer than any other regular. You must have tales to tell."

Sure I have. But whenever I try to think about stories I can only remember people. Since the day we opened the Parnasse, almost twenty years ago, I've met and known practically every man and girl of note on Broadway.

As front man for the Nelson chain of night spots and cafés, I was always being pestered by agents and artists looking for a run in one of our places.

It was in my office in the Garden Building, which houses the Parnasse and the Dell, that I first met Eddie Drune. He came in one afternoon, a lean, eager youngster with bright dark eyes, a shock of yellow hair, and a burning belief in himself.

When I looked at him over my cigar he said, "I've got something, Mr. Noakes. I've got the partner I've been looking for ever since I came to town. Will you give us a trial?"

There wasn't any reason why I shouldn't. We were always looking for cheap talent for the smaller places. The customers expected a change every couple of weeks.

I said, "O. K. I'll be at the Cellar Club tomorrow afternoon, around four."

BY ALEC RACKOWE

It was well after four when I got there. There was a guy at the piano beating out a tune. On the polished hardwood strips Eddie Drune was going through a routine with a girl.

They didn't see me, and I stood in the shadows, watching. Eddie had on a pair of slacks, an undershirt, and pumps. The girl wore shorts and a cotton blouse. They both were dripping wet. The girl looked all in, but time and again Eddie would stop and say, "You forgot the business that time, Clare. The step is O. K., but you forgot the business. You're not dancing for the fun of it. You're dancing to make an impression on the customers. They think you're a cute trick—with cute ways. So you've got to play up the business. Now let's have it again."

As they whirled about the floor I got a good look at Clare Colvin. She had glorious red hair and dark blue eyes. She wasn't tall, but she was full-bosomed, small-waisted, and her legs were everything any one could ask. She had something, even though I didn't know what—because you can't put your finger on just what it is that makes one pretty girl register where another doesn't.

SHE didn't say anything while Eddie was speaking. She stood and looked at him, taking deep breaths. Eddie saw me and came over. "Hello, Mr. Noakes. Want to see the routines in costume—or should we just go ahead?"

I lighted a cigar and sat down, "Go ahead," I said.

Clare looked at me, and I saw that her long lashes were real and that the color in her cheeks was her own.

They went into a waltz. It wasn't bad. Good enough for what I wanted. I booked them at one fifty per for three weeks. Which isn't much, even without an agent taking a cut. It was a break for them, because before the three weeks were up an agent booked them into Detroit. I didn't see them for almost six months, when I hired them for the Red Mill—a dinner place.

Their dancing was still nothing to go wild over. It was the kids that interested me much more than their work. I used to drop into the Mill and catch them at the dinner show and have them sit with me later.

I'd say that Eddie was about twenty-three then and Clare maybe nineteen. She was in love with Eddie. I could see it in the way she looked at him; the way the corners of her mouth drew down when he was laying down the law. And that was something Eddie was always doing. He had what he called his credo—the things he believed in. His light brows had a way of jumping as he spoke. "This Broadway stuff is business," he said one evening. "There's no room for sentiment in it. If you're going to get anywhere you've got to give it everything. You can't let anything interfere."

I looked at Clare. Her lashes were over her blue eyes. I asked, "Anything?"

Eddie's jaw hardened. "Anything," he repeated. He beat on the table with his clenched fist. "Look, Mr. Noakes, more people have been ruined on Broadway by sentiment than by anything else."

He must have seen by my stare that I didn't quite get him, because he went on, "You take us. You take me and Clare. We're a team, aren't we? Drune and Colvin. Together we're worth something. Apart we mightn't be worth anything. But it's fatal to think of us only as a team. We're individuals. We've got to think of ourselves that way. If something comes up—an opportunity—we're not going to let sentiment—or habit—or just thinking of ourselves as a team stand in the way. If I got an offer that gave me an opportunity to go ahead, I'd take it in a moment. Even if it meant that Clare was left out in the cold."

I inspected my cigar. "And what if Clare got the offer?"

"Then she'd take it."

Clare spoke up. She had a husky voice, with little lifts in it. "I wouldn't. I wouldn't ever, Eddie."

"Oh, yes, you would," Eddie told her. "Otherwise you'd be like a thousand other misfits in the game. It's your duty to make the most of yourself and let the other guy hew his own path. You'd take an offer if you got one. I'd beat your ears off if you didn't."

He sat there looking across the table with those bright dark eyes and somehow I knew that Eddie believed deeply in what he was saying—and somehow, too, I realized that Clare wasn't the only one in love.

They did the Catskill Borsch Circuit that summer. They went to Chicago and then had a bad spot in Havana. I was always getting cards from them—or wires. It wasn't a great surprise when I got a wire from Miami saying that they were married.

EDDIE told me about it when they came into New York that spring. He looked just the same. Lean and faintly bewildered and full of energy. His dark eyes met mine momentarily when I congratulated him. "She's a swell girl," he said. "I like her fine. Going around the way we do—you know. People think that everything's understood between a girl and a fellow that work together. And Clare's not that sort."

"Which is the reason you married her."

"No," Eddie said. "I married her because I'm used to her. Because I can't imagine not being with her. Because—well—because I love the kid, I guess."

"And so your credo goes up the spout?"

Eddie's brows jumped. He shook his head. "You're wrong, Tip. We'll never let sentiment interfere. Broadway is our career. It comes first. I meant everything I've ever said on the subject."

"Does it?" I asked. I was thinking of the implications his statement carried and wondering if he had thought of them as well. When I saw the way his lips tightened I realized he had. "Yes," Eddie said, "we're going places, and nothing will stand in our way. Nothing."

Funny, but as it turned out, I became the means of putting Eddie's theories to the test.

I was in the Parnasse one night when Kelman Vance of Majestic Pictures was moaning about the spot he was in. A short, bald, terribly well dressed little man. "I've tested a dozen," he told me. "I've looked over a thousand. And still the Coast keeps yelling at me."

Zeno Blake's music was so soft that I didn't have to scream. "What do they want?"

Kell shook his head. "A new support for George Starling. The customers are nuts about his dancing, but they get tired of seeing him with Mona Lee in the same story. They want him dancing—which means the story has to be the same. So in order to get a change— You catch?"

"A new heroine."

"Exactly. A gal who is different from Mona in every way. A gal with fresh beauty—and one who can dance—if not as good as Mona—well, half as good. I ask you, shouldn't I be sick?"

I wasn't listening to him by then. I was looking at the swell crowd dancing in the grand old room and feeling a queer sort of calm descend on me. I've felt like that several times in my life; felt that it was fated I should speak. I said, "Kell, finish your drink. There's a dance team at the Red Mill I want you to see."

We got to the Mill as Eddie and Clare were doing their second number, an eccentric fox trot. When they swept off the floor, Kell asked, "Is she as pretty as that?"

"Every bit," I said, and Kell nodded.

"Have them join us, will you, Tip?"

When they came Kell didn't waste any time. I introduced him and mentioned who he was, and Kell said, "Look. Could you find time for a screen test?"

I saw the way Eddie's face lighted, and Clare's hand reached for Eddie's.

"We'd like to," Eddie said in his thin vibrant voice.

I expected Kell to say that it was Clare he meant, and then I realized that he had to have some one to dance with Clare—and that he wasn't going to say anything more. It was just business to Kell. He had to test a likely prospect, but it was up to Hollywood to decide. Once the test was canned, it was out of Kell's hands. And so there were Eddie and Clare all excited—not knowing that right from the beginning Eddie was out of the picture.

AS I had fatalistically known, Clare came through. Kell told me first, and so I wasn't surprised when I dropped in at the Mill to find Eddie somewhat quieter than usual as they came to my table. Clare had been crying.

Eddie said, "They've offered Clare a contract. With options way out to there—" And he gestured.

"That's fine," I said. I looked at Clare. She took a deep breath.

"I'm not going," she said.

Eddie didn't raise his voice. "We've been all over that. It's your big opportunity. You're going."

"Not without you," Clare said.

Eddie said slowly, "Yes, you will. We'd never get much further as a dance team. I've been hoping for something like this. If it was me, I'd take the chance in a jiffy. You're going to do the same. I'll get my break. It's in the cards. You're going, honey."

And Clare went. I consoled him by telling him that they'd probably not pick up her option. Eddie only said, "They're screwy if they don't. She's got what it takes."

I saw more of Eddie when Clare was gone than ever before. He could talk about her to me. I knew he couldn't walk ten steps on Broadway without being reminded of her. This drugstore where they stopped in for their morning coffee. The one where Clare bought the new face powder. The hole in the wall where Eddie picked up the English tie that Clare liked so much.

He hadn't got himself a new partner. When I asked him about it, he shook his head. "There's nothing in dancing for me, Tip. Even with Clare we'd got as far as we could go. No. I've got other ideas."

He was working now and then. He didn't say much about that and I didn't ask him. He brought me Clare's letters. She wasn't too happy out there, but you can understand that, being only human, Eddie didn't feel too bad about that. She sent Eddie a money order every week. His half of her salary check. Eddie showed me the first one. He said, "It's just like her, isn't it, Tip? I'm banking it for her. I wouldn't touch it—but it'd make her feel bad if I said so."

"I know," I said. And I did. I knew just how it made Eddie feel to have Clare sending him money. I guess that's what I liked most about Eddie—the way he looked at things; the way he stuck to what he believed.

CLARE got her first small part in a picture, and when it hit Broadway Eddie took me to see it. She was only in a couple of scenes, but she showed swell in both. Eddie was delighted. His elbow hit my ribs as he whispered, "The little monkey! Did you see that piece of business? She hasn't forgotten what I taught her. She's good."

She was—but what struck me was the way she photographed. She looked to be no more than seventeen—and amazingly appealing. I left Eddie there. He told me later he sat through three shows. So he could write and criticize, he said, but he wasn't fooling me.

Kelman Vance gave me the Coast lowdown. He said, "That Colvin kid has been getting bags of fan mail. They're going to rush her into the next Starling picture. The build-up's beginning."

He was pleased. I said, "What about Eddie? Didn't anything come of his tests?"

Kell shook his head. "Photographs lousy. Got no looks."

Eddie himself told me about Clare's break. He said, "Now I can work for my own chance. I got a booking over in Jersey."

"Single?"

Eddie nodded. "Sure. I can work better that way."

He wasn't around when the build-up started. Majestic's press staff was going to town on Clare. They were giving her the young-and-girlish line. As if she were just in from the farm or the finishing school. Not a word about Drune and Colvin. Nothing at all about her being married.

All the while they were filming the new picture the plug was in. I knew it was a first-class push when the advertising for the picture started. They billed her as "Majestic's Discovery. America's New Sweetheart." And the news stories were all slanted the same way: the "Keep it clean" line.

Eddie got back to New York just before the "World Première." They'd booked the Globe for a prestige run for Down Buenos Way, and the Starlings and Clare were flying in from the Coast to attend.

I knew what that meant, and when I saw Eddie I knew he did, too. He looked a trifle drawn. As full of energy as ever, but sometimes I'd catch a new expression in his eyes. A sort of haunting wonder. A little glimmer of doubt.

He said, "It will be swell to see the kid, Tip."

I nodded. "It's going to be pretty hectic, Eddie. Just two days in New York. One of those studio-arranged things. You know how they put on the blast."

"Oh, sure. Everything but a circus parade." Eddie grinned but it was pretty wobbly. Then he drew a deep breath. "The kid's arrived, Tip."

It was even worse than I had expected. We went over to Newark, but we couldn't get near the special plane. The papers had blazoned the trip and there was a mob that needed fifty cops to keep in hand. Flashlights glared and they rushed the party off in well guarded cars. We didn't get close enough to wave.

They'd booked at the Waldorf. The lobby was jammed with curious people. We got up to see Clare, but this was Majestic's party. Clare put her hands in Eddie's, and in a moment some biggie had rushed over and

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dragged her away. And she was different. I guess it was only the make-up—the way they'd changed her hair-do and the slant of her brows. But she was different. Beautifully clothed and the center of all this fuss and furor. How could it help but have an effect on Eddie?

The pay-off came the next night. After the première. Eddie and I were there. But not with the official party that the cameramen dogged and the fans fought to get close to. We sat somewhere in back, looking at Clare on the screen as she danced herself into fame, and catching a glimpse of her head down front.

Eddie didn't say anything until the picture was finished. Then he nodded. "I'll say she's there," he said, and there was a wistful note in his voice that made me want to put my arm around his shoulders.

It was Clare who had insisted that the after-picture party be given at the Parnasse. I suspected that, even if Majestic's press department tried to get it on the ice because of the publicity it would bring me. We sat at the big table with Clare and the Starlings, who were pretty swell people, and biggies by the handful. But Clare was some distance from me and Eddie. They were taking pictures all the time. And the rotten luck of it was that just as Clare got up to dance with Eddie they came over to take another flash of her with some society people. One of the Majestic staff touched Eddie's arm and said, "Step back, will you, feller?" He didn't look at him, but as Eddie stood there, startled, the Majestic guy gave him a push. "Move back, will you? We want to grab this still."

AND Eddie did move back. He walked slowly away. When I got to the bar, which is where most guys would have gone, he had disappeared. Gus said he'd gone up to Broadway. I looked into a couple of places, but there was no sign of him. When I got back to the Parnasse, Clare and the Starlings had been whipped off to some private party on Park Avenue.

They left the next day. Clare called me twice, but I wasn't in. I was trying to find Eddie. He hadn't gone back to his hotel at all.

I'm a pretty busy guy. When a week or two had passed I almost forgot about Eddie. It was Clare's letter that made me sit up. She wrote that she hadn't seen him before she left and hadn't heard from him once since she'd got back. Wouldn't I please see that Eddie was all right and let her know?

The letter was at the Parnasse when I got there that evening. After I'd read it, I sat looking down into Broadway. I felt sorry, but there was nothing I could do. I'd seen it happen so often. Take two people and set them three thousand miles apart. Put one away up and the other away down, and what have you got? If you weren't a chump you could read the handwriting on the wall.

So what? Knowing Eddie, I could understand that he would cut loose. That he'd never hang on, moaning his blues far and wide. As for Clare, I believed she couldn't help but change. When you've been on Broadway as long as I have, you expect such things to happen. I wrote and told her Eddie was out of town—working. That's all I said. I didn't get any reply.

It was four months later that Eddie turned up in my office. He looked older, quieter. He didn't apologize. He said, "Hello, Tip." When I demanded, "Where you been, lug?" he just said, "Working."

I said, "Come on down and have a drink." But Eddie shook his head.

"I can't. I've got to work tonight." His dark eyes met mine. "Tip, will you catch my act? I don't know—maybe I got something. I trust your opinion."

I could have hugged the kid. It made me feel all warm. Not what he'd said about me—but that he'd been working. That he hadn't been moping and moaning—but working. Because that was how I'd always known Eddie was. I said, "Sure. Right now."

It was a place over in Hudson County. Not a bad spot. I'd never heard of it, but it had a regular floor show.

Eddie was a sort of master of ceremonies. But more than just that. He had a genius for the right touch in a low spot. A line of patter that I knew wasn't brained from a script but that came natural, and a touch of malice in his heckling that brought the laughs. He was on the go all the time; now sitting down at the piano to give out an almost spoken song that was bitingly apropos, or going into a solo caricature of a dance that left me breathless.

I told him what I thought before I went back to New York. "You've got something, Eddie."

Eddie crushed his cigarette. He looked up and grinned wryly. "Now all I need is a break for myself."

I knew what he was thinking. I started to say something, but Eddie shook his head. "I'm on my own, Tip. The kid is big-time now. It's what I told her to do—to take the opportunity. I'd have done it. That's the only way. There's no room for sentiment. Only a sucker lets that sway him." He got up, and I knew better than to say anything more. I wrote finis to the love story of Eddie Drune and Clare Colvin.

EDDIE had something all right, but what to do with it was the question. I sent a couple of agents I knew to catch him; got word to a couple of big café men who ran floor shows. The report came back the same way: Swell—but who ever heard of Eddie Drune? He wasn't a name— and the big places wanted names. They wanted draws—not just talent. It looked as though Eddie was destined to spend his career in the sticks. Moving from one small place to another.

And in the meantime you couldn't pass a newsstand without seeing Clare's name under her face on a magazine cover. The news columns were coupling her with this juvenile and that socialite. Regular Hollywood stuff. It made me grin sourly.

I didn't see Eddie after he left the Jersey spot. He was working down near Washington at a roadhouse, the last I heard. And that was how it remained until the morning my phone rang at the hotel, and when I answered grumpily, a husky voice said, "Mr. Noakes, this is Clare Colvin. Can I see you?"

It just goes to show you what publicity is. Without the big push Clare had come into New York and no one knew it. I told her to come up, and got into a dressing gown.

SHE was lovelier than ever in a powder-gray suit trimmed with fur and a tiny furred hat on her red hair. Her blue eyes met mine. She said, "We finished the picture yesterday. I came as soon as I could. Where's Eddie, Mr. Noakes?"

When she came into the room I'd been indifferent, even badly disposed toward her; but the moment she spoke I knew I'd been wrong. I knew that here was something rare—something that even success couldn't destroy—and success is harder to lick than tough breaks. Here was a girl who hadn't changed, no matter how much circumstances had shifted. Clare still loved Eddie.

She listened intently while I told her everything I knew. Her cheeks were wet when I finished but she raised her head and smiled. "I knew he'd be working," she said huskily. "I'd have dropped everything and come back, only I knew he wouldn't stand for that. He made me go and he'd make me stay—no matter what happens to him. That's the way Eddie is."

I nodded. I couldn't see any way out. Clare was thinking that too, for she said, "I love Eddie, Mr. Noakes. I don't want to lose him, but he won't let me abandon what I've attained, and if he can't get up to where I am—" She didn't finish. She went on, "He is clever, isn't he?"

"Tops," I said definitely. "Only, he hasn't had the breaks. He's ripe for the big time, but he needs a break to get him in. He just doesn't mean anything to Broadway."

"Maybe if I announced—" Clare began, but I shook my head.

"Breaking the news that you are married—that Eddie is your husband—wouldn't help him much. They'd talk about you—not about Eddie."

"But it's publicity he needs, isn't it? Just to have people aware of him, to know his name."

"Pretty much that," I admitted, and Clare nodded and was silent.

I saw her two days later. She came up to the office. She sat, lovely and fragrant, in one of my old chairs and said, "Mr. Noakes, I'm divorcing Eddie."

I almost lost my cigar. I swung around and stared at her, open-mouthed. But one look at that sweet clear young face was enough. I said, "No. You can't do that, honey," I protested.

"I can," Clare said. Her chin was firm. "I've arranged to announce it here. I'll go back and file on the Coast. By the time it comes to court the whole country will know about Eddie. Know who he is and what he does." Her lips quivered. "I've learned the power of publicity. It will work."

"Work," I said. "Sure. But, Clare—"

She got up. "It's the only way to give him his chance. And he's got to have it." She put her hand in mine. Her eyes were soft. "Only—don't tell him why I'm doing it. He'd never stand for it. Promise me that."

The papers blazoned the news the next afternoon. I don't know who did the staff work but it was a grand job and the papers went for it. Clare left for the Coast and the stories came floating back from every stop—from Chicago and Kansas City, from Albuquerque, and then, with a big burst, from Los Angeles. By the end of the week the whole country was talking about Eddie Drune—who had been married for ages to Clare Colvin whom every one had thought just a young unmarried girl. Eddie—who was either a genius or a nut. Because Clare was making him out to be a man with a fixed idea. A man who was responsible for getting her where she was—but who was impossible to stand because he lived and breathed only one thing: work. It was a swell build-up—even if it didn't put Clare into too good a light. It made her out to be pretty ungrateful. But I didn't realize just how much she had done until I met Kelman Vance. Kell cursed heartily. "These dumb queens. So she's married? So what? She didn't have to work at it. Majestic builds her up as the sweet young thing. And she blows it all and herself with it."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

KELL finished his drink and banged down the glass. "Her contract carried the no-bad-publicity clause. The chief is so burned up he's canceled her. She's out." He said some more things, but I was thinking of Clare and what she'd done—knowingly.

But Eddie Drune was on every one's tongue. Sure, some laughed, and others made wisecracks about Clare, but the point is every one talked about them. It was early October and Broadway coming to full life. Stacy Green had taken over the Casa Mañana. He needed names—draws. It didn't take much talking by one of the agents to sell him Eddie Drune on a week-to-week contract. People would come to see him out of curiosity, no matter how awful he was.

I didn't see Eddie before he opened. I didn't want to. But I knew what would happen. They came to stare at the slave driver that Clare Colvin was divorcing. They remained to chuckle as he wisecracked in that faintly bitter voice and sang his whiplash songs. Stacy Green fell over himself drawing up a new contract.

Then the Feldmans were bringing their new revue, Sticks and Stones, to the Music Box. Sam Feldman wanted Eddie to do his dances. But by a stroke of showmanship Sam decided to let Eddie just meander through the revue: coming on to comment, to sing a song, to let his biting wit flavor the whole thing. In two months he was the talk of the town. Oh, sure—he had what it takes—but without what Clare'd done he might just as well have gone on forever, without getting his chance.

WHEN I did see him it was in his dressing room. He was sitting facing his mirror and he got up and said, "Where you been, Tip? Why you been avoiding me?"

His dark eyes were still bright but his face was haggard. My promise to Clare meant nothing at all. I said, "You've got there, Eddie."

"Yeah." He gave me a twisted grin. "It don't mean quite so much as a fellow thinks before he arrives."

I said, "You've heard about Clare, haven't you? About her being washed up?"

Eddie's lips tightened at her name. "They're dumb. They can't keep her down. She's got everything—*everything.*"

"You don't know the half of it," I told him. "She's tops, Eddie. The grandest girl that ever walked."

His feverish eyes met mine. I said, "Why d'you think she divorced you? You don't think there's some other guy, do you? You don't think she's ever stopped loving you? You can't leave sentiment out, Eddie. You can't push love aside. You made Clare take the chance to go up. But you don't think she'd stay there without you—without doing everything and anything to bring you up as well?"

He turned and reached for his hat. I said, "Her plane gets here in an hour. She'll be at the hotel with me. Meet us there and we'll go to the Casa with you."

When I saw Clare, the light in her face told me everything. "They tore up the contract, Mr. Noakes," she said. "But now they're offering me much more—and they're only too glad to have me married to Eddie. Even on the Coast they're raving about him."

We were sitting in my living room when Eddie came. He hadn't stopped to take off his make-up. He stood looking at Clare. He said hoarsely, "You crazy kid! I told you I'd beat your ears off if you let anything interfere with business, didn't I?"

Clare said softly, "Yes, you did, Eddie."

He came across the room, pounding a fist into the palm of the other hand. And then his face worked and he dropped his hands and said, "Oh, honey, honey!"

I left them then, just as he fell to his knees and buried his face against her body. I couldn't see the door very well. Stories. Sure there are stories I could tell—but it's people that count. People like Clare Colvin and Eddie Drune.

THE END

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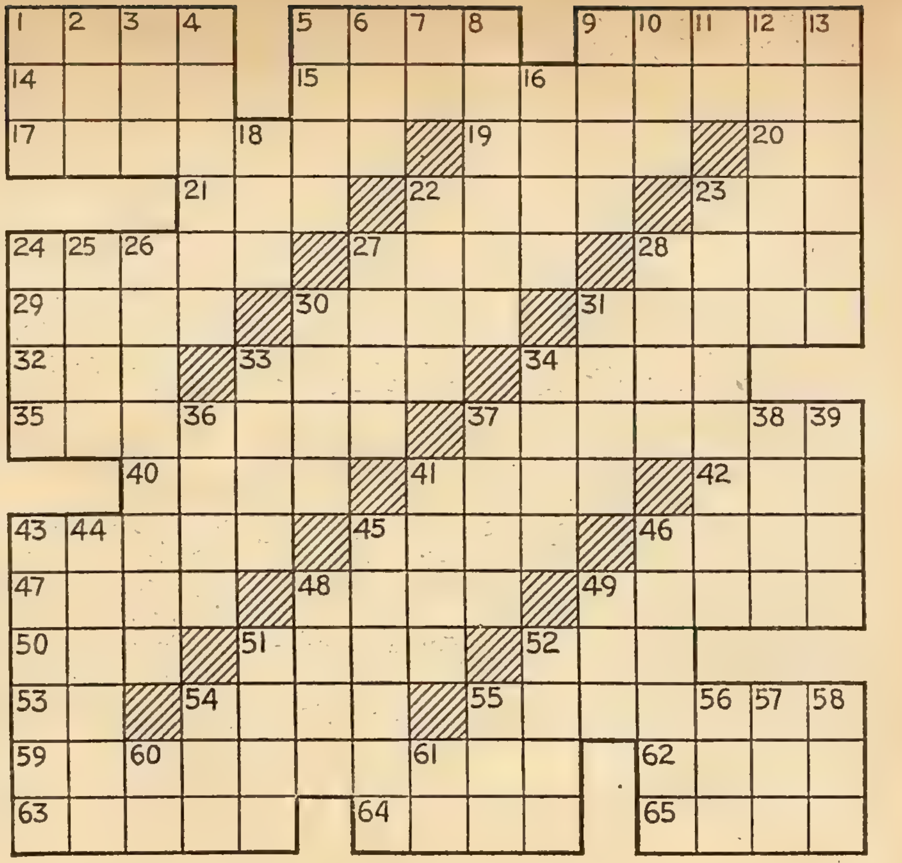
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

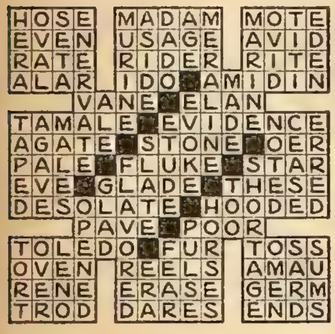
by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL
1 Iron cavalry
5 Rat nip
9 She makes strange bread, fellows!
14 First year, twelfth century
15 Dewey-eyed believer in defeatism—of F. D. R.
17 Landed unhappily
19 How socks, senators, and sirens come
20 Start of retreat
21 Court for money
22 Christmas pie extract
23 British reaction to a cold day at Narvik
24 Turkish delight
27 Twice two tonsils titillating tunefully
28 It made a lot of hops before landing in water
29 They were full of hops but finally downed
30 I wonder if Roosevelt is in this, too?
31 Gusty
32 Norway Escapes Allies! (abbr.)
33 Dopes who hit the ground with sticks, tear up real estate and lead a rough life
34 Four horse collars
35 Something rotten in Denmark (pl.)
37 Diamond dagger
40 What Mrs. Socialite never calls her meals
41 Cow food
42 Civil warrior
43 Heavenly hash
45 Guy's skoit
46 What they call a lot of Irishmen
47 Director of the Fresh Air Taxi Corp.
48 A snerd
49 Old-fashioned pie lifters
50 Round the towners (abbr.)
51 Curves
52 Talk like a woman
53 This is surprised
54 Scram, cream lapper!
55 Person having much trouble opening pocketbook when moment of reckoning arrives
59 It's only for this reason Hitler drops in on you
62 MI
63 Smacked
64 Sunny boys
65 Member of the tinny tribe

VERTICAL
1 Cause of shake-up in headquarters
2 Superiority Hitler claims
3 Noah's had the h—— knocked out of him here
4 Smacks in the mouth
5 Bush that made good
6 Color of violence
7 Alimony Payments (abbr.)
8 Chicken Little in her adolescent stage
9 French ex-cabinet maker
10 Would the world were this of hate
11 Cry of the awakening mind (inits.)
12 Famous American lawyer
13 Oomph
16 Sock exchange
18 What people like to hear about a factory
22 English filling stations
23 Goofiest place in New York City (so Manhattanites say)
24 What a fireman's suspenders do when they fall down
25 A sailor's luff
26 Rumble seats sit on them and so do you (abbr.)
27 $ dream gal$; $ocial bud$ (abbr.)
28 Spanish flower
30 Keeps asking you pay Bill
31 England fears U
33 The dope (pl.)
34 Bubble bauble
36 Number often called (if not selected)
37 Many have a great love of this
38 Never do this with your chin or ace
39 Twilight of the poets (pl.)
41 Stock lows
43 Do they get plastered!
44 Country love song
45 He ought to give cut rates
46 Pusillanimous panther
48 Hitler sure has the gift of this
49 Eatin' thigh
51 Product of green apples, when eaten
52 Tough bozos wot play around wid dolls
54 Private führer (abbr.)
55 This knows swat's swat
56 Dan McGrew's dame
57 It takes lots of time to make one,
58 Spanish flower (var. sp.)
60 X
61 Sunny boy (Egypt)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



HOSE MADAM MOTE
EVEN USAGE AVID
RATE RIDER RITE
ALAR IDO■AMIDIN
VANE■ELAN
TAMALE■EVIDENCE
AGATE■STONE■OER
PALE■FLUKE■STAR
EVE■GLADE■THESE
DESOLATE■HOODED
PAVE■POOR
TOLEDO■FUR TOSS
OVEN REELS AMAU
RENE ERASE GERM
TROD DARES ENDS

Last week's answer

SISTER CALLS ME CUPID!
ON ACCOUNT OF A WHILE AGO...
LOOKIT, SIS! WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND HANG ICICLES ON A GOOD GUY LIKE GEORGE FOR?
TOMMIE, CUPID HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST BAD BREATH!
COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...
I GOT THE DOPE ALL RIGHT, GEORGE--AND IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU GOTTA DO TO RATE WITH SIS IS SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH!
GEORGE SEES HIS DENTIST
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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The boy made good!—A buoyant look at the ups and downs of an accordion and a career

the private life of Jimmy Stewart

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

With Margaret Sullavan in The Shop Around the Corner.

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

IT is always darkest before dawn with Jimmy Stewart.

Within a few months of what seemed to him the end of his motion-picture career, he saw his magnificent Mr. Smith shake the walls of the United States Senate with ridiculous wrath and the rest of the country with approving mirth, and saw Destry ride again as Destry never rode before.

Moreover, he just missed getting what apparently everybody in the world except the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences believes he should have gotten—the Academy's annual award as the screen's best actor. But let no one mourn unduly over this mischance. It is universally agreed that Mr. Stewart will ride again—and to the victory which he so obviously deserves.

Five years before, Jimmy had sat up most of the night in a modest New York City café with his sister Ginny and his sister Doddie, waiting to read the next day's reviews of A Journey by Night, the play in which he had that evening appeared.

The reviews, when they came, were not exactly heartening. "Mr. Stewart, cast as a Viennese nobleman, wanders through the play like a befuddled tourist on the banks of the Danube." "James Stewart is about as Viennese as a hamburger."

The boy's morale was not notably bucked three evenings later, when A Journey by Night came to a full stop.

Once again, however, the dawn was just around the corner for Jimmy Stewart. Another three days passed. Then came a telegram from Bill "Square Deal" Grady, Metro casting director, offering Jimmy his first screen part, a small role in Murder Man. He clicked. He has never been idle since.

And if we look further back into the not too lengthy professional history of James Stewart, we find that if it had not been for this darkness-before-dawn aspect in his histrionic horoscope, he would probably never have gotten into show business at all.

Jimmy's father, Captain Alexander Stewart, who served in the Spanish-American and the World wars, ran and still runs the hardware store in the town of Indiana, Pennsylvania. Jim's grandfather ran one there, too, and on May 20, 1908, a prospective third-generation hardware man was born in the plump little person of Jimmy Stewart.

From his first waddling days baby Jim loved "the store." It contained so many wonderful things to make other things with. He was always putting this and this together to form that. And Captain Alec encouraged the builder in him.

Later, Jim, who was a mediocre student in most subjects, starred at Princeton, from which he was graduated in 1932, in the science of angles and strains, and emerged prepared to share top billing as an architect with Stanford White and Sir Christopher Wren. He also emerged into a world that hadn't built a house in three years and threatened not to build another in the next ten.

Joshua Logan, a former member of the Triangle Club, Princeton's dramatic society, who was running a summer theater at West Falmouth on Cape Cod, took pity on the boy. He needed a little hammering and sawing now and then to make last week's British country seat look like this week's Italian villa, and he figured that a Princeton graduate with a degree of Bachelor of Science should have about the right touch.

So Jimmy packed off to Old Silver Beach and began sawing for his supper. But Josh Logan was not only a good man, he was a just one. The other boys and girls in his care were working pretty hard seven days a week, what with saying "His Lordship waits without," trilling madrigals, and learning to hit topknot with the toe; whereas Jimmy's sawing and hammering were but the work of an odd forenoon.

"Can you do anything else to earn your keep?" inquired Joshua.

Jimmy smiled that ingratiating bashful smile which was destined to bash around the world.

"I can play the accordion," he ventured.

So Jimmy was put to playing the accordion in the tearoom that was run in connection with the Old Silver Beach Theater. He played from four to six every afternoon to the comely matrons from Falmouth and Sandwich and East and West Barnstable and other Cape Cod towns who were wont to gather there for a dish of sponge cake and gossip and a spot of the well known steaming.

"People who had lived on tea all their lives stayed away," said Jim.

THEN the sun rose out of the cranberry bogs and told the world that the Stewart was on his way up Glory Road.

The final play on the theater schedule was appropriately Goodbye Again, a tryout on the Falmouth dog, with hopes of Broadway gleaming in the south and west, chief hope being the presence of gifted Margaret Sullavan in the leading role.

But with the approach of fall the workers in Joshua's vineyard had for the most part homeward trod their weary way. There were, in fact, not enough male workers to fill out the Goodbye cast. So Jimmy the handy man and accordion player was drafted for the distantly related role of chauffeur and auto mechanic.

Goodbye Again did get to Broadway. Jimmy, who had made something of a hit as the chauffeur, went with it. Play and player stayed on the Big Stem for a year.

And there, in these recurring sequences of gloom and sunshine, we have in reverse the outline of Jimmy Stewart's whole professional career.

There are spots that may need a bit of filling in. Between the sunrise of Goodbye Again and the sundown of A Journey by Night, there were several Broadway plays of varying degrees of success, in which our hero scored variously. More important, perhaps, as affecting both his personal and professional future, was a season in stock in Baltimore with Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, and the enduring friendship he formed at that time with these two grand people and sterling artists.

Little Miss Sullavan seems always to have been lucky for our boy from Indiana, Pennsylvania. As we have seen, it was she who brought him out of the tearoom onto a Broadway stage. It was in her Next Time We Love that he had his first really big part and made his first really big hit in Hollywood. And again, this last year, it was her splendid portrayal of a none too believable character in The Shop Around the Corner which helped Stewart to avoid the almost inevitable slump that was coming to him after Destry and Mr. Smith.

AS for Hank Fonda, he became Jim Stewart's closest friend. With two other fellows they lived in a two-room apartment in New York. In Hollywood, after the dawn patrol had derricked Jimmy out of the Danubian marshes, he and Hank set up housekeeping—that's what they called it, but the two old colored people who tried to take care of them and Son, the police dog, and Boy, the Scotty, and the seventeen cats, have a shorter and uglier name for it—in the Brentwood ranchito where Jim, deprived of Hank's company by the latter's penchant for matrimony, still carries on with his old friend, Joshua Logan, and their old friend, John Swope.

Between the Viennese sundown and the great Washington, D. C., sunup, much occurred to Jimmy Stewart in a professional way with which we are all more or less familiar. There was the small part in Rose Marie, the bigger and sensitively played part as Jean Harlow's saddened suitor in Wife versus Secretary, then his outstanding performance in Next Time We Love.

After that triumph Jim Stewart was set. Hits followed one another with the speed and certainty of machine-gun fire. The Gorgeous Hussy, Vivacious Lady, Shopworn Angel, Small Town Girl, You Can't Take It with You, Seventh Heaven, Made for Each Other, several others —then the Lincoln Memorial and Marlene Dietrich.

Granted far more than average ability as an actor and a more conscientious and intelligent interest in his work than is shown by most Hollywood newcomers, the real secret of his quick success on the screen is to be found in the fact that Jimmy represents more accurately than any other youngster of the present day the popular idea of what the present-day youngster is and should be like. He is Young America, Inc.

He is certainly no pretty boy. His nose is too long, his neck is too long, his arms are too long, his legs are too long, *he* is too long. He is so self-conscious about his height that he shambles along with stooped shoulders and bowed head. And his face, until he smiles, has the cheery expression of a Ned Sparks.

But when he smiles!—oh, girl!—the feminine beholder is powerless to resist. And even the men can't get sore about a long, lean guy like that!

JIM has finally accepted long leanness as something which, like the poor, will be always with him, and the good effect of that acceptance seems to be already apparent. For a while Hollywood worried, and Jimmy consumed quarts of milk, experimented with shark oil and whale blubber, and drank cream and seltzer until he effervesced. Still he couldn't make himself into the conventional idea of what the well built leading man should be.

As a matter of fact, no one outside of Hollywood was worried at all. The day of the handsome hero had long since passed. Taylor and Flynn were the last of a vanishing breed. Tracy and Gable were the boys who carried the mail. Replacements were few and welcome.

Hollywood didn't have to wait until Jim had made his hit with the fans to recognize the boy's ability. Even before his fine acting in Wife versus Secretary the top directors had spotted the tall gangling youth for what he was. One morning, after he had finished Rose Marie, Woody Van Dyke called up the studio.

"Say, I'm giving a party tonight," he said, "and I'd like to invite that tall guy who was always playing the accordion. I don't know his name, but he is a whale of a good actor."

It is frequently said that Stewart has been lucky to be in pictures directed by men like Clarence Brown and Van Dyke and Capra and Lubitsch, and, of course, he has been; but it wasn't luck that got him into those pictures: it was what he showed from the very beginning on the screen. It isn't luck, either, that makes him today the busiest actor in Hollywood, the one most widely and frequently in demand.

And what has all this done to Jimmy Stewart the man?

The answer is one word: nothing. Today, without doubt, he is the most un-Hollywooded person in Hollywood. The fact that he still lives in the same house that he lived in when he was doing bits is not so important in itself, but it is a tip-off on the boy's character; also the fact that he still shares his quarters with old friends who "knew him when," instead of setting himself up in lonely swimming-pool grandeur.

In most places these indications of the possession of the ordinary human traits of decency and good breeding would attract no comment, but in Hollywood, where the warm handclasp freezes overnight into the chilly nod once the blight of success has descended on giggling girl or gangling boy, Jim Stewart's continued life under the old roof and with the old friends fairly blinds the eye.

"It's fun living like this," is his explanation of his behavior. "We never bother to budget expenses, or fuss over bills. We just add up all our debts at the end of the month and divide them equally."

Perhaps the best insurance Jim has that he won't ever be tempted to go Hollywood is the emphasis he puts on what he calls "fun." It is not at all the Hollywood kind. It is joking, singing, buying gadgets, experimenting with cameras, cooking up gooey cheese messes, telling stories, tinkering with toy airplanes; he has even been seen in the Hollywood hills flying a kite.

Of course he has more mature interests, too. With increasing income he has been able to fulfill a lifelong ambition to become an air pilot, and has already received his pilot's license.

Most of his "fun," even the mature kind, is less expensive and less dangerous than airplaning. For instance, his love of movies—seeing them, not making them. He goes to three or four pictures a week just as he did back home, and for the same reason: for the fun he gets out of them.

He absolutely hero-worships his screen favorites, mostly men. Spencer Tracy, Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone, his old pal Henry Fonda, and Clark Gable are his actor gods. He feels that the last-named has handled his career more intelligently than any one else in the cinema capital. Then he adds, characteristically: "And he has fun, too."

JIM hopes to show intelligence about his own career along with the fun he has already achieved. When he is through acting films, he would like to write them and direct them or be like Frank Capra and Ernst Lubitsch, directors who participate from the beginning in the construction of the script. Meanwhile he knows he has fun—and that fun, of course, includes girls.

Always in Hollywood there is a "nice girl," one who stands out pre-eminently as the ideal young person with whom a "nice young man" should be seen. Bebe Daniels held the job in the old days, and Mary Brian succeeded her. Less publicized but quite as true is the fact that there is always an ideal young male person slated to perform a similar function for the fairer sex.

Joel McCrea, of whose early boyish charm our Jim's is very reminiscent, held the post for some years. Jim holds it now. When Doug, Sr., started on his world wanderings, and Mary made her first solo flights in the Hollywood air currents, Big Boy McCrea was her almost invariable pilot. More recently, when Norma Shearer began to go about again after Irving Thalberg's death, Jimmy Stewart, who was at the time so new that he didn't know what it was all about, was chosen as her escort.

Since then Jim has grown less new, but the array of beautiful young women with whom his name has been linked has become bewildering. At this writing he is reported engaged to Olivia de Havilland and calling up Loretta Young ten times a day. Previous entries include such pulchritudinous fillies as Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Eleanor Powell, Simone Simon, and, more recently, Ilona Massey.

"Jimmy Stewart and Ilona Massey," writes one commentator, "continued their romance by holding hands at the Stokowski concert."

If Jim had held hands with all the girls he has been reported as holding hands with since he came to Hollywood, he would have corns on all eight of his fingers and bunions on his two thumbs.

The fact is that Jim has taken a very sound position about the whole matter, and as long as he holds it he is safe.

"The best things in life," he says, "are a good steak and Myrna Loy!"

THE END

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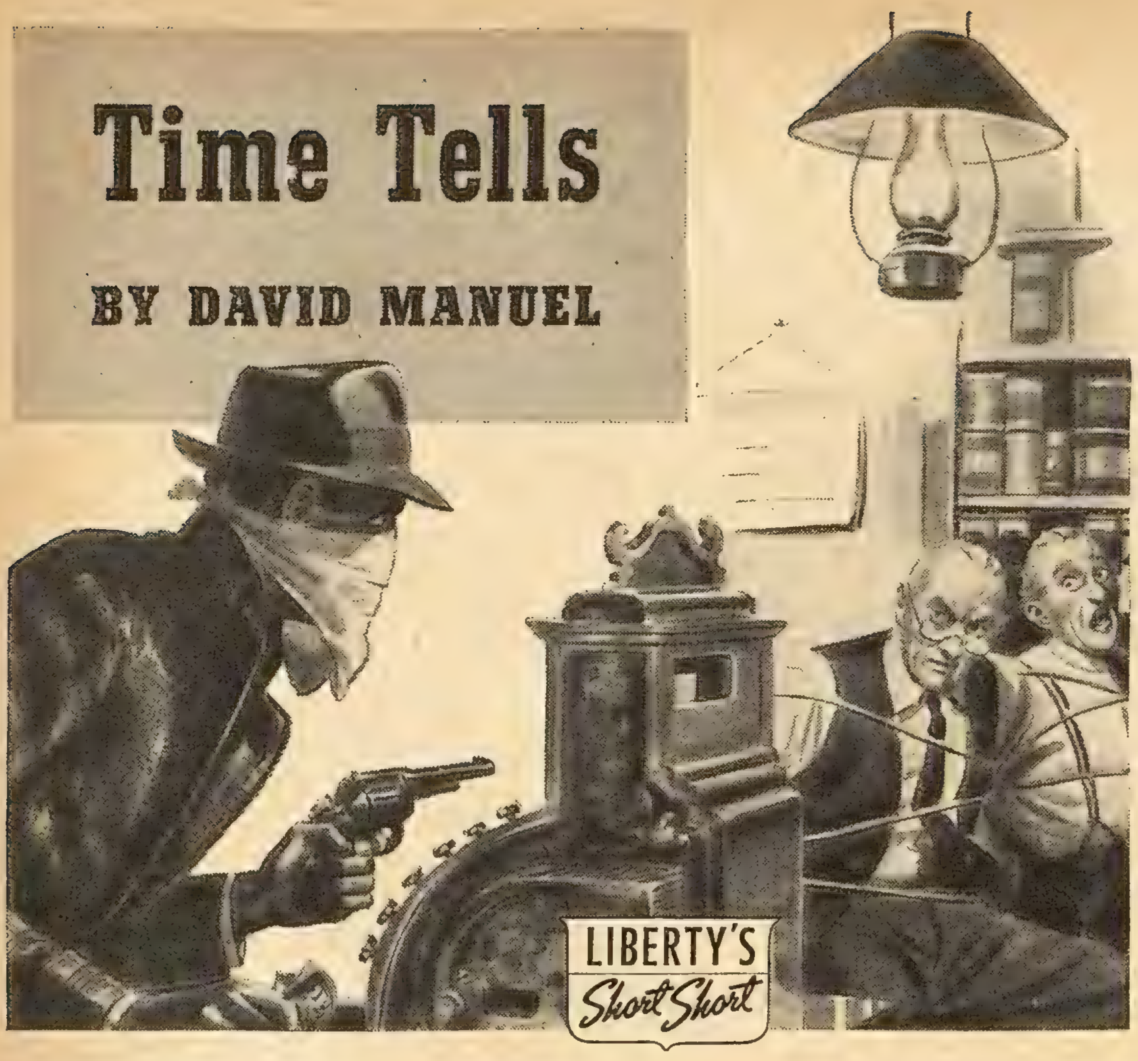
Time Tells

BY DAVID MANUEL



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"YOUR witness," said the defense lawyer.

The small dark prosecuting attorney walked briskly forward until he stood in front of the old man in the witness chair. "Mr. Adams," he said harshly, "I accuse you of obstructing justice."

"I object," the defense said.

The judge rapped his gavel. "Objection sustained. Proceed."

The old man looked coolly at the prosecuting attorney.

"Mr. Adams," the attorney went on, "is or is not this the young man who held you up on the night of May tenth?" He pointed accusingly at the prisoner.

"I ain't a-sayin', because I don't know," Mr. Adams said.

"This man is your nephew, is he not?"

"Bill Simmons allus has been."

"You're fond of him, aren't you?"

"Sort of. He ain't as ornery as most."

"If you knew he was guilty, would you say so?"

"Course I would."

"Is he guilty?"

The old man sighed. "All I know is, a man about Bill's size, wearin' Bill's suit and Bill's hat, and havin' a handkerchief over his face, came in jest as I were closin' up for the night. He pushed a gun in my face, and waved it at Seth Jenkins settin' there with me. Then he tied our arms and legs, and began cleanin' out the till."

"You say the robber was Bill's size and wore Bill's suit and hat?"

"Yep. And that don't prove a thing."

"Any strangers in the store that day?"

"A salesman. He was about Bill's size."

"You hadn't seen him before?"

"No, but I writ down his auto license. I allus do."

"Do you think he could have done it?"

"I thought you wuz supposed to do the thinkin'."

The judge rapped a reprimand.

"Sorry, yer Honor."

"Your nephew had asked you for a loan that day, hadn't he?"

"Yep," Mr. Adams said.

"Now tell me, what sort of girl is your nephew engaged to?"

"Purtiest one in the county. That salesman seemed to think so too. He hung around town a couple days. Didn't do no good, though."

"Was Bill out with the girl that evening?"

"She says so. He says so."

"Who found and untied you?"

"Bill did."

"Was he wearing the same suit and hat?"

"Course not."

"Don't you think it funny he arrived when he did?"

"No. He wanted some money again, so's he could get married."

"According to the testimony of the police, they went right to Bill's room and they found the suit and hat the crook wore stuffed in the back part of Bill's closet. Now, how long after the robbery was it before your nephew got there?"

"'Bout four and a half minutes."

"That wouldn't have given him time to go to his room, on the other side of town, change his clothes, hide his gun and the money, and get back to your store again, would it?"

"That's what I figgered."

"Is there a clock in your store?"

"We got one. It don't run."

"Did either you or Seth Jenkins have a watch?"

"Nope."

"Is there a radio in your store?"

"Nope."

"And you expect me to believe it was exactly four and one half minutes from the time the crook left until the time your nephew came?"

"That's right."

The prosecuting attorney stroked his chin. "I'll admit that if you could prove that, you'd clear your nephew. But you can't. It probably seemed like a few minutes; but more than likely it was fifteen or twenty."

"No, it warn't neither. It were four and a half minutes." The old man winked solemnly at his nephew. "If I wuz you, Mister Attorney," he went on, "I'd send fer that there salesman."

"No need to do that if your nephew's already proved guilty."

"But he ain't been. If you and his Honor'll give me permission, *I'll* ask some questions fer a spell."

The attorney glanced impatiently at the judge, who nodded.

"Very well, Mr. Adams."

"Would you say I could read and write as good as the average?" the old man asked.

"I suppose so."

"Well, I'll prove it. Git me that Bible I swore on over here."

The Bible was brought over and handed to Mr. Adams. He began to read aloud from Deuteronomy. The prosecuting attorney listened, frowned nervously, then said sharply, "That will do, Mr. Adams. I'll even admit that you can read better than the average. But that fact seems to me both irrelevant and immaterial."

Mr. Adams was unperturbed. "Would you say I wuz a cool un, mister?"

"Yes, pretty cool."

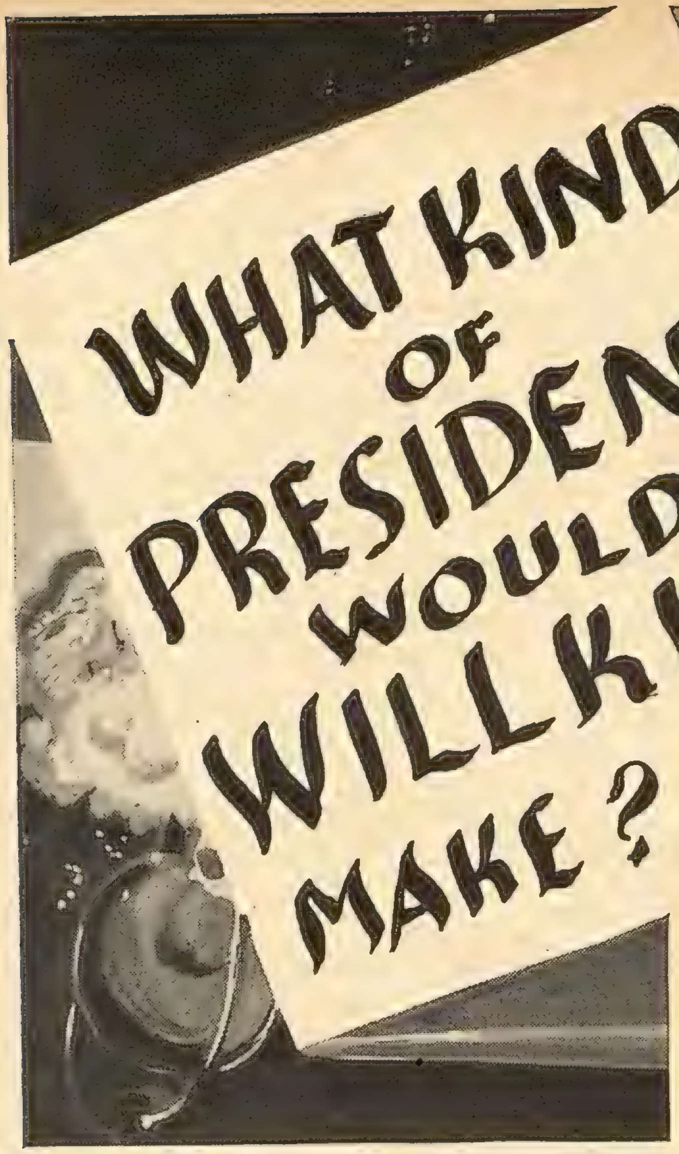
"I allus been like that. Now I'll tell you something. And Seth over there'll back me up. When the burglar left I was a-layin' there on the floor, and right in front of me were a magazine, open. To pass the time away I read it. And I read it aloud, so Seth could hear too. Just like I read right now—because I wuz jest as calm and collected as I ever been in my life. And when I finished that story in come my nephew, Bill Simmons." The old man leaned back and grinned in triumph.

"With a stop watch, I suppose," the attorney said sarcastically.

"No, sirree. But you git that magazine and I'll show you where it sez the readin' time were exactly four and one half minutes!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD WILLKIE MAKE?

WILLKIE
WILLKIE
WILLKIE
W

BY MORRIS MARKEY

●

Wendell Willkie, whose boom started of its own accord.

The blithe, surprising success story of a paradox in politics

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HE is the head of a billion-dollar corporation—a utilities corporation, at that. His office is just one block off Wall Street. Nobody knows for sure whether he is a Democrat or a Republican. And yet people are saying, in numbers which grow by thousands every day, "There's a man who would make a great President."

To increase the paradox, it isn't Wall Street saying that. Out over the country a sort of murmur can be heard among all sorts of people who are bewildered by the fight between the two great parties: "Wendell Willkie would make a wonderful President. But how in the world could he ever be elected?"

And down in Pine Street, Willkie sits with his feet on his desk, listening to his innumerable visitors and smiling with the curiously compelling smile which belongs to his remarkable personality.

He offers no encouragement to his well-wishers. He says with blunt finality that he will not lift a hand to get the nomination. And then he looks at the huge count of his daily mail. He fingers the invitations from colleges and societies and clubs to come and speak to them. (There were 1,200 of these on his desk in one day.) And he says, "No honest man could deny an interest in this proposition."

The Willkie boom is that rare bird in American politics, a movement which started literally of its own accord.

It all began with his fight against the New Deal over the Tennessee Valley Authority. His corporation, Commonwealth & Southern, served Tennessee with electric power—along with ten other states. The New Deal built the vast power plants of TVA and told Willkie it would run him out of business by underselling him. Willkie did not mince words in his objection to the idea. He said that competition between government and private enterprise was vicious. And he demanded that if the government insisted upon going into business it should buy up his Tennessee properties at a fair price to the stockholders. He made the demand stick. He got his fair price.

It was the way Willkie handled it that roused the interest of the ordinary man. Unlike most big shots of big business, he did not believe in working quietly behind the scenes, pulling a string here and a string there, using the immense resources of his company to overpower resistance. He took his fight into the open. He charged down on the New Deal with biting accusations, spoken with all of his uncommon vigor and eloquence.

In the midst of this fight the Presidential boom of Robert H. Jackson, the Attorney General, got under way. Beneath the halo of

Roosevelt's approving smile, Jackson went out to show himself to the country in a series of broadcast speeches. His theme was always the same: a savage and unremitting attack upon business, and the utilities business in particular.

Willkie took up the challenge. He met Jackson in open debate in Town Hall, over a nation-wide network.

The listeners of America heard Mr. Jackson get his ears pinned back that night. They heard the last of the Jackson boom. General Hugh Johnson, a great friend of Jackson, wrote that Willkie "made a perfect monkey of him."

People began to realize that here was something new under the American sun: a competent and successful business man who had never held a political office and who could outwit professional politicians in their own language, on their own battleground.

That was his first real public appearance. A second and somewhat less public appearance that he made a few weeks later was perhaps even more important.

At the Harvard Club, in New York, the brilliant Felix Frankfurter, New Dealer, now justice of the Supreme Court, spoke to a gathering of several hundred men. Following the address a discussion ensued. An informal debate sprang up between Willkie and Frankfurter, and for the next three hours the audience sat enthralled. For a business man to stand up and hold his own against the nimble-minded Frankfurter for so long was a sensation. And the several hundred men went out of that room to spread word that here was a new prophet of liberalism and democracy.

Within a week five publishers had asked him to write a book about the American way. And people who had never heard of him before began to ask, "Who is this Willkie? Where did he come from? What has he done?"

HE was born forty-eight years ago in Elwood, Indiana. The liberal tradition was part of his birthright, because all four of his grandparents had fled from the iron heel of German despotism to America. The original family name was Willcke.

His father and mother were both lawyers, the latter being the first woman admitted to the Indiana bar. One of his grandmothers was a Presbyterian preacher, and one of his aunts a doctor.

His father became celebrated for his trial work and made a fortune at his practice. But the fortune was wiped out in the panic of '93, and thereafter Willkie Senior devoted all his energies to his one ambition: to send his four sons and two daughters through college. He succeeded.

The father owned a private library of 7,000 volumes, and it was in the library that Willkie acquired the passion for reading which is still his chief hobby. His taste in books is almost universal, from poetry to economics, from philosophy to agriculture. And he brings to his reading a prodigious memory.

Some of the fruits of this memory were heard by America only lately, when Willkie proved to be one of the best informed guests ever to appear on the radio program Information Please.

His first law case came when he was sixteen, and it is notable that it was in defense of labor. He helped his father in a case in which the unions were fighting against an anti-picketing injunction.

ON debating teams in school and college he was a passionate orator in defense of liberalism. He became a stanch follower of Robert M. La Follette.

He still considers himself so. Because his deepest conviction is the same as La Follette's: The heart of the American system is the control of power—the prevention of the accumulation of power in any hands at all.

Recently, on the debating platform with the younger La Follette, the latter lightly chided Willkie as an "economic royalist." Willkie came back:

"Here was your father's creed: 'To fight the system under which *Big Business* bought votes to install the tools of *Big Business* as judges, legislators, and administrators.' Mine is a parallel: 'To fight the system under which *Big Government* buys votes to install the tools of *Big Government* in office, so that its power over the country may be perpetuated.'"

Willkie had just opened his law offices when in 1917 America entered the World War. He enlisted on the day war was declared, and served as a first lieutenant with the 325th Field Artillery in France.

When he came back to America he joined with two partners in the firm of Mather, Nesbitt & Willkie, at Akron. The firm had several utilities companies among its clients. But while Willkie gave his share of time to their cases, he had other interests as well.

He led the battle in Akron against the Ku Klux Klan, which had seized much power there. And he went as a delegate to the Democratic Convention in 1924, so that he might oppose McAdoo. McAdoo had Klan support.

In 1929 Commonwealth & Southern induced Willkie to go to New York, and in 1933 he was elected president of the company. It was a dubious honor, because the utilities business was in terrible shape. The Insull scandals were in the air. Newspapers and politicians could attack the utilities as fearlessly as they might the man-eating shark or the boll weevil.

The sales of electrical current and the devices employing it—refrigerators and irons and so on—had hit rock bottom. Most companies were retrenching to the limit, cutting expenses to the bone.

Not so Willkie. He hired six hundred new salesmen. He offered plans to encourage the household use of electricity on liberal credit terms and began a big advertising campaign. In six years of that sort of salesmanship the amount of current sold by C. & S. for domestic use doubled and the rate was cut in half. The company today sells current for about one third less than the average for the country.

The company lost $1,600,000 in 1934. It made a profit of $10,600,000 in 1937. And that's what you call sound business management.

It was while acting as a supersalesman that he got to know America, or that big slice of it served by his company. He went out on the road to cover his territory. About one third of each year he spent on the road, visiting every town of 2,000 or more in eleven states. He met everybody. And more than one Southern or Western newspaper said, with some astonishment, "Here is a genuine democrat, as approachable as a Pullman porter."

Willkie likes to talk; he also likes to listen. He does not believe in gag rules for either radicals or rock-ribbed conservatives. "There can never be too much agitation and criticism," he says. "If ideas are sound, they will bring improvement. If they are crackpot, they will die of their own weakness."

SUCH ideas as this made his colleagues in the utilities business a little nervous. They even challenged him with being hospitable to that bugaboo of the utilities, government ownership.

"No," he said; "I don't believe in it. I think it is wrong. But if the people want it they are going to have it, and they *should* have it."

His attacks upon the New Deal have struck where they hurt. He has charged dishonesty in thinking and performance, and backed up his assertions with fact. But his opposition to the administration does not spring from partisan bitterness nor from political ambitions of his own.

In 1932, having been a lifelong Democrat, he was one of the group supporting Newton D. Baker for the nomination which Roosevelt got. In 1936, for the first time, he voted a Republican ticket. But he does not approve of everything in the Republican Party, any more than he condemns everything in the New Deal.

Quite naturally, the New Deal has had its knives out for him. He has been openly threatened with revenge for his searing criticisms. And, to back up the threats, Washington has prowled into every nook and cranny of his business affairs and his private life—including, of course, income-tax returns, that mighty weapon which the government holds over citizens who show a tendency to step out of line.

They haven't found anything.

Since becoming president of C. & S. Willkie has not bought or sold securities of his own or any other company. He has accepted no directorships in other corporations. His salary is $75,000 a year—low for the head of a billion-dollar concern—and he has consistently refused increases of pay or bonuses.

But his concern for the future of America does not confine itself merely to attack upon the New Deal. Liberalism, democracy—these are his religion, and he has written down the creed of that religion in transparently clear terms.

There are no weasel words in his four main tenets:

1. The American system depends upon the limitation of power. It is just as bad for government to have unlimited power as for big business to be uncontrolled. (He has advocated government control of utilities since 1930.)

2. Business and industry are a vital part of the life of America. Government hatred and mistrust of them are fatal to the country's future. Private enterprise should be free to expand and enrich the existence of our citizens.

3. The government must, of course, spend on behalf of the people. But in spending there must be a businesslike approach: How to get the people the most for their money. Above all, the people must know exactly what their taxes are spent for.

4. In foreign affairs he is no isolationist. He opposes war and favors every common-sense measure to keep us out of it. But the United States cannot say, "We do not care what goes on in the rest of the world." Foreign trade is vital if we are to avoid government-regulated economy, government monopoly. He wholeheartedly favors the Hull trade agreements.

THESE are greatly condensed statements of his position. But of that position he says:

"This declaration will not interest those who regard the United States as a laboratory for social experiments.

"It will not interest those who regard the United States as a free-lunch counter.

"It will certainly not interest those who regard the United States as a somewhat impoverished gold mine out of which they can still scrape a nugget or two for themselves.

"It will interest only those who think of the United States as their land, a land that they know and love, a land that became rich through the industry, thrift, and enterprise of its people, and will never regain its prosperity in any other way."

His private life is simple. He is comfortably married, and has one son who will be graduated from Princeton this year. He doesn't play outdoor games or cards. He smokes cigarettes, and he takes a cocktail or highball whenever he feels like it. Vacation times, he goes to his Indiana farm.

His contact with the great affairs of the world have polished him, of course. But the marks of the cracker barrel are still on him. He is big, and he loves men, and he is full of tremendous vitality. And talk is as necessary to him as water or food.

It must be good talk. Vain loud spouting is no part of his character. But it is perhaps his singular capacity to listen, plus the storehouse of ordered knowledge he possesses, plus the flexibility of his mind, which gives him such a vast advantage in the cockpit of political give and take.

IT is the usual thing for good Americans to admire the forefathers. Willkie particularly cherishes Washington and Lincoln and Robert E. Lee—for one particular remark that each of them made:

Washington: "Without more charity for the opinions and acts of one another in governmental matters, I believe it will be difficult, if not impracticable, to manage the reins of government, or to keep the parts of it together."

Lee: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believe they were trying to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

Lincoln: "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

He resolves these three philosophies into one of his own: "Just as the true liberals of the world have a common purpose, so they have a common quality. That quality is love of humankind. The true liberal does not fight for a cause from a desire to punish those who have a different way of looking at things and doing things. Instead, the true liberal fights for a cause which he feels will be of as much value to his opponents as to himself."

It is his most searing charge against the New Deal that hatred and, indeed, malice toward some, have guided most of its actions.

These are the things he loves to talk about, his feet on the desk, hard by Wall Street. You can smell the old cracker barrel and feel the warmth of the old iron-bellied stove as the words come eloquently off his tongue. And perhaps that is the reason Wall Street is wary of him and wishes that he would shut up and have done. Wall Street doesn't like American liberalism and democracy spouted from the cracker barrel.

The Willkie boom may evaporate as automatically as it started. Certainly it will not be kept alive by any of the usual political routine—by any activity at all from the man at the center of it. But, President or not, a great many Americans are going to be heartened by the presence of a man like Willkie in the land.

THE END

MEMO FOR FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 16 1940
Give Dad Frank MEDICO
FILTER PIPES
CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS
$1 EACH

TURN A CLEAN FACE TO THE WORLD
5 FOR 10¢
ASK FOR ELSMERE
THIN DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR BLADES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

GRAY HAIR
Brush it Away and Look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS SEA SICKNESS

PROFESSOR PITKIN ON GETTING A JOB

DALLAS, TEX.—There Is a Job for You, by Professor Walter B. Pitkin (April 13 Liberty), should be studied by both young and old.

There are young men—and many who are over age forty—who do not seek a job but want an opportunity to go into business for themselves and build up their own business.

I suggest you have Professor Pitkin, or some one else qualified, write on the subject, Go into Business for Yourself, and How to Do It.

We should not be so much concerned about young men of the type industry can use. We need to make some plans to give an opportunity to men who know how to operate their own business and are too old for industrial employment.—*G. W. Van Fleet.*

CLEARWATER, FLA.—Professor Pitkin's articles in Liberty are asininity plus. With millions of highly trained, thoroughly capable men and women jobless, he advises our youth to spend large sums of money to "prepare."

What will they eat and wear while preparing? Where can they get money for intensive, special instruction by great experts? Thousands of expert stenographers, schoolteachers, lawyers, doctors, mechanics are almost starving.

Let Pitkin tell us of a single current success story wherein the hero or heroine started from the ground and succeeded without the aid of loans from parents or friends. I'll tell him of thousands who have failed to eat regularly, though splendidly equipped.—*George W. Watt, LL. B.*

ARLINGTON, VA.—Many, many Americans will sooner or later owe a debt of gratitude to Liberty for those most interesting articles from Professor Pitkin.

I am only seventeen years old, but I began to do the things which he suggests and I struck the proper date and occasion.

Those great principles which he advocates do work in my case for me, and they will work for others.

This is something each one of us has had need of for a long while.—*Phillip Hevenor.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—With all due respect to Professor Pitkin's superior mental powers, he appears to be a trifle mixed.

If there are ten unemployed for every one job open, the problem is: *not* how to smarten up one of the ten so that he can outwit the other nine in snaring that one job for himself, but rather where to find ten jobs for ten unemployed persons, since each one (be he ever so dumb) is a member of the human family. —*R. Bolci.*

MITCHELL, S. D.—According to Professor Walter B. Pitkin, I'm superior to half the people in this country (April 13 Liberty).

I have read every word of his articles, although I am not looking for a job. I reread many paragraphs to myself and some aloud to my husband.

I hear some one saying, "Sure easy to agree, she's not looking for a job!"

O. K., I'm not looking for a job, since I created one for myself nearly seventeen years ago because I wasn't afraid to try! As the professor says, first believe and then push out the very best in you.—*Mrs. F. A. Rader.*

MACON, GA.—I'm still laughing over How to Find a Job, by Professor Pitkin, of May 4 Liberty.

He says, "Look in on Macon, down in Georgia." I'm on the inside looking out, and I'm still laughing.

The only thing on the boom in this small town is the well known "bug" racket. I wouldn't advise any outsider to come in and try running the bug here, for the big shots won't stand an outsider doing that.

Yes, business is on the upgrade in Macon, no doubt.

Tell the "professor" if he ever comes to Macon again (if he has ever been here) to see me. My husband will take him around and show him just what a "boom" town Macon is.—*J. E. G.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Just finished Professor Pitkin's second lesson in the school of hard knocks and am looking forward to the rest of them. It is the most applicable advice on this subject I have ever read.—*J. Thomas Wright.*

[From North, East, South, and West came an avalanche of letters on Professor Pitkin's series on the way to get and hold a job. Most of them expressed newborn hope and determination. Many told personal histories and experiences. Advice was sought, and given whenever practicable. Professor Pitkin and the editor of Liberty consider it a most encouraging and profitable experience.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

VOX

BUILD 100,000-TON SHIPS!

BYESVILLE, OHIO—Will some one explain why Uncle Sam doesn't build warships and guns large enough, speedy enough, and hard hitting enough so that they will not become obsolete in a decade?

Why just barely match the other fellow's stuff? Why not break a precedent and build a couple of sample battleships to make headlines? Say, 100,000-ton ships with armor-plate decks and sides in proportion. Mount on this all sizes of guns from 3- or 4-inch up to, say, 20- or 22-inch, to meet any situation.

Put a fence of aircraft guns around the decks. Carry some observation planes, etc., etc.

Why be a piker any longer? Then, if the samples prove up, build a dozen or so and divide them between the two fleets.—*Howard B. Potts.*

¶ "It would be most interesting to see the results from a questionnaire sent to 1,000 parents who would ask their children Sokolsky's five questions," suggests J. A. Roberts of Indianapolis, Indiana.

NO THRILL IN GANDHI

HUMBOLDT, ARIZ.—I've been shortchanged. When my husband laid May 4 Liberty down on the kitchen table before me, I hastily jerked my hands out of the biscuit dough to read My Sex Life, by Mahatma Gandhi. Only to find it all hooey. He has no sex life! Is that giving me full value for my nickel? I ask you. I was all set for a thrill.

"No sex life!" I moaned. "Can you beat it?"

"He's probably past forty-five," hubby says. "What can you expect? Was you aimin' to have those biscuits for supper or for breakfast tomorrow?"—*Dora Belle Lee.*

¶ "How did Jack Dempsey develop such powerful muscle and literary talent at the same time?" M. I. Ireland of Louisville, Kentucky, wants to know.

ENTITLED TO "LIBERTY"

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Macfadden's editorials on constitutional government entitle his magazine to the name of Liberty. His statement in regard to the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution which was a principal cause of the depression needs to be followed up. Discriminatory taxes and nontaxable bonds and a return to the guild system of the Middle Ages reintroduce all the abuses of government that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were designed to correct.

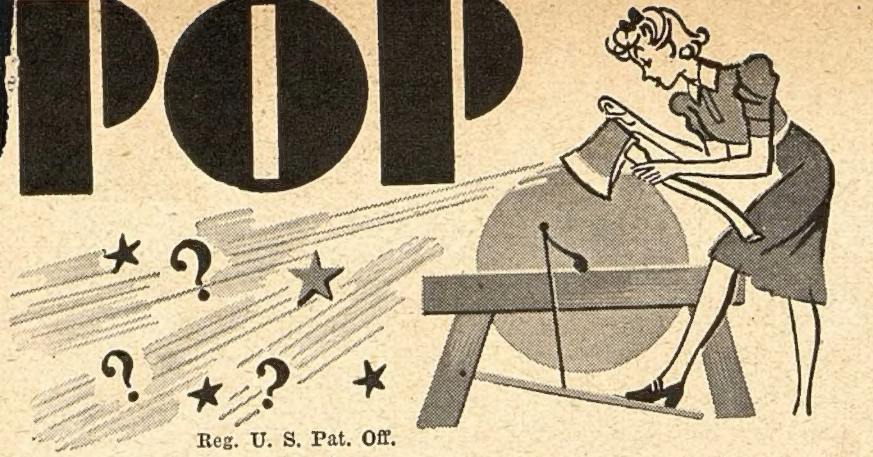
Keep up the good work.—*F. C. Sammons, President-General Manager, Sammons-Robertson Company, Inc.*

FINGERPRINTS AFTER DEATH

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Under the title Reincarnation Test, L. Thomas DeCelles (April 27 Vox Pop) says, "I would take the fingerprints of some of our famous men just before or after death." If they were taken after death there would be *no fingerprints*, as all lines leave the hands or are eradicated by death. — (*Miss*) *Kay Kaumeyer.*

¶ "Good or bad, Liberty every week for me!" exclaims Wayne O. Fahr of Akron, Ohio. "For it gives me a chance to complain when it's bad."

POP



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PINLESS DIAPERS

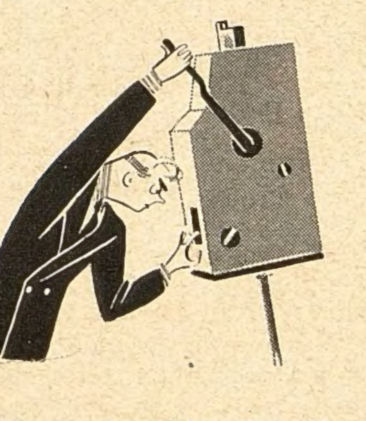
BOSTON, MASS.—Our "servants" in Washington get so much abuse that I just couldn't have the Honorables Hoffman and Secretary Ickes called down by Mrs. Iva Kennedy (May 4 Vox Pop) without a word on their behalf. This lady says they are not "up" on their diapers.

Fact is, they are nearer right than she who recommends four pins. The modern diaper does not require a single pin — if one of the qualifications for the Presidency is to be able to put on a diaper. The manufacturers have made this easy, and no doubt would make a lot of our economic difficulties easier if given half a chance.—*John R. D ankenau.*

SLOT-MACHINE CHANCES

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Friends, your chances of winning from a slot machine aren't so good. In an extensive investigation of a popular type of slot machine, the late Dr. E. E. Free, scientific consultant and member of New York University faculty, found that these machines pay out, on the average, only about three fifths of the money taken in.

You have approximately one chance in 1,000 of getting the jack pot; one in 500 of getting 16 coins or slugs; one in 250 of getting 12; one in 83 1/3 to get 8; one in 16 2/3 to get 4; one in 11 1/9 to get 2.



Also there are various methods of "fixing" these machines so they won't pay the jack pot, or to increase or decrease the odds against the player.—*A Rooked Rookey.*

WHAT WOULD TERHUNE SAY?

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I'm no Ed Terhune, but know about dogs well enough to qualify my belief that when Stuart Twardy in his Short Short, A Dog Tells All (April 27 Liberty), charges a man with murder on the fact that a dog shakes hands with his right foot for a left-handed man, he was hunting for a climax and ignoring the facts. Would Terhune accept this as conclusive evidence of a man's guilt?—*G. A. Hinkle.*

("Did Mr. Dies see Ninotchka?" inquires Eliza Fitz Gerald of New York, New York. "I'm all for more and louder laughs at Communism, Nazism, the Christian Front, etc."

HOW GOOD IS AMERICA?

DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA—Mr. Macfadden is forever saying in his editorials how good it is in America—"the American Way of Life," etc. Now, The Lid Off Los Angeles (November 11-December 16, 1939) and Attorney for the People (October 21-December 23, 1939) portray such an impossible, horrible, and almost unbelievable state of affairs that one wonders by what standard Mr. Macfadden makes his comparisons.

He certainly cannot know conditions in South Africa, where such a state of affairs could not exist. Such stories do not make good "publicity" for your country, and I must conclude that life in the States is not what it has been cracked up to represent.—*Disappointed South African.*

("Three hearty cheers for Shall Sex Be Taught in Public Schools? (March 9 Liberty)," cries Jacob Zion Leichner of New Orleans, Louisiana. "There is nothing more awful than the truth, but we must face it."

10 MEN ON LACROSSE TEAM

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Jack Dempsey's Question No. 38 (May 4 Liberty) asks how many men are on a lacrosse team. His answer is twelve.

Evidently he got his information from some ancient sporting book, as the number of players on a lacrosse team was reduced from twelve players to ten about 1934.—*R. S. Neilson, Jr., All American (Lacrosse), University of Maryland '37, '38.*

"CABBAGE BANKS"

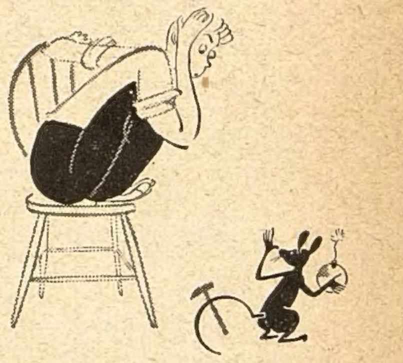
OROVILLE, CALIF.—In April 27 Vox Pop appears a piece with regard to a Sales Manager for the United States. A beautiful dream!

The writer is about fifty years late. The old Populist Party advocated something even better — the so-called "Cabbage Banks" (Government Depots) where producers could deposit products and receive legal tender in exchange, and Uncle Sam did the selling if and when a buyer did appear.

As for twenty-five people operating the sales manager's office—it could never happen, as it would take at least that many janitors to service the building in which the sales manager's offices were located.—*Charles Johnson.*

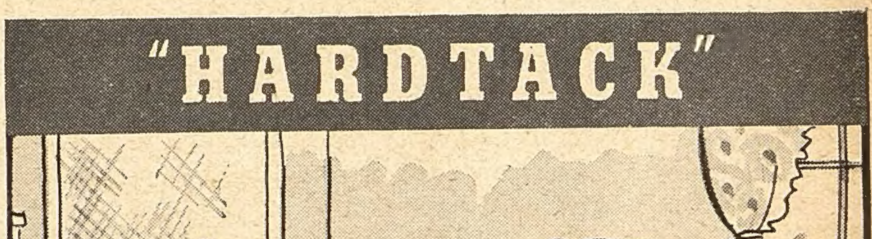
A RED MOUSE!

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Regarding your table headed How Some Youth Congress Utterances Compare with Avowedly Red Ones (April 27 Liberty), I wish to thank you for letting us see that, after all, there is some good in the Reds, as some of these almost parallel statements seem very constructive.



I am not on the side of the Red cause, but some of your Red-baiting reminds me of the screams of some idiot sitting with his legs pulled up on a big solid chair and gazing with terror at a mouse on the floor, afraid that it will overturn the chair and devour him.—*Emmett Bristol.*

("Movie stars are being crammed down the public's throat," declares L. H. F. of Kansas City, Missouri. "Try running an 'unpopularity' contest sometime to find out."



"I must be eating the wrong breakfast food, mom—I got beat up again!"

Mrs. Roosevelt Spanks a Young Relative

FULTON OURSLER

IT IS NOT often that the wife of the President of the United States becomes annoyed. She seldom speaks sharply to any one. Her serenity in the face of difficulties is proverbial. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that Mrs. Roosevelt has written a piece for Liberty next week called A Spanking, in which she answers an article which we published some weeks ago, Why We Know the Youth Congress Is Pro-Stalin, by Archie Roosevelt and his collaborator, Murray Plavner. Mrs. Roosevelt, who displayed an astonishing equanimity in the face of what many considered the hoodlum behavior of the Youth Congress delegates during her speech to them in Washington, loses some of her unruffled calm in replying to the criticism of her relative. We do not bring this discussion to a close with Mrs. Roosevelt's answer on the subject of the Youth Congress and its leanings toward Communism. Mrs. Roosevelt is completely frank in stating her position, and that kind of frankness is one of the things that distinguishes a democracy from a slave state. But something else should be said. St. Paul, somewhere, admonished good Christians to avoid the appearance of evil. Certainly the Youth Congress has given the appearance of the Communist evil in the conduct of its affairs. In view of its behavior it is hard not to believe that it is run by Moscow. In times like these, when parachute troops, dropping behind the lines of invaded countries, carry on their persons the code identification of traitors who will welcome them and help them in their efforts to destroy a good and innocent state, when treacherous fifth columns are everywhere undermining the foundations of free peoples, it is hard to go all the way with Mrs. Roosevelt. She defends an agglomeration of boorish young people who declined to condemn the invasion of Finland by Communists and who repeatedly have given evidence of Communist sympathies. In this article Mrs. Roosevelt herself admits that there are Communists in this group. We think that this is a grave problem and feel that it should be further discussed.

THERE ARE MANY OTHER interesting articles and stories to which we specially invite your attention next week. Stronger than Fear, by William Benton Johnston, and My Heart Sails Tomorrow, by Steve Fisher, are two really exciting and heart-warming short stories. You will also want to read Women Spies in Norway, by Leland Stowe, sent us by radio; Do Men Make Women's Hats in Self-Defense? by John Erskine; Presidential Candidates Quiz, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen; Will the Louis-Godoy Battle Be Joe's Last Fight? by Arthur Donovan; The New Mystery of Charlie Chaplin, by Kirtley Baskette; and What Kind of President Would Bridges Make? by Edward Doherty.

HERE IS A LETTER from a new author who shall be nameless. She wrote a little story and sent it in to Liberty and we thought so well of it that we sent her a check for $300. She was very happy and in her exuberance wrote us what she was going to do with her money. Here is the way she figured it out:

"One hundred dollars of my check will go into the bank, probably not for long, experience reminds me, but it lifts my morale every time I go through the motions of having a bank deposit. One hundred and twenty-five goes to the firm of A. B. Cohn and Company in Los Angeles and will get three diamond rings out of cold storage where they have been lying for months. One my engagement ring, one the ring my husband gave me when our son was born; the third ring is father's personal property. . . . Now this still leaves me $75 to play around with. Twenty dollars goes to my mother for a spring outfit. Twenty-five dollars will graduate my young son from high school in style and grandeur (it was uncertain until now as to whether he would graduate in shorts and undershirt, or wear his overall pants). Thirty dollars will buy me an icebox which has been sorely needed. I have been using the oldest, most unsanitary, and inefficient icebox in the State of California. There is my joy, you see. For years I will thrill to the icebox and glory in the satisfaction of using it and the pride of having at least earned it. You will notice that after all this I am still $5 to the good. Two fifty of that goes for a box of typewriter paper. The other $2.50 I shall squander. Fifty cents goes for a box of face powder, the $2 will buy pie and coffee for a group of writers who meet at our house twice monthly and who always expect a treat whenever any member of the group has made a sale. I'll bet you didn't have any idea all this could be done with $300. When you write me, at least for six months or so, you will be writing to a rich woman."

Well! Count it up for yourself. The lady *must* be a good manager if she can stretch money that way!

EDITORS OF PRISON publications continue to send us copies of their interesting magazines. Washington Totem, published at the Washington State Reformatory, is a fine example of modern typography with judicious use of color. Congratulations to Editor Herbert Ellefson, who states on his masthead, "Published by a group of inmates of the Washington State Reformatory for the entertainment of other inmates and for those outside as a barometer of our disposition." The leading editorial contains these astonishing sentences: "Every now and then there pops up in some penal publication a screwball tale of self-pity outlining the 'tough time' we are doing in prison. . . . These sadists enjoy stuffing down the throats of the public and society the phony line that if one is not a cr he goes to prison he will be on he gets out . . . these are th that know it all. . . . We hope will in some way serve to wisen up s of the young fellows and new arriv in this place. It takes very little reas ing to realize that one is a fool to take stock in what any con has to say—including me. If we were so smart we wouldn't be here. . . . If you were not a real crook when you came here you are just about a cinch for a square john when you get out." Prison patois but good sense just the same. This lively magazine also has a Pop Vox department and also many little chunks of wisdom, including "Hitler beefs about being encircled. He ought to see the wall around this place."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY CHARLES TOWNE

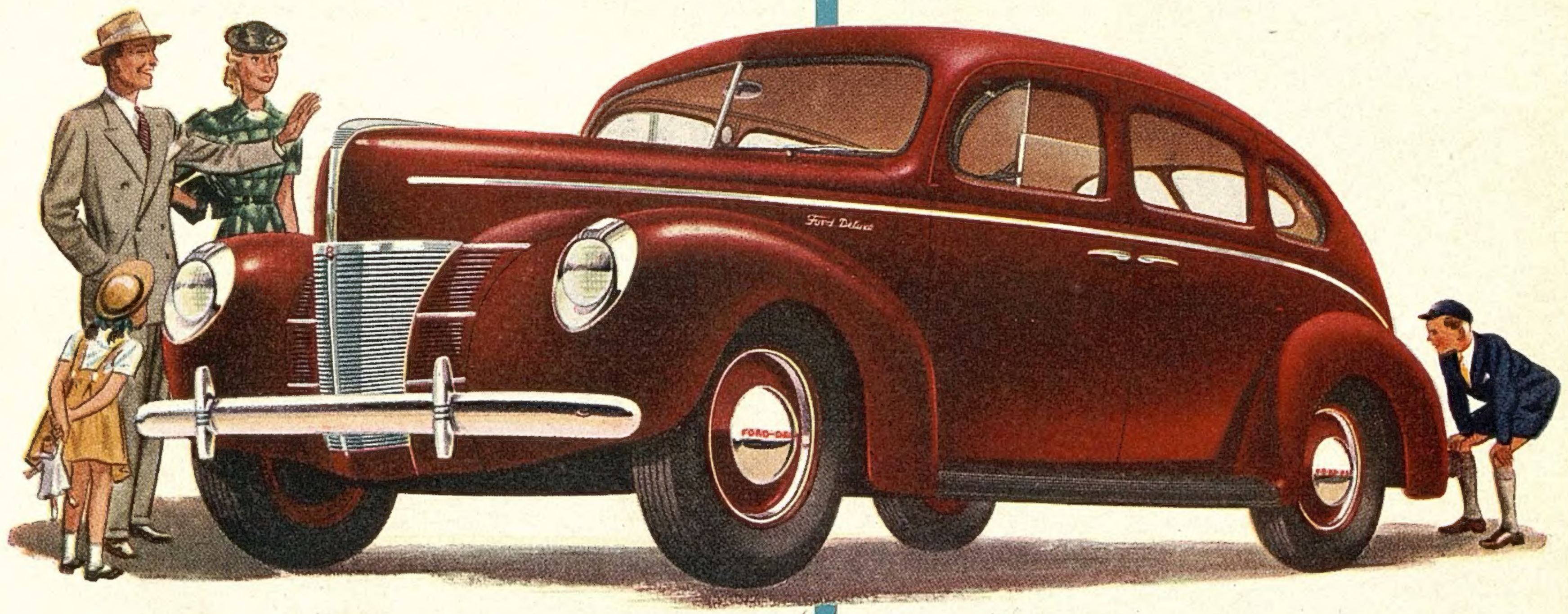
FACTS prove FORD your biggest money's worth

✓ **BETTER PERFORMANCE!** You can't get *8-cylinder* smoothness, pep and power with less than 8 cylinders! All of America's finest cars have at least 8 cylinders — all but one are V-type. But Ford is the only low-price car with a V-8 engine.

✓ **GREATER ECONOMY!** You can't get a clearer test of comparative gasoline economy than the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run. The Ford V-8 average of 24.92 *miles a gallon* topped all standard-equipped cars in its class.

✓ **BIGGER BRAKES!** You can't get brakes as big as Ford hydraulic brakes in any other low-price car! Larger drums and lining area mean smooth, straight stops and longer brake life. The Ford V-8 has a lower center of gravity too.

✓ **SMARTER STYLE!** You can't get style leadership, except from the style leader! The Lincoln-Zephyr launched today's style trend. The flowing lines of the 1940 Ford V-8 reflect its rich heritage.



✓ **ROOMY COMFORT!** You can't get Ford riding comfort and stability in any other low-price car! The Ford gives you *four* big, *double-acting* hydraulic shock absorbers—soft "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions—plenty of room!

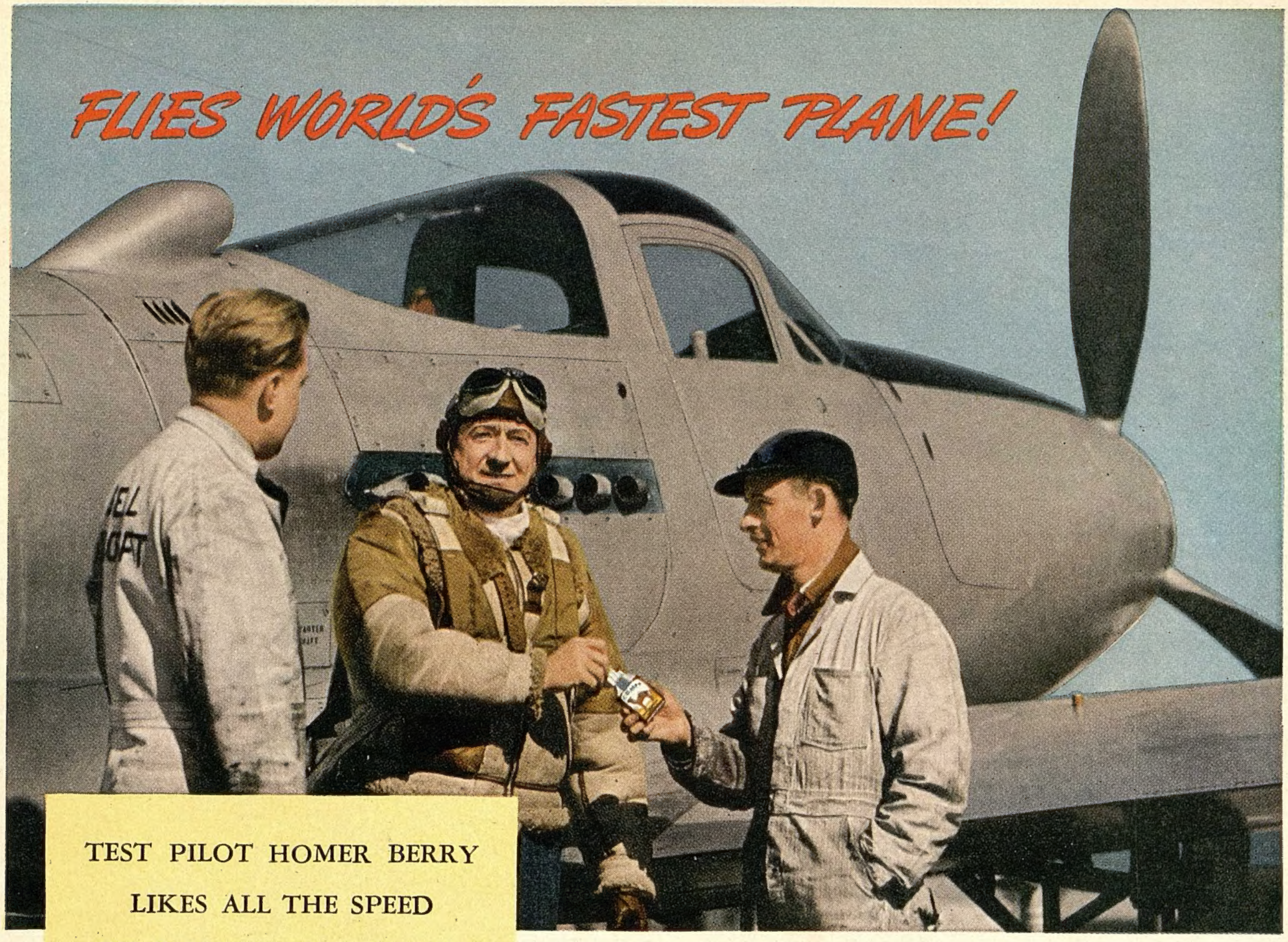
✓ **MORE EQUIPMENT!** You can't get as much equipment as Ford gives you, in other low-price cars, without paying extra! Added value made possible because Ford has built the *most* cars and operates the world's best equipped plant.

IT PAYS TO DEAL WITH THE FORD DEALER

FORD V-8

Nation-wide Driving Contest for Boys of High-school Age

$30,000 IN PRIZES To encourage better driving among boys of high-school age — and to discover America's best young drivers — the Ford Good Drivers League is conducting a nation-wide contest. • Prizes include 48 university scholarships, 96 free trips to the New York World's Fair and trophies to state and national winners. • For details see any Ford, Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr or Lincoln dealer.


FLIES WORLD'S FASTEST PLANE!

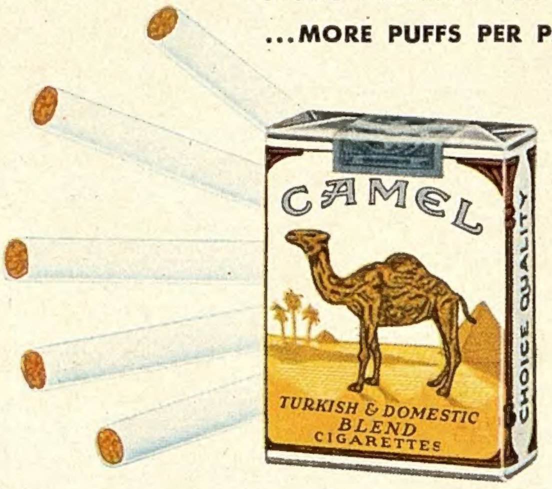
TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY
LIKES ALL THE SPEED
HE CAN GET IN A PLANE,
BUT HE LIKES
HIS SMOKING S-L-O-W!
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
ARE HIS CIGARETTE

"FASTEST PLANE off the production line today!" That's how Homer Berry describes the Bell Airacobra, amazing new speed plane. He should know. This veteran speed test pilot started flying in 1913...started smoking Camels the same year. "No other cigarette ever gave me anything like the pleasure of a Camel," he says. "They burn slower, smoke milder and cooler. Camels don't irritate my throat and their full, rich flavor doesn't tire my taste. In 26 years, that slower burning has given me a lot of extra smoking." Before *you* take it for granted you're getting all the pleasure there is in a cigarette, try Camels. Enjoy the advantages of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY SAYS:

"No fast burning for me in my cigarette. I've smoked Camels ever since there have been any Camels. They burn slower and give me more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. 'I'd walk a mile for a *slow-burning* Camel!'"

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!



In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Slower-burning Camels give you—

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

EXTRA MILDNESS **EXTRA COOLNESS** **EXTRA FLAVOR**